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AND THE

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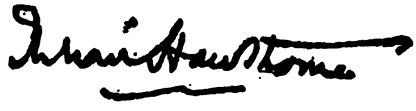

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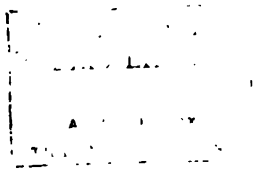

Telemachus and Ulysses

GRAND SIÈCLE EDITION

THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER
AND INCIDENT

EDITOR
JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VI

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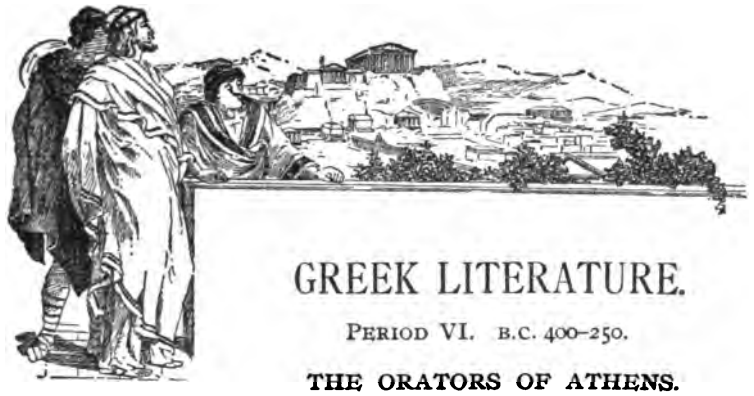

GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD VI. B.C. 400–250.

THE ORATORS OF ATHENS.

THE golden age of Greek oratory may be placed roughly between 450 and 336 B.C., extending from the time of Pericles to that of Alexander the Great. The epics of Homer abound with snatches of primitive oratory, and speeches are put into the mouths of his characters which must have been suggested to the bard by living models. Before the time of Herodotus, public address had taken the definite shape of the formal speeches which he records. Thucydides inserts numerous speeches as having been delivered by generals and others on important occasions. Such was the training which the Greeks had received from epic poetry, that when a man's actions were described they expected his words to be reported; therefore in the historian's narration of events heroic achievements were accompanied by public utterances. Argument and reasoning also entered the composition of the drama, so that finally the oratorical element came to form the leading part of the play, and the style became more like prose.

To the statesman Pericles is ascribed the honor of having been the first great orator at Athens. Then followed Cleon, Alcibiades, and many other political leaders, whose oratorical abilities were of a high order.

Towards the end of the fifth century B.C. one Corax, of Syracuse, established at Athens a school of forensic oratory, and laid down rules or principles, which are adhered to at the present day. The aims of Corax were entirely practical. His art was not merely for the sake of giving pleasure, but to enable men whose property had been alienated during the

usurpation of Thrasybulus, to present their cases in the law courts in the best possible way, so as to protect their rights and reclaim their estates. In a short time the system introduced by Corax began to include instruction in argument for and against any case whatever. The sophists also undertook to give the young men of Athens special preparation for public life. Among the most famous sophists were Antiphon of Attica, and Gorgias of Leontini, Sicily, who came to Athens and received the support of influential men. The oratory of Gorgias was of a showy nature, and aimed at influencing the audience by brilliant passages and oratorical devices, rather than by deliberate argument; that of Antiphon, on the other hand, was based upon conviction produced by sound argument resulting from a careful analysis of all points of the case under review. Each of these teachers introduced a new element in his own department. Antiphon made prominent the question of general probability: "Was such an event likely to take place under such and such circumstances?" This was adopted by succeeding rhetoricians, and became their staple form of argument. Gorgias introduced the practice of committing passages to memory, and gave much attention to the choice of words and the manner of expressing them. Thus a system of oratory, which took its rise in the useful and practical, became systematized and developed, according to the demands of the times, into the rhetorical or scientific.

In the palmy days of Athens all branches of liberal education were made subservient to oratory. The ambition of the Athenian youth was to be eloquent. Eloquence was the stepping-stone to place and power. The Alexandrine grammarians, who revised Greek literature, gave special prominence to ten Attic orators. In chronological order their names are: Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Æschines, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Hyperides, and Dinarchus. The three greatest are selected for consideration in this work. The oratory of the Greek cities of Sicily, Asia Minor and Egypt was merely imitative, and has sunk into oblivion. With the decline of Athens oratory died in Greece, to rise again and become next in importance to the art of war in Rome.

ISOCRATES.

ISOCRATES is called by Cicero the "father of eloquence." Cicero learned from Isocrates, and we have learned from Cicero, who considered this eloquent Athenian not only a great orator, but a perfect teacher, and the first to observe and reduce to systematic form and method the rhythm and harmony of prose compositions. It is to him that literature owes the institution of the regular period and the melodious cadence of well-constructed sentences.

Isocrates was the son of a prosperous flute-maker; he was born at Athens B.C. 436, and lived till 338. He represents the excellence of that species of oratory which gives the highest place to artistic form and finish, and regards the subject-matter as comparatively of small importance. Some idea of the esteem in which this teacher was held may be gathered from the fact that his annual income from his pupils is said to have amounted to $25,000, especially when we consider that money in those days was worth much more than it is now. His income was also augmented by his literary productions. On a certain occasion the King of Cyprus is said to have paid him as much as $20,000 for one oration.

At first Isocrates moved in that circle of which Socrates was the centre; but he relinquished philosophy and turned his attention to making speeches for delivery by others, as he was quite unfitted to deliver them himself, from natural nervousness and weakness of voice. After a brief experience he gave up speech-making and devoted himself to the teaching of oratory. At the age of forty-four he opened that school at Athens of which Cicero said that "in it was trained and perfected the eloquence of all Greece." Pupils flocked to him from the shores of the Euxine and the Mediterranean, far and near. From a political point of view Isocrates was somewhat impractical. His great dream was the unification of

Greece for the subjugation of Asia, an illusion which was rudely dispelled by the defeat of the allied Thebans, Corinthians and Athenians by Philip of Macedon at Chæronea in August, 338 B.C. The "old man eloquent" did not long survive this humiliation and shattering of his hopes.

SPARTA AND ATHENS.

THE most noted of the orations of Isocrates is the Panathenaicus or Panegyric of Athens, a work on which he spent ten years, and in which he uses all the resources of his art to extol Athens and magnify the benefits she conferred on the whole of Greece.

THOSE who would accurately and justly praise any city, should not make that city alone their topic, which they design to speak of; but as we examine and try purple and gold, by showing near them articles of the same kind and value, I judge that small cities should not be compared with great, nor those which have been accustomed in all times to govern, with those who were accustomed to serve, nor those cities which are capable of preserving others, with such as need protection: but I judge, those cities should be compared together, which are possessed of like power, have been conversant in the same affairs, and are of equal authority; for thus will they most easily come at the truth. Now, if any one consider Athens in this light, and compare us not with any city, but with that of Sparta, which many praise moderately, but some speak of as if demi-gods governed that republic, we shall be found to have left them farther behind in beneficence towards Greece, than they have left all others. I shall mention hereafter our ancient conflicts for the good of Greece; but now, I shall make my discourse of them, beginning from the time when they seized upon the Achaic cities, and divided the country with the Argives and Messenians; for from hence we ought to discourse about them. Our ancestors will be perceived to have preserved, from the Trojan times, the concord of the Grecians and enmity with the Barbarians, and to have persevered in the same affections. And, first of all, in respect of the islands Cyclades, concerning which many disputes arose under the government of Minos, when they last

were possessed by the Carians; after they drove the Carians out, they did not make them their own provinces, but they placed in them a colony of the most indigent Grecians: afterwards they built many and great cities on both sides of the continent, drove the Barbarians from the sea, and taught the Grecians by what method of government, and by carrying on war against whom in particular, they might enlarge and aggrandize Greece. But the Lacedæmonians were so far, at that time, from doing anything of this nature, as our ancestors, who commenced war against the Barbarians and benefited the Grecians, that they would not even remain quiet; but having a city belonging to others, and not only a sufficient territory, but larger than any of the other Grecian cities had, they were not content with this; but learning by events, that cities and countries appear, according to laws, to be the right of those who justly possess them, but, in fact, pass into the power of those who most skilfully exercise military art and can conquer their enemies. Reflecting on this, and neglecting agriculture, trade, and all other things, they never ceased to attack and disturb, one by one, all the cities of Peloponnesus, except that of Argos. Now, the consequence of what we did was, that Greece was enlarged, and Europe became master of Asia; besides, that the necessitous Greeks received cities and lands, but that the Barbarians, who before commenced insults, were driven out of the country, and became of more submissive minds than they had been. But the consequence of what the Spartans did was that their city alone was aggrandized and made famous, and governed all the cities in Peloponnesus, and had great respect shown to it from them. It is certainly just to praise that city, which was the cause of many benefits to others, and to judge that one unjust, which only procured itself advantages; to esteem those friends, who treat others on the same footing as themselves, but to fear and apprehend those who are of the most friendly mind amongst themselves, yet administer their government with a visible hostile intention towards others. Such, therefore, was the foundation of the government in both cities.

Afterwards, upon the commencement of the Persian war, when Xerxes, who then reigned, had got together twelve

hundred ships and five million men, seven hundred thousand of whom were regular troops, and entered Greece with such a vast army, the Spartans, though they governed all Peloponnesus, sent only ten ships to the naval battle, which gave a turn to the whole war; but our fathers, though they were forced from their country and had abandoned the city, because it was not at that time fortified, afforded better ships, and better provided with forces, than all of those who ran that danger. And the Lacedæmonians sent, as their admiral, Eurybiades, who, could he have effected what he designed, must have ruined all Greece; but ours sent Themistocles, who was thought indisputably to be the cause that the naval engagement was wisely conducted, as well as author, besides, of all that was prosperously acted at that time; for when they, who had been allies, had wrested the sovereignty from the Lacedæmonians, they conferred it on us. And what better judges can any one imagine, or more worthy of credit, of the transactions of those times, than those who were present in the battles? or, what benefit can be supposed greater than the preservation of all Greece from destruction?

It happened afterwards, that each city became sovereign of the sea; which whoever holds, must have the greatest number of cities in subjection. Not that I praise in this regard either city; for one may blame both in many respects. But we have not less excelled them in this administration, than in what I have mentioned before; for our fathers persuaded their allies to constitute such a form of government, as they themselves had always preferred. Now, it is certainly a sign of good-will and kindness, when persons exhort others to use those means, which they have found profitable to themselves. But the Lacedæmonians constituted governments which were neither similar to their own, nor like those constituted elsewhere, but made ten men only of each city its lords; and so tyrannical was their administration that, should a person endeavor, for three or four successive days, to bring accusations against them, he would not be able to express the half of their crimes and oppressions. It would be absurd to comment particularly upon such and so numerous instances: but, perhaps, I should have called attention to a few, which would have

excited a worthy anger in the hearers, if I had been younger. But I have now no such intention; however, it is confessed by all, that they so far exceeded all who went before them, in rapacity and injustice, that they not only ruined themselves, their friends and their countries, but likewise, by exposing the Lacedæmonians to the odium of their allies, plunged them too into so many and great calamities, as no one would have ever imagined could have befallen them. From hence any one may see, with how much more mildness and clemency we managed affairs, and likewise from what follows: for the Spartans scarce governed ten years; but we held the supremacy sixty-five years. Certainly all know, that cities, subject to others, continue longest faithful to those from whom they suffer the least evils: but both, becoming odious upon account of injuries, fell into wars and tumults; yet we shall find our city was capable of making resistance ten years, though attacked by all the Greeks and Barbarians: whereas the Lacedæmonians, though they still governed, and made war by land against the Thebans only, yet, when conquered in one battle, were stripped of all they possessed, and were afflicted with the same misfortunes and calamities as we. Besides, we shall find our city to have restored itself in fewer years than it was overthrown in; but that the Spartans, since this loss, in a very long time, have not been able to recover themselves to their former footing, but are still in the same low condition.

ANCIENT ATHENS.

ÆSCHINES.

ÆSCHINES owes the perpetuity of his fame to the fact that he was the only rival of Demosthenes. He was five years older than that great orator, being born in 389 B.C. In early life he served as a soldier, then as a public clerk, and afterwards undertook the role of an actor. Though not successful on the stage, he acquired modification and inflection of the voice, a clear enunciation, and a certain ease, as well as boldness and impetuosity of manner. At first he was wholly opposed to the policy of Philip of Macedon, and he endeavored to organize the Greek States against that monarch. When his efforts failed, however, he advocated peace, and offered such vehement opposition to the party of Demosthenes as to give rise to the suspicion that he was bribed by Philip. The general belief in his venality rests chiefly on the unsupported evidence of his rival. The increasing opposition and hatred of these orators came to a climax in the prosecution instituted by Æschines against Ctesiphon. As a member of the Council of Five Hundred, Ctesiphon had proposed a decree that Demosthenes, for his public acts, should be presented by the Athenians with a golden crown, and that the presentation should take place in the theatre at the Dionysian festival. Owing to the Macedonian success the decree was not enacted, but six or seven years later Æschines brought a charge against Ctesiphon of proposing what was unconstitutional. As prosecutor, he had the right of first speech, and presented the legal points of his case with consummate ability, and, had he relied solely on these points, the verdict might have been different. But he launched out into a slanderous attack upon the char-

acter of his rival, thus affording him an opportunity of refuting the accusations. The trial was in reality a final combat between the representative of Greek independence and the advocate of Macedonian interference. Crowds from the remotest corners of Hellas thronged the platform. Æschines enlivened the assembly by several magnificent bursts of eloquent sarcasm. Demosthenes paid him back in his own coin; but throughout his discourse maintained a more even tenor, increasing in force as he proceeded. The critic Longinus says of him: "One might as soon face with steady eyes a descending thunderbolt as oppose a calm front to the storm of passions which Demosthenes can arouse." The Athenians returned a verdict for the defendant. Æschines, having failed to receive the quota of votes necessary to save him from fine and imprisonment, went as a voluntary exile to Rhodes, where he established a school of rhetoric. Among the first of his rhetorical recitations to his pupils was his own Speech on the Crown. This was well received, but that of Demosthenes, which was next read, elicited greater applause, upon which Æschines remarked with great candor, "What then would you have said if you had heard the beast himself?"

His Attack on Demosthenes.

It remains that I produce some instances of his abandoned flattery. For one whole year did Demosthenes enjoy the honor of a senator; and yet in all that time it never appears that he moved to grant precedency to any ministers: for the first, the only time, he conferred this distinction on the ministers of Philip: he servilely attended to accommodate them with his cushions and his carpets: at the dawn of day he conducted them to the theatre; and by his indecent and abandoned adulation raised a universal uproar of derision. When they were on their departure towards Thebes he hired three teams of mules, and conducted them in state into that city. Thus did he expose his country to ridicule. But, that I may confine myself to facts, read the decree relative to the grant of precedency. [The decree is read.]

And yet this abject, this enormous flatterer, when he had been the first that received advice of Philip's death, from the

emissaries of Charidemus, pretended a divine vision, and, with a shameless lie, declared that this intelligence had been conveyed to him, not by Charidemus, but by Zeus and Athene! Thus he dared to boast that these divinities, by whom he had sworn falsely in the day, had condescended to hold communication with him in the night, and to inform him of futurity. Seven days had now scarcely elapsed since the death of his daughter, when this wretch, before he had performed the usual rites of mourning, before he had duly paid her funeral honors, crowned his head with a chaplet, put on his white robe, made a solemn sacrifice in despite of law and decency; and this when he had lost his child—the first, the only child that had ever called him by the tender name of father! I say not this to insult his misfortunes; I mean but to display his real character: for he who hates his children, he who is a bad parent, cannot possibly prove a good minister. He who is insensible to that natural affection which should engage his heart to those who are most intimate and near to him, can never feel a greater regard for your welfare than for that of strangers. He who acts wickedly in private life cannot prove excellent in his public conduct; he who is base at home can never acquit himself with honor when sent to a strange country in a public character: for it is not the man, but the scene that changes.

I am now to speak of a third offence, and this still more heinous than the others. Philip by no means despised the Greeks; was by no means ignorant (for he was not devoid of all sense) that by a general engagement he must set his whole power on the hazard of a single day; he was inclined to treat about a compromise, and was on the point of sending deputies for this purpose; while the Theban magistrates, on their parts, were alarmed at the approaching danger, with good reason: for it was not a dastardly speaker who fled from his post in battle that presented it to their thoughts, but the Phocian war, that dreadful contest of ten years, which taught them a lesson never to be forgotten. Such was the state of affairs, and Demosthenes perceived it: he suspected that the Bœotian chiefs were on the point of making a separate peace, and would receive Philip's gold without admitting him to a

share: and deeming it worse than death to be thus excluded from any scheme of corruption, he started up in the assembly before any man had declared his opinion that a peace should or should not be concluded with Philip, but with an intent of warning the Bœotian chiefs, by a kind of public proclamation, that they were to allow him his portion of their bribes: he swore by Athene (whom it seems Phidias made for the use of Demosthenes in his vile trade of fraud and perjury), that if any man should utter one word of making peace with Philip, he himself with his own hands would drag him by the hair to prison: imitating in this the conduct of Cleophon, who in the war with Lacedæmon, as we are informed, brought destruction on the state. But when the magistrates of Thebes paid no attention to him, but, on the contrary, had countermanded their troops when on their march, and proposed to you to consult about a peace, then was he absolutely frantic: he rose up in the assembly; he called the Bœotian chiefs traitors to Greece, and declared that he himself would move (he who never dared to meet the face of an enemy) that you should send ambassadors to the Thebans to demand a passage through their territory for your forces, in their march against Philip. And thus through shame, and fearing that they might really be thought to have betrayed Greece, were the magistrates of Thebes diverted from all thoughts of peace, and hurried at once to the field of battle.

And here let us recall to mind those gallant men whom he forced out to manifest destruction, without one sacred rite happily performed, one propitious omen to assure them of success; and yet, when they had fallen in battle, he presumed to ascend their monument with those coward feet that fled from their post, and pronounced his encomium on their merit. But O thou who, on every occasion of great and important action, hast proved of all mankind the most worthless, in the insolence of language the most astonishing, canst thou attempt in the face of these thy fellow-citizens to claim the honor of a crown for the misfortunes in which thou hast plunged thy city? Or, should he claim it, can you Athenians restrain your indignation? Has the memory of your slaughtered countrymen perished with them? Indulge me for a moment,

and imagine that you are now not in this tribunal, but in the theatre; imagine that you see the herald approaching, and the proclamation prescribed in this decree on the point of being delivered; and then consider, whether will the friends of the deceased shed more tears at the tragedies, at the pathetic stories of the great characters to be presented on the stage, or at the insensibility of their country? What inhabitant of Greece, what human creature who has imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest sorrow when he reflects on one transaction which he must have seen in the theatre; when he remembers, if he remembers nothing else, that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be presented, in those times when the state was well governed, and directed by faithful ministers, a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armor, made a proclamation the most noble, and the most effectual to excite the mind to glorious actions: "That these youths, whose fathers lost their lives in fighting bravely for their country, the people had maintained to this their age of maturity: that now, having now furnished them with complete suits of armor, they dismiss them (with prayers for their prosperity) to attend to their respective affairs, and invite them to aspire to the highest offices of the state."

Such were the proclamations in old times; but such are not heard now. And, were the herald to introduce the person who had made these children orphans, what could he say, or what could he proclaim? Should he speak in the form prescribed in this decree, yet the odious truth would still force itself on you; it would seem to strike your ears with a language different from that of the herald; it would tell you that "the Athenian people crowned this man, who scarcely deserves the name of man, on account of his virtue, though a wretch the most abandoned; and on account of his magnanimity, though a coward and deserter of his post." Do not, Athenians! I conjure you by all the powers of Heaven, do not erect a trophy in your theatre to perpetuate your own disgrace: do not expose the weak conduct of your country in the presence of the Greeks: do not recall all their grievous

and desperate misfortunes to the minds of the wretched Thebans, who, when driven from their habitations by this man, were received within these walls; whose temples, whose children, whose sepulchral monuments were destroyed by the corruption of Demosthenes and the Macedonian gold.

Close of His Speech Against Demosthenes.

A popular orator, the cause of all our calamities, is found guilty of desertion in the field. This man claims a crown, and asserts his right to the honor of a proclamation. And shall not this wretch, the common pest of Greece, be driven from our borders? Or shall we not seize and drag to execution this public plunderer, whose harangues enable him to steer his piratical course through our government? Think on this critical season, in which you are to give your voices. In a few days the Pythian games are to be celebrated, and the convention of Grecian States to be assembled. There shall our state be severely censured on account of the late measures of Demosthenes. Should you crown him, you must be deemed accessories to those who violated the general peace: if, on the contrary, you reject the demand, you will clear the state from all imputation. Weigh this clause maturely, as the interest, not of a foreign state, but of your own: and do not lavish your honors inconsiderately: confer them with a scrupulous delicacy; and let them be the distinctions of exalted worth and merit: nor be contented to hear, but look round you, where your own interest is so intimately concerned, and see who are the men that support Demosthenes. Are they his former companions in the chase, his associates in the manly exercises of his youth? No, by the Olympian god! he never engaged in rousing the wild boar, or in any such exercises as render the body vigorous: he was solely employed in the sordid arts of fraud and circumvention.

And let not his arrogance escape your attention, when he tells you that by his embassy he wrested Byzantium from the hands of Philip; that his eloquence prevailed on the Acarnanians to revolt; his eloquence transported the souls of the Thebans. He thinks that you are sunk to such a degree of

weakness that he may prevail on you to believe that you harbor the very genius of persuasion in your city, and not a vile sycophant. And when, at the conclusion of his defence, he calls up his accomplices in corruption as his advocates, then imagine that you see the great benefactors of your country in this place from which I speak, arrayed against the villainy of those men: Solon, the man who adorned our free constitution with the noblest laws, the philosopher, the renowned legislator, entreating you, with that decent gravity which distinguished his character, by no means to pay a greater regard to the speeches of Demosthenes than to your oaths and laws; Aristides, who was suffered to prescribe to the Greeks their several subsidies, whose daughters received their portions from the people at his decease, roused to indignation at this insult on public justice, and asking whether you are not ashamed, that when your fathers banished Arthmius the Zelian, who brought in gold from Persia; when they were scarcely restrained from killing a man connected with the people in the most sacred ties, and by public proclamation forbade him to appear in Athens, or in any part of the Athenian territory; yet you are going to crown Demosthenes with a golden crown, who did not bring in gold from Persia, but received bribes himself, and still possesses them. And can you not imagine that Themistocles, and those who fell at Marathon, and those who died at Platæa, and the very sepulchres of our ancestors, must groan if you confer a crown on this man, who confessedly united with the Barbarians against the Greeks?

And now bear witness for me, thou Earth, thou Sun, O Virtue, and Intelligence, and thou, O Education, which teachest us the just distinction between vice and goodness, I have stood up, I have spoken in the cause of justice. If I have supported my prosecution with a dignity befitting its importance, I have spoken as my wishes dictated; if too deficiently, as my abilities admitted. Let what has now been offered, and what your own thoughts must supply, be duly weighed, and pronounce such a sentence as justice and the interests of the state demand.

DEMOSTHENES.

In the oratory of more than two thousand years Demosthenes stands in the front rank, and will always hold first place among the orators of the ancient world. He was born in 384 B.C. When he was only seven years of age, his father, a wealthy manufacturer of arms in Athens, died. When the youth came of age he found himself stripped of his inheritance by dishonest trustees. Aided by Isæus he commenced a lawsuit against the chief embezzler, and succeeded in recovering about a third of his father's estate. The loss of his patrimony was the means of developing a spirit of courage and self-reliance, which might otherwise have remained latent. When Demosthenes first appeared before the public assembly he was utterly derided. He was weak in voice, awkward in manner, defective in articulation, wanting in wit or pathos, and not prepossessing in appearance. But perseverance enabled him to overcome all obstacles. Dramatic manners were fashionable; therefore he copied the example of actors. He sought in a lonely cave the solitude he desired for study and practice; he recited his speeches to the raging billows; he remedied defects of articulation by rolling pebbles in his mouth, and corrected awkwardness of manner by practising gestures before a mirror. For years he gave much of his time to writing speeches for the courts. From the charge of civil cases of increasing importance he gradually rose to the management of state questions. His critics remarked that his discourses smelt of the lamp, and the orator did not repudiate the impeachment. He made no claim to extempore speaking, but prepared all his speeches with the greatest care. Thus he became master of a style which is accepted as a type of clear, direct, and effective oratory.

For thirteen years Demosthenes had to combat the intrigues of a powerful and unscrupulous monarch. Philip's attempt to seize the pass of Thermopylæ gave the orator his first opportunity of making a determined attack on Macedonian aggressiveness. When Philip captured Elatea, the Greeks were thrown into genuine consternation, which is graphically described by Demosthenes in the second Philippic. On this occasion the whole assembly, completely overcome by the unprecedented burst of eloquence, rose and shouted, "To arms!—to arms! Lead us against Philip!"

Athens was still foremost among the leading states, although shorn of her ancient prestige; and Demosthenes abhorred the idea of her relinquishing her autonomy and independence, and becoming a member of the Macedonian Empire. He was opposed by such men as Æschines, from interested motives; and such as Phocion, who honestly believed that the Greeks must yield to Philip voluntarily, or by force of arms. The battle of Chæronea proved Phocion's foresight. Some measures were taken for the defence of Athens, and Demosthenes was foremost in the work, contributing liberally from his private resources. Ctesiphon therefore proposed that Demosthenes should be crowned in the theatre by the Athenian people, at the Dionysian Festival, as a mark of esteem for the virtue and good-will he had always shown to the state. This was a common form of reward to a citizen whose services had been appreciated by the public. Six years later an attack was made by Æschines upon Ctesiphon for violation of the constitution in making this proposal. It was really an attack upon the whole political career of Demosthenes, and gave occasion for the greatest speech by the greatest orator, the "Oration on the Crown." The very life and fame of Demosthenes are intimately bound up with this oration; it is a noble vindication of his patriotic career. The Athenians, to their credit, perceived truth and honor in the view entertained by Demosthenes, and recorded a verdict in his favor. Impartial critics concede the deep-rooted patriotism which he claimed to entertain. His sincerity and directness of purpose prove the upright man.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

(From the First Philippic, delivered 351 B.C.)

WHEN, O my countrymen! will you exert your vigor? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What, then, are we to think of our present condition? To freemen the disgrace attending our misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or is it your sole ambition to wander through the streets and public places, each inquiring of the other, "What news?" Can anything be more new than that a man of Macedonia should conquer the Athenians and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No, but he is sick." How are you concerned in these rumors? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke; you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation as to our supineness. And should some accident befall him—should Fortune, who has ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favors (and may she thus crown them!)—be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will everywhere be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favorable juncture should present you with Amphipolis,* you could not take possession of it while this suspense prevails in your councils.

Some of you wander about crying, "Philip has joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states." Others assure us that he has sent an embassy to the king [of Persia]; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several stories. I believe, indeed, Athenians, that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he has so taken

* Amphipolis, a city of Thrace founded by the Athenians, had fallen into the hands of Philip after a siege, and the Athenians desired to recover it.

his measures that the weakest among us know what he is next to do—for the silliest are those who spread these rumors. Let us dismiss such talk, and remember only that Philip is our enemy—that he has spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others has proved against us, that all the resource left us is in ourselves, and that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to fight at home. Let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination; then we shall be freed from idle conjectures. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need to be convinced that nothing good can happen unless you attend to your duty, and are willing to act as becomes you.

As for myself, never have I courted favor by speaking what I am not convinced is for your good; and now I have spoken my whole mind frankly and unreservedly. I could have wished, knowing the advantage of good counsel to you, that I were equally certain of its advantage to the counsellor; so should I have spoken with more satisfaction. Now, with an uncertainty of the consequence to myself, but with a conviction that you will benefit by following my advice, I freely proffer it. And, of all those opinions which are offered for your acceptance, may that be chosen which will best advance the general weal.

How the Athenians could Overcome Philip.

(From the First Olynthiac Oration, delivered 350 B.C.)

I shall not expatiate on the formidable power of Philip as an argument to urge you to the performance of your public duty. That would be too much both of compliment to him and of disparagement to you. I should, indeed, myself have thought him truly formidable, if he had achieved his present eminence by means consistent with justice. But he has aggrandized himself, partly through your negligence and improvidence, partly by treacherous means—by taking into pay corrupt partisans at Athens, and by cheating successively Olynthians, Thessalians, and all his other allies. These allies,

having now detected his treachery, are deserting him; without them, his power will crumble away. Moreover, the Macedonians themselves have no sympathy with his personal ambition; they are fatigued with the labor imposed upon them by his endless military movements, and impoverished by the closing of their ports through the war. His vaunted officers are men of worthless and dissolute habits; his personal companions are thieves, vile ministers of amusement, outcasts from our cities. His past good fortune imparts to all this real weakness a fallacious appearance of strength; and doubtless his good fortune has been very great.

But the fortune of Athens, and her title to the benevolent aid of the gods is still greater—if only you, Athenians, will do your duty. Yet here you are, sitting still, doing nothing. The sluggard cannot even command his friends to work for him—much less the gods. I do not wonder that Philip, always in the field, always in movement, doing everything for himself, never letting slip an opportunity—prevails over you who merely talk, inquire, and vote, without action. Nay—the contrary would be wonderful—if, under such circumstances, he had *not* been the conqueror. But what I do wonder at is, that you Athenians—who in former days contended for Pan-Hellenic freedom against the Lacedæmonians—who, scorning unjust aggrandizement for yourselves, fought in person, and lavished your substance to protect the rights of other Greeks—that *you* now shrink from personal service and payment of money for the defence of your own possessions. You, who have so often rescued others, can now sit still after having lost so much of your own! I wonder you do not look back to that conduct of yours which has brought your affairs into this state of ruin, and ask yourselves how they can ever mend, while such conduct remains unchanged. It was much easier at first to preserve what we once had, than to recover it now that it is lost; we have nothing now left to lose—we have everything to recover. This must be done by ourselves, and at once; we must furnish money, we must serve in person by turns; we must give our generals means to do their work well, and then exact from them a severe account afterwards—which we cannot do so long as we ourselves will

neither pay nor serve. We must correct that abuse which has grown up, whereby particular groups in the state combine to exempt themselves from burdensome duties, and to cast them all unjustly upon others. We must not only come forward vigorously and heartily, in person and with money, but each man must embrace faithfully his fair share of patriotic obligation.

Reply to Æschines' Attack.

(From the Oration on the Crown, delivered 330 B.C.)

Concerning the proclamation in the theatre, I pass over the fact, that thousands of thousands have been proclaimed, and I myself have been crowned often before. But by the Gods! are you so perverse and stupid, Æschines, as not to be able to reflect, that the party crowned has the same glory from the crown wherever it be published, and that the proclamation is made in the theatre for the benefit of those who confer the crown? For the hearers are all encouraged to render service to the state, and praise the parties who show their gratitude more than the party crowned. Therefore has our commonwealth enacted this law. Take and read me the law itself.

THE LAW.

"Whensoever any of the townships bestow crowns, proclamations thereof shall be made by them in their several townships, unless where any are crowned by the people of Athens or the council, it shall be lawful for them to be proclaimed in the theatre at the Dionysian festival."

Do you hear, Æschines, the law distinctly saying—"unless where any are voted by the people or the council; such may be proclaimed?" Why then, wretched man, do you play the pettifogger? Why manufacture arguments? Why don't you take hellebore for your malady? Are you not ashamed to bring on a trial for spite, and not for any offence?—to alter some laws, and to garble others, the whole of which should in justice be read to persons sworn to decide according to the laws? And you that act thus describe the qualities which belong to a friend of the people, as if you had ordered a statue according to contract, and received it without getting what

the contract required; or as if friends of the people were known by words, and not by acts and measures! And you bawl out, regardless of decency, a sort of cart-language, applicable to yourself and your race, not to me.

Now, men of Athens—I conceive abuse to differ from accusation in this, that accusation has to do with offences for which the laws provide penalties, abuse with the scandal which enemies speak against each other according to their feelings. And I believe our ancestors built these courts, not that we should assemble you here and bring forth the secrets of private life for mutual reproach, but to give us the means of convicting persons guilty of crimes against the state. Æschines knew this as well as I, and yet he chose to rail rather than to accuse.

Even in this way he must take as much as he gives; but before I enter upon such matters, let me ask him one question—Should one call you the state's opponent, or mine, Æschines? Mine, of course. Yet, where you might, for any offence which I committed, have obtained satisfaction for the people according to the laws, you neglected it—at the audit, on the indictments and other trials; but where I in my own person am safe on every account, by the laws, by time, by prescription, by many previous judgments on every point, by my never having been convicted of a public offence—and where the country must share, more or less, in the repute of measures which were her own—here it is you have encountered me. See if you are not the people's opponent, while you pretend to be mine! . . .

Since therefore the righteous and true verdict is made clear to all; but I must, it seems—though not naturally fond of railing, yet on account of the calumnies uttered by my opponent—in reply to so many falsehoods, just mention some leading particulars concerning him, and show who he is, and from whom descended, that so readily begins using hard words—and what language he carps at, after uttering such as any decent man would have shuddered to pronounce.—Why, if my accuser had been Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, instead of a prater, a hack of the market, a pestilent scribbler, I do not think he would have spoken such things,

or found such offensive terms, shouting, as in a tragedy, "O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and the like; and again appealing to Intelligence and Education, by which the honorable is distinguished from the base:—all this you undoubtedly heard from his lips. Accursed one! What have you or yours to do with virtue? How should you discern what is honorable or otherwise? How were you ever qualified? What right have you to talk about education? Those who really possess it would never say as much of themselves, but rather blush if another did: those who are destitute like you, but make pretensions to it from stupidity, annoy the hearers by their talk, without getting the reputation which they desire.

The Duties of the Public Orator.

(From the Oration on the Crown.)

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person, who never sought to punish me for any offence either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words —this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention; he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself, rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But—do you see?—I have: for my

objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be—when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse?* Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with, than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the faces! Do you think they don't know you?—or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion, as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship—new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel-player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and reproach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof—on the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of

* At the opening of every public assembly of the Athenians a crier pronounced a solemn curse on all who should speak against the public interest.

your party—but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful Heaven!) and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason—you are not ignorant of it—yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs, as the dishonesty of you and your party; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity, you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also, that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor, should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and receive distinction; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you: therefore they chose me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason: because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success, had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

ALEXANDRIA.

THE city of Alexandria, as the name suggests, was founded by the great Macedonian conqueror B.C. 332. From its advantageous position between East and West, it quickly became not only the emporium of the world, but also the new centre of the intellectual activity of ancient times. Under the first of the Ptolemies the study of literature received a powerful impulse from royal patronage. Learning became the pastime and chief pleasure of princes and courtiers, who engaged the services of professional literary men. With the aid of Demetrius Phalereus, Ptolemy Soter founded the famous Alexandrian library, and also the Museum in connection with which cultivated men were maintained by a system of endowments. Literature was still further stimulated by Ptolemy II. He ordered the Greek translation of the Hebrew sacred books, known as the Septuagint, from the "seventy" engaged in the work. Books were obtained for the library from traders of all nations whose ships entered the port of Alexandria. The outcome of all this was a bevy of men eminent in science, poetry, and grammar; and also a plentiful crop of literary pedants. The grammatical craze which followed had the effect of moulding the Greek language into definite form. For the preservation of much of the ancient literature the modern world is indebted to the Ptolemies. While Athens, shorn of its political importance, still remained a seat of learning, the court and library of Alexandria attracted, from every land where Greek was spoken, men of talent who wished to improve their minds and display their abilities. Many of these came from Sicily, where Syracuse had long held a somewhat similar position as a centre of culture and refinement. Chief among these was the pastoral poet Theocritus. Others came from various parts of Asia Minor, while the learned Callimachus came from the neighboring Cyrene. All contributed to the new glory which had arisen in the ancient seat of civilization.

THEOCRITUS.

THE fame of Theocritus, the prince of bucolic poetry, depends on his faithful pictures of natural scenery and the common Sicilian people. He is generally considered the only poet of the Alexandrian epoch whose works can rank with the brilliant Grecian songs of earlier days. His lays of country life and love are genuine pastorals; his damsels, reapers, herdsmen and fishermen are true to life. His idylls breathe the air and give forth the very sounds of nature. They tell of the oak-tree's shade, the murmuring of the pines, poplars and nodding elms, the soft couch of fern or flower, birds chirping on the boughs, and beetling cliffs from which the shepherds watch the fishers in the surf below. Theocritus is free from that affectation which was generally characteristic of the Alexandrian school. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous as well as of the beautiful. Not the least notable of his qualities are a facile mode of expression and remarkable descriptive power.

Theocritus was a native of Syracuse and visited Alexandria about 280 B.C. After enjoying the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which he rewarded by poetic eulogy, he returned to his native place. Its king, Hiero II., was a less generous patron, and the poet showed his dissatisfaction in Idyll XVI. Besides the thirty idylls ascribed to Theocritus, there are twenty-two epigrams. They are written in the Sicilian Doric dialect, which may be compared to the Lowland Scotch of Burns. His idylls are not all of rural scenery and life. In some cases he adopts the epic style, as in the story of Hercules the Lion-Slayer. In Idyll XV. he gives a graphic portrayal of the bustling life of Alexandria. Virgil, imitating Theocritus, became the creator of bucolic poetry in Roman literature.

POLYPHEMUS IN LOVE.

(From Idyll XI.)

THE poet asserts that there is no remedy for Love but the Muses. He then gives an account of the love of the Cyclops Polyphemus for the sea-nymph Galatea.

—'Twas when advancing manhood first had shed
The early pride of summer o'er his head,
His Galatea on these plains he wooed,
But not, like other swains, the Nymph pursued
With fragrant flowers, or fruits or garlands fair,
But with hot madness and abrupt despair.
And while his bleating flocks, neglected, sought
Without a shepherd's care their fold, self-taught,
He, wandering on the sea-beat shore all day,
Sang of his hopeless love and pined away.
From morning's dawn he sang till evening's close—
Fierce were the pangs that robbed him of repose;
The mighty Queen of Love had barbed the dart,
And deeply fixed it rankling in his heart:
Then song assuaged the tortures of his mind,
While, on a rock's commanding height reclined,
His eye wide stretching o'er the level main,
Thus would he cheat the lingering hours of pain.
"Fair Galatea, why my passion slight?
O Nymph, than lambs more soft, than curds more white!
Wanton as calves before the uddered kine,
Yet harsh as unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come, when pleasing sleep has closed mine eye,
And, like a vision, with my slumbers fly,
Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
Panting and trembling o'er the furrowed grounds.
Then first I loved, and thence I date my flame,
When here to gather hyacinths you came:

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My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day;
And I, alas! unwary led the way:
E'er since my tortured mind has known no rest;
Peace is become a stranger to my breast:
Yet you nor pity, nor relieve my pain—
Yes, yes, I know the cause of your disdain;
For, stretched from ear to ear with shagged grace,
My single brow adds horror to my face;
My single eye enormous lids enclose,
And o'er my blubbered lips projects my nose.
Yet, homely as I am, large flocks I keep,
And drain the udders of a thousand sheep;
My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese they fill,
In scorching summer and in winter chill.
The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
No other Cyclops can compare with me:
Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
Myself and you I sing the live-long night.
For you ten fawns, with collars decked, I feed,
And four young bears for your diversion breed.
Come, live with me; all these you may command,
And change your azure ocean for the land:
More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow;
There spiry cypress and green laurels grow;
There round my trees the sable ivy twines,
And grapes, as sweet as honey, load my vines:
From grove-crowned Ætna, robed in purest snow,
Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
For blustering billows and tempestuous seas?
Though my rough form's no object of desire,
My oaks supply me with abundant fire;
My hearth unceasing blazes—though I swear
By this one eye, to me forever dear,
Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
That kindled at the lightning of your eyes.
  Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
Then might I in your element have played—
With ease have dived beneath your azure tide,
And kissed your hand, though you your lips denied!
Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow
In summer's solstice, or in winter's snow;

These flowers I could not both together bear
That bloom in different seasons of the year
Well, I'm resolved, fair Nymph, I'll learn to dive,
If e'er a sailor at this port arrive;
Then shall I surely by experience know
What pleasures charm you in the deeps below.
Emerge, O Galatea! from the sea,
And here forget your native home like me.
Oh, would you feed my flock and milk my ewes,
And ere you press my cheese the rennet sharp infuse!"

. . . . . .

"Ah, Cyclops, Cyclops, where's your reason fled?—
If with the leafy spray your lambs you fed,
Or e'en wove baskets, you would seem more wise;
Milk the first cow, pursue not her that flies:
You'll soon, since Galatea proves unkind,
A sweeter, fairer Galatea find."
Thus Cyclops learned Love's torments to endure,
And calmed that passion which he could not cure.
More sweetly far with song he soothed his heart,
Than if his gold had bribed the doctor's art.

The Syracusan Women at the Festival of Adonis.

Idyll XV. is a dialogue of two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria, who attend the solemn celebration of the death of Adonis, prepared by Arsinoë, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and intended partly in commemoration of her mother Berenice.

Gorgo. Is Praxinoa at home?
Praxinoa. Dear Gorgo, yes!
How late you are! I wonder, I confess,
That you are come e'en now. Quick, brazen-front!
[*To Eunoa.*
A chair there—stupid! lay a cushion on't.
Gor. Thank you, 'tis very well.
Prax. Be seated, pray.
Gor. My untamed soul! what dangers on the way!
I scarce could get alive here: such a crowd!
So many soldiers with their trappings proud!
A weary way it is—you live so far.
Prax. The man whose wits with sense are aye at war,
Bought at the world's end but to vex my soul

This dwelling, no! this serpent's lurking hole,
That we might not be neighbors. Plague o' my life,
His only joy is quarreling and strife.
Gor. Talk not of Dinon so before the boy;
See! how he looks at you!
Prax. My honey-joy!
My pretty dear! 'tis not papa I mean.
Gor. Handsome papa! the urchin, by the queen,
Knows every word you say.
Prax. The other day—
For this in sooth of everything we say—
That mighty man of inches went and brought me
Salt—which for nitre and ceruse he bought me.
Gor. And so my Diocleide—a brother wit,
A money-waster, lately thought it fit
To give seven goodly drachms for fleeces five—
Mere rottenness, but dog's hair, as I live,
The plucking of old scrips—a work to make.
But come, your cloak and gold-clasped kirtle take,
And let us speed to Ptolemy's rich hall,
To see the fine Adonian festival.
The queen will make the show most grand, I hear.
Prax. All things most rich in rich men halls appear.
To those who have not seen it, one can tell
What one has seen.
Gor. 'Tis time to go.—'Tis well
For those who all the year have holidays.
Prax. Eunoa, my cloak—you wanton! quickly raise,
And place it near me—cats would softly sleep;
And haste for water—how the jade does creep!
The water first—now, did you ever see?
She brings the cloak first: well, then, give it me.
You wasteful slut, not too much—pour the water!
What! have you wet my kirtle? sorrow's daughter!
Stop, now: I'm washed—gods love me: where's the key
Of the great chest? be quick, and bring it me.
Gor. The gold-clasped and full-skirted gown you wear
Becomes you vastly. May I ask, my dear,
How much in all it cost you from the loom?
Prax. Don't mention it: I'm sure I did consume
More than two minæ on it: and I held on
The work with heart and soul.

Gor. But when done, well done!
Prax. Truly—you're right. My parasol and cloak—
Arrange it nicely. Cry until you choke,
I will not take you, child; horse bites, you know—
Boo! Boo! no use to have you lame. Let's go.
Play with the little man, my Phrygian! call
The hound in; lock the street-door of the hall.—
[*They pass into the street.*
Gods, what a crowd: they swarm like ants, how ever
Shall we work through them with our best endeavor?
From when thy sire was numbered with the blest,
Many fine things, and this among the rest,
Hast thou done, Ptolemy! No villain walks
The street, and picks your pocket, as he talks
On some pretence with you, in Egypt's fashion:
As once complete in every style, mood, passion,
Resembling one another, rogues in grain,
Would mock and pilfer, and then—mock again.
What will become of us, dear Gorgo? see!
The king's war-horses! Pray, don't trample me,
Good sir! the bay horse rears! how fierce a one!
Eunoa, stand from him: dog-heart! won't you run?
He'll kill his leader! what a thought of joy,
That safe at home remains my precious boy!
Gor. Courage! they're as they were—and we behind them.
Prax. I nearly lost my senses; now I find them,
And am myself again. Two things I hold
In mortal dread—a horse and serpent cold,
And have done from a child. Let us keep moving;
Oh! what a crowd is on us, bustling, shoving.
Gor. (*to an old woman*). Good mother, from the palace?
Old Woman. Yes, my dear.
Gor. Is it an easy thing to get in there?
Old Wom. The Achæans got to Troy, there's no denying.
All things are done, as they did that—by trying.
Gor. The old dame spoke oracles.
Prax. Our sex, as you know,
Know all things—e'en how Zeus espoused his Juno.
Gor. Praxinoa, what a crowd about the gates!
Prax. Immense! your hand; and, Eunoa, hold your mate's;
Do you keep close, I say, to Eutychis,

And close to us, for fear the way you miss.
Let us, together all, the entrance gain:
Ah me! my summer-cloak is rent in twain.
Pray, spare my cloak, heaven bless you, gentleman!
Stranger. 'Tis not with me—I will do what I can.
Prax. The crowd, like pigs, are thrusting.
Stran. Cheer thy heart,
'Tis well with us.
Prax. And for your friendly part,
This year and ever be it well with you!
A kind and tender man as e'er I knew.
See! how our Eunoa is pressed—push through—
Well done! all in—as the gay bridegroom cried,
And turned the key upon himself and bride.
[*They enter the temple.*
Gor. What rich, rare tapestry! Look, and you'll swear,
The fingers of the goddesses were here.
Prax. August Athene! who such work could do?
Who spun the tissue, who the figures drew?
How life-like are they, and they seem to move!
True living shapes they are, and not inwove!
How wise is man! And there he lies outspread
In all his beauty on his silver bed,
Thrice-loved Adonis, in his youth's fresh glow,
Loved even where the rueful stream doth flow.
A Stranger. Cease ye like turtles idly thus to babble:
They'll torture all of us with brogue and gabble.
Gor. Who're you? what's it to you our tongues we use?
Rule your own roost, not dames of Syracuse.
And this too know we were in times foregone
Corinthians, sir, as was Bellerophon.
We speak the good old Greek of Pelops' isle:
Dorians, I guess, may Dorian talk the while.
Prax. Nymph! grant we be at none but one man's pleasure;
A rush for you—don't wipe my empty measure.
Gor. Praxinoa, hush! behold the Argive's daughter,
The girl who sings as though the Muses taught her,
That won the prize for singing Sperchis' ditty,
Prepares to chant Adonis; something pretty
I'm sure she'll sing: with motion, voice, and eye,
She now preludes—how sweetly, gracefully!

Singing Girl. Of Eryx, Golgos, and Idalia, Queen!
My mistress, sporting in thy golden sheen,
Bright Aphrodite! as the month comes on
Of every year, from direful Acheron,
What an Adonis—from the gloomy shore
The tender-footed Hours to thee restore!
Hours, slowest of the blest! yet ever dear,
That wished-for come, and still some blessing bear.
Cypris! Dione's daughter! thou through portal
Of death, 'tis said, hast mortal made immortal,
Sweet Berenice, dropping, ever blest!
Ambrosial dew into her lovely breast.
Wherefore her daughter, Helen-like in beauty,
Arsinoë thy love repays with duty,
For thine Adonis fairest show ordains,
Bright queen, of many names and many fanes!
All seasonable fruits, in silver cases,
His gardens sweet, and alabaster vases
Of Syrian perfumes near his couch are laid;
Cakes which with flowers and wheat the women made,
The shapes of all that creep, or take the wing,
With oil or honey wrought, they hither bring;
Here are green shades, with anise shaded more;
And the young Loves him ever hover o'er,
As the young nightingales, from branch to branch,
Hover and try their wings before they launch
Themselves in the broad air. But, Oh! the sight
Of gold and ebony! of ivory white
Behold the pair of eagles! up they move
With his cup-bearer for Saturnian Jove.
And see yon couch with softest purple spread,
Softer than sleep, the Samian born and bred
Will own, and e'en Miletus: that pavilion
Queen Cypris has—the nearer one her minion,
The rosy-armed Adonis; whose youth bears
The bloom of eighteen or nineteen years;
Nor pricks the kiss the red lip of the boy;
Having her spouse, let Cypris now enjoy.
Him will we, ere the dew of dawn is o'er,
Bear to the waves that foam upon the shore;
Then with bare bosoms and dishevelled hair,
Begin to chant the wild and mournful air.

Of all the demigods, they say, but one
Duly revisits Earth and Acheron—
Thou, dear Adonis! Agamemnon's might,
Nor Aias, raging like one mad in fight;
Nor true Patroclus; nor his mother's boast,
Hector, of twenty famed sons honored most;
Nor Pyrrhus, victor from the Trojan siege—
Not one of them enjoyed this privilege;
Nor the Deucalions; nor Lapithæ;
Argive Pelasgi; nor Pelopidæ.
Now, dear Adonis, fill thyself with glee,
And still returning, still propitious be.
Gor. Praxinoa, did ever mortal ear
A sweeter song from sweeter minstrel hear?
O happy girl! to know so many things—
Thrice happy girl, that so divinely sings!
But now 'tis time for home: let us be hasting;
My man's mere vinegar, and most when fasting:
Nor has he broken yet his fast to-day;
When he's a-hungered, come not in his way.
Farewell, beloved Adonis! joy to see!
When come, well come to those who welcome thee.

BION.

BION, the second of the three Greek bucolic poets, was born near Smyrna, in Asia Minor. The latter part of his life was spent in Sicily, the home of pastoral poetry. He seems to have been contemporary with Theocritus. From the idyll of Moschus entitled "Bion's Epitaph," it is inferred that he died from poison administered by jealous rivals, on whom retribution duly fell. Bion is associated with the Alexandrian school, but there is no evidence to show whether he lived among the Alexandrians, or simply wrote for them. His critics find in him a certain sentimentalism and over-refinement, and an absence of that truth to nature and breadth of thought which are so prominent in Theocritus. The longest and best of his surviving poems is the "Lament for Adonis," which has been imitated by Shelley. Bion writes with much harmony and tenderness, and as to his general merits, stands as far below Theocritus as he stands above Moschus.

The Lament for Adonis.

Idyll I.

I and the Loves Adonis dead deplore:
The beautiful Adonis is indeed
Departed, parted from us. Sleep no more
In purple, Cypris [Venus]! but in watchet weed,*
All-wretched! beat thy breast and all aread—†
"Adonis is no more." The Loves and I
Lament him. Oh! her grief to see him bleed,
Smitten by white tooth on his whiter thigh,
Out-breathing life's faint sough upon the mountain high!

Adown his snowy flesh drops the black gore;
Stiffen beneath his brow his sightless eyes;
The rose is off his lip; with him no more
Lives Cytherea's kiss—but with him dies.
He knows not that her lip his cold lip tries,
But she finds pleasure still in kissing him.
Deep is his thigh-wound; hers yet deeper lies,
E'en in her heart. The Oread's eyes are dim;
His hounds whine piteously; in most disordered trim,

Distraught, unkempt, unsandalled, Cypris rushes
Madly along the tangled thicket-steep;
Her sacred blood is drawn by bramble-bushes;
Her skin is torn; with wailings wild and deep
She wanders through the valley's weary sweep,
Calling her boy-spouse, her Assyrian fere.‡
But from his thigh the purple jet doth leap
Up to his snowy navel; on the clear
Whiteness beneath his paps the deep-red streaks appear.

"Alas for Cypris!" sigh the Loves, "deprived
Of her fair spouse, she lost her beauty's pride;
Cypris was lovely while Adonis lived,
But with Adonis all her beauty died."
Mountains, and oaks, and streams, that broadly glide,
Or wail or weep for her; in tearful rills

* Pale-blue dress. † Warn, tell. ‡ Companion, lover.

For her gush fountains from the mountain side;
Redden the flowers from grief; city and hills
With ditties sadly wild, lorn Cytherea fills.

Alas for Cypris! dead is her Adonis,
And echo "Dead Adonis" doth resound.
Who would not grieve for her whose love so lone is?
But when she saw his cruel, cruel wound,
The purple gore that ran his wan thigh round,
She spread her arms, and lowly murmured: "Stay thee,
That I may find thee as before I found,
My hapless own Adonis! and embay* thee,
And mingle lips with lips, whilst in my arms I lay thee.

"Up for a little! kiss me back again
The latest kiss—brief as itself that dies
In being breathed, until I fondly drain
The last breath of my soul, and greedy-wise
Drink it into my core. I will devise
To guard it as Adonis—since from me
To Acheron my own Adonis flies,
And to the drear dread king; but I must be
A goddess still and live, nor can I follow thee.

"But thou, Persephona!† my spouse receive,
Mightier than I, since to thy chamber drear
All bloom of beauty falls: but I must grieve
Unceasingly. I have a jealous fear
Of thee, and weep for him. My dearest dear!
Art dead, indeed? away my love did fly,
E'en as a dream. At home my widowed cheer
Keeps the Loves idle; with thy latest sigh
My cestus perished too; thou rash one! why, oh why

"Didst hunt? so fair, contend with monsters grim?"
Thus Cypris wailed; but dead Adonis lies;
For every gout of blood that fell from him,
She drops a tear; sweet flowers each dew supplies—
Roses his blood, her tears anemonies.
Cypris! no longer in the thickets weep:
The couch is furnished! there in loving guise

* Enclose, embrace. † Proserpine, wife of Pluto.

Upon thy proper bed, that odorous heap,
The lovely body lies—how lovely! as in sleep.

Come! in those softest vestments now array him,
In which he slept the live-long night with thee;
And in the golden settle gently lay him,—
A sad, yet lovely sight; and let him be
High heaped with flowers; though withered all when he
Surceased. With essences him sprinkle o'er
And ointments; let them perish utterly,
Since he, who was thy sweetest, is no more.
He lies in purple; him the weeping Loves deplore.

Their curls are shorn: one breaks his bow; another
His arrows and the quiver; this unstrings,
And takes Adonis' sandal off; his brother
In golden urn the fountain water brings;
This bathes his thighs; that fans him with his wings.
The Loves, "Alas for Cypris!" weeping say:
Hymen hath quenched his torches; shreds and flings
The marriage wreath away; and for the lay
Of love is only heard the doleful "Wellaway."

Yet more than Hymen for Adonis weep
The Graces; shriller than Dione vent
Their shrieks; for him the Muses wail and keep
Singing the songs he hears not, with intent
To call him back: and would the Nymph relent,
How willingly would he the Muses hear!
Hush! hush! to-day, sad Cypris! and consent
To spare thyself—no more thy bosom tear—
For thou must wail again, and weep another year.

MOSCHUS.

MOSCHUS is the third and least notable of the Doric bucolic poets of the Alexandrian school. His title to fame rests chiefly on his "Europa," "The Teacher Taught," and his "Epitaph on Bion." An excess of elegance and elaborate finish characterizes his writings. Simplicity and naturalness are wanting, and his sentimentalism is even more marked than that of his teacher Bion. He was a polished

verse-maker rather than an original poet. Affectation and studied ornament mar his compositions, and make them labored and unnatural. Still, some of his pieces exhibit tenderness, pathos, and poetic beauty. With the exception of "Megara, the Wife of Hercules," the poems of Moschus are written in Doric. They have been translated into every language of modern Europe.

The Lament for Bion.

Ye mountain valleys, pitifully groan!
Rivers and Dorian springs, for Bion weep!
Ye plants, drop tears! ye groves, lamenting moan!
Exhale your life, wan flowers; your blushes deep
In grief, anemonies and roses, steep!
In softest murmurs, hyacinth! prolong
The sad, sad woe thy lettered petals keep;*
Our minstrel sings no more his friends among—
Sicilian Muses! now begin the doleful song.

Ye nightingales, that 'mid thick leaves let loose
The gushing gurgle of your sorrow, tell
The fountains of Sicilian Arethuse
That Bion is no more—with Bion fell
The song, the music of the Dorian shell.
Ye swans of Strymon, now your banks along
Your plaintive throats with melting dirges swell
For him who sang like you the mournful song:
Discourse of Bion's death the Thracian nymphs among;

The Dorian Orpheus, tell them all, is dead.
His herds the song and darling herdsman miss,
And oaks, beneath whose shade he propped his head:
Oblivion's ditty now he sings for Dis [Pluto]:
The melancholy mountain silent is;
His pining cows no longer wish to feed,
But mourn for him: Apollo wept, I wis,
For thee, sweet Bion, and in mourning weed
The brotherhood of Fauns, and all the satyr breed.

* The Greeks fancied they could discern on the hyacinth the letters AI, an exclamation of woe.

The tears by Naiads shed are brimful bourns;
Afflicted Pan thy stifled music rues;
Lorn Echo 'mid her rocks thy silence mourns,
Nor with mimic tones thy voice renews;
The flowers their bloom, the trees their fruitage lose;
No more their milk the drooping ewes supply;
The bees to press their honey now refuse;
What need to gather it and lay it by,
When thy own honey-lip, my Bion! thine is dry?

Me with thy minstrel skill as proper heir,
Others thou didst endow with thine estate.
Alas! alas! when in a garden fair
Mallows, crisp dill, or parsley yields to fate,
These with another year regerminate;
But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down
We sleep—forever sleep—forever lie unknown.

Thus art thou pent, while frogs may croak at will;
I envy not their croak. Thee poison slew—
How kept it in thy mouth its nature ill?
If thou didst speak, what cruel wretch could brew
The draught? He did, of course, thy song eschew.
But justice all o'ertakes. My tears fast flow
For thee, my friend! Could I, like Orpheus true,
Odysseus, or Alcides, pass below
To gloomy Tartarus, how quickly would I go,

To see and haply hear thee sing for Dis!
But in the Nymph's ear warble evermore,
My dearest friend! thy sweetest harmonies:
For whilom, on her own Etnæan shore,
She sang wild snatches of the Dorian lore.
Nor will thy singing unrewarded be;
Thee to thy mountain haunts she will restore,
As she gave Orpheus his Eurydice.
Could I charm Dis with songs, I too would sing for thee.

CALLIMACHUS.

CALLIMACHUS may be regarded as the archetype of Greek scholars, grammarian poets, and men of letters of the Alexandrian period in the third century before Christ. A native of Cyrene in Libya, he traced his ancestry to Battus, the founder of that city. He set out in life as a schoolmaster in Eleusis, near Alexandria, but soon won consideration for himself by his writings, and became librarian under Ptolemy Philadelphus. This office he conducted for twenty years with consummate ability and benefit to future generations. He died in 240 B.C. Callimachus was distinguished by high talents, vast learning and scholarship, and great literary ambition. His diligent study of the earlier Greek classics and mythology incited him to attempt poetical composition. His productions display elegance, brilliancy of expression, and great ingenuity, but the vital spark is not in them. They are all comparatively short with the exception of the "Hecale," which he wrote for the express purpose of showing that he could compose a long poem. Otherwise, he put in practice his own saying: "A great book is a great evil." Yet altogether he is said to have published eight hundred pieces in prose and verse. His prose has perished, but some hymns, epigrams and elegies remain. The Roman Catullus, although himself a greater poetical genius, adopted Callimachus as his model for taste and style.

THE STORY OF TIRESIAS.

(From his Hymn on "The Bath of Pallas.")

. . . IN times of old, Minerva loved
A fair companion with exceeding love—
The mother of Tiresias; nor apart
Lived they a moment. Whether she her steeds
Drove to the Thespians old, or musky groves
Of Coronæa, and Curalius' banks,
That smoke with fragrant altars, or approached
To Haliartus, and Bœotia's fields;
Still in the chariot by her side she placed

The nymph Chariclo; nor the prattlings sweet,
Nor dances of the nymphs, to her were sweet,
Unless Chariclo spoke, or led the dance.
Yet for the nymph Chariclo was reserved
A store of tears; for her, the favored nymph,
The pleasing partner of Minerva's hours.
For once, on Helicon, they loosed the clasps
That held their flowing robes, and bathed their limbs
In Hippocrene, that beauteous glided by;
While noonday stillness wrapped the mountain round.
Both laved together; 'twas the time of noon;
And deep the stilly silence of the mount,
When, with his dogs of chase, Tiresias trod
That sacred haunt. The darkening down just bloomed
Upon his cheek. With thirst unutterable
Panting, he sought that fountain's gushing stream,
Unhappy; and involuntary saw
What mortal eyes not blameless may behold.
Minerva, though incensed, thus pitying spoke:
"Who to this luckless spot conducted thee,
O son of Everes? who sightless hence
Must needs depart!" she said, and darkness fell
On the youth's eyes, astonished where he stood:
A shooting anguish all his nerves benumbed,
And consternation chained his murmuring tongue.
Then shrieked the Nymph: "What, Goddess, hast thou done
To this my child? Are these the tender acts
Of Goddesses? Thou hast bereaved of eyes
My son. O miserable child! thy gaze
Has glanced upon the bosom and the shape
Of Pallas; but the sun thou must behold
No more. O miserable me! O shades
Of Helicon! O mountain, that my steps
Shall ne'er again ascend! for small offence
Monstrous atonement! thou art well repaid
For some few straggling goats and hunted deer
With my son's eyes!" The Nymph then folded close,
With both her arms, her son so dearly loved;
And uttered lamentation, with shrill voice,
And plaintive, like the mother nightingale.
The Goddess felt compassion for the Nymph,
The partner of her soul, and softly said:

"Retract, divinest woman! what thy rage
Erring, has uttered. 'Tis not I that smite
Thy son with blindness. Pallas hath no joy
To rob from youths the lustre of their eyes.
The laws of Saturn thus decree:—Whoe'er
Looks on a being of immortal race,
Unless the willing God consent, must look
Thus at his peril, and atoning pay
The dreadful penalty. This act of fate,
Divinest woman, may not be recalled.
So spun the Destinies his mortal thread
When thou didst bear him. Son of Everes!
Take then thy portion. But, what hecatombs
Shall Aristæus and Autonoë,
Hereafter, on the smoking altars lay,
So that the youth Actæon, their sad son,
Might be but blind, like thee! for know that youth
Shall join the great Diana in the chase;
Yet, not the chase, nor darts in common thrown,
Shall save him; when his undesigning glance
Discerns the goddess in her loveliness
Amidst the bath. His own unconscious dogs
Shall tear their master, and his mother cull
His scattered bones, wild-wandering through the woods.
That mother, Nymph! shall call thee blest, who now
Receivest from the mount thy sightless son.
Oh, weep no more, companion! for thy sake
I yet have ample recompense in store
For this thy son. Behold! I bid him rise
A prophet, far o'er every seer renowned
To future ages. He shall read the flights
Of birds, and know whatever on the wing
Hovers auspicious, or ill-omened flies,
Or void of auspice. Many oracles
To the Bœotians shall his tongue reveal;
To Cadmus, and the great Labdacian tribe.
I will endow him with a mighty staff,
To guide his steps aright; and I will give
A lengthened boundary to his mortal life;
And, when he dies, he only, midst the dead,
Shall dwell inspired, and, honored by that king
Who rules the shadowy people of the grave."

She spoke, and gave the nod; what Pallas wills
Is sure: in her, of all his daughters, Jove
Bade all the glories of her father shine.
Maids of the bath! no mother brought her forth;
Sprung from the head of Jove. Whate'er the head
Of Jove, inclining, ratifies, the same
Stands firm; and thus his daughter's nod is fate.

She comes! in very truth, Minerva comes!
Receive the goddess, damsels! ye, whose hearts,
With tender ties, your native Argos binds,
Receive the goddess! with exulting hails,
With vows, and shouts. Hail, Goddess! Oh, protect
Inachian Argos! hail! and, when thou turn'st
Thy coursers hence, or hitherward again,
Guidest thy chariot-wheels, Oh! still preserve
The fortunes of the race from Danaus sprung!

APOLLONIUS THE RHODIAN.

APOLLONIUS (Rhodius), one of the greatest of the Alexandrian poets, flourished about B.C. 235. From his earliest years he was brought under those influences which stimulate taste and mental culture. He was the pupil of Callimachus, the literary dictator and censor of Alexandria, and studied composition and methods of criticising the earlier poets under the most favorable conditions. Like the rest of the Alexandrian school, Apollonius directed his efforts to felicitous combinations of words and elegance of expression, and became ambitious at the very outset to apply the newly-acquired learning and literary finish to an imitation of the classical writers of antiquity. When not more than seventeen years of age he composed a rough draft of an epic poem in the Homeric style, and publicly recited it at a feast of Apollo. The poem was summarily condemned, mostly through the influence of his teacher Callimachus, who, with his followers, held that epics like Homer's were not the proper function of poets in a learned age, but pieces characterized by elegance and polish. The young author felt humiliated, and retired to Rhodes to hide his mortification. After spending some years in teaching rhetoric, and at the same time revising and re-

touching his rejected epic, his ability was universally recognized; the poem was received with marked approbation, and established his reputation in the literary world. He then returned to Alexandria, and, on the death of Eratosthenes, was appointed librarian. Apollonius wrote also epigrams and works on grammar, but his reputation depends on his epic poem, "The Argonautica," which consists of four books containing 5800 lines. He is surnamed Rhodius, or the Rhodian, to distinguish him from other eminent men bearing the name Apollonius.

MEDEA'S LOVE.

MEANWHILE the maid her secret thoughts enjoyed,
And one dear object all her soul employed:
Her train's gay sports no pleasure can restore,
Vain was the dance, and music charmed no more;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wish her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpened eyes the distant lawn explores,
To find the hero whom her soul adores;
At every whisper of the passing air
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there;
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain,
He comes—her Jason shines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He shines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flushed cheeks glowed,—her very heart was dead:
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fixed, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes—the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder and in still amaze.
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionless the stately trees
Short time remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,

Till from the Æolian caves a blast unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound:
Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love,
Strongly at last inspired, they speak, they move;
With smiles the love-sick virgin he surveyed,
And fondly thus addressed the blooming maid:
"Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear,—
'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.
Whom wouldst thou fly? stay, lovely virgin, stay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallowed ground.
By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
By the famed authors of thy royal race;
By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
Oh, guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid thy Jason is no more.
To thee a suppliant in distress I bend,
To thee a stranger, one who wants a friend!
Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
And bless Medea through her hundred states.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
Shall stay their tears: the mother and the wife
Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
Saved valiant Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
Forsook her father, and her native plain,
And stemmed the tumults of the surging main;
Yet the stern sire relented, and forgave
The maid, whose only crime it was to save;
Even the just gods forgave, and now on high
A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
What blessings, then, shall righteous Heaven decree
For all our heroes saved,—and saved by thee?
Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air;
And cruelty sure never looked so fair!"

He ceased, but left so charming on her ear
His voice, that listening still she seemed to hear;
Her eyes to earth she bends with modest grace,
And heaven in smiles is opened on her face.
A look she steals,—but rosy blushes spread
O'er her fair cheek and, then she hangs her head.
A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes;
Trembling the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.
For Jason beamed in beauty's charms so bright,
The maid admiring languished with delight.
Thus, when the rising sun appears in view,
On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew.
Now on the ground both cast their bashful eyes,
Both viewed each other now with wild surprise.
The rosy smiles now dimpling on their cheeks,
The fair at length in faltering accents speaks:
"Observant thou to my advice attend,
And hear what succor I propose to lend:
Soon as my sire Æeta shall bestow
The dragon's teeth in Mars' field to sow,
The following night in equal shares divide;
Bathe well thy limbs in some perennial tide;
Then well concealed, thyself in black array,
Dig the round foss, and there a victim slay,
A female lamb; the carcase place entire
Above the foss, then light the sacred pyre,
And Perseus' daughter, Hecate, appease
With honey, sweetest labor of the bees.
This done, retreat,—nor, while the relics burn,
Let howling dogs provoke thee to return,
Nor human footsteps; lest thou render vain
The charm, and with dishonor join thy train.
Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfill,
This magic unguent on thy limbs distill:
Then thou with ease wilt strong and graceful move,
Not like a mortal, but the Gods above.
Forget not with this unguent to besmear
Thy sword, thy buckler, and tremendous spear:

No giant's falchions then can harm thy frame,
Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.
One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field;
Nor thou to perils nor to labor yield.
But mark my words,—when thou, with ceaseless toil,
Hast yoked the bulls and ploughed the stubborn soil;
And seest upspringing on the teeth-sown land
Of giant foes a formidable band,
Hurl slily 'midst their ranks a rough, hard stone,
And they, like dogs contending for a bone,
Will slay each other: thou with speed renew
The glowing fight, and conquest will ensue.
Thus shalt thou bear from Æa's realms to Greece,
If such thy fixed resolve, the Golden Fleece."
  This said, her eyes were fixed upon the ground,
And her fair cheeks with streaming sorrows drowned;
Desponding anguish seized her gentle mind,
Lest he should leave her comfortless behind.
Emboldened thus, him by the hand she pressed,
And in the language of her soul addressed:
  "If safely hence thou sail'st, Oh, think of me,
As I forever shall remember thee!
And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
Where lies thy home beyond the boundless main?
Say, is Orchomenos that native soil?
Or dwell'st thou nearer, on the Ææan isle?
Let me that far-famed virgin's name inquire,
Who boasts the same high lineage with my sire."
  She said; her tears his soft compassion won,
And thus the chief, by love inspired, begun:
  "While on my fancy bright ideas play,
Thy image never from my soul shall stray,
If safe I sail, preserved by thee, to Greece,
Nor heavier labors interrupt my peace.
But if the distant country where I dwell
Thy will demands, my ready tongue shall tell.
A land there is which lofty hills surround,
For fertile pastures and rich herds renowned,
Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
His royal heir; Hæmonia is the name.
Deucalion here the first foundations laid
Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire swayed;

There my Iolcos stands, and many more
Fair ample cities, that adorn the shore.
What time, as rumored by the voice of fame,
Æolian Minyas to that country came,
He built, close bordering on the Theban ground;
Orchomenos, a city far renowned.
But why your wonder should I vainly raise,
My birth-place tell, and Ariadne's praise?
For this the virgin's name you now inquire,
A lovely maid, and Minos is her sire.
Oh! may, like hers, your sire propitious prove,
Who honored Theseus with his daughter's love!"
Complacent thus he soothed her sorrowing soul;
Yet anxious cares within her bosom roll.
"Perchance in Greece" (the pensive maid rejoined)
"Oaths are revered, and solemn compacts bind.
But Minos greatly differs from my sire,
Nor I to Ariadne's charms aspire.
Then mention hospitality no more;
But, safe conducted to thy native shore,
Grant this, 'tis all I ask, Oh! think of me,
As I forever shall remember thee,
In my great sire, the Colchian king's despite:
But if thy pride my ardent passion slight,
Fame, or some bird, the hateful news will bring;
Then will I chase thee on the tempest's wing,
Brand thy false heart, thy cursed familiar be,
And prove thou ow'st thy life—thy all—to me."
Medea thus, and tears abundant shed;
And mildly thus the son of Æson said:
"In vain, dear nymph, thy missive bird shall soar,
Through air sublime, in vain the tempest roar.
But if towards Greece thou deign'st thy course to bear,
Immortal honors shall attend thee there;
There husbands, brothers, sons, so long deplored,
Safe to their native land by thee restored,
Shall as a goddess reverence thy name,
And pay thee rites which only Gods can claim.
But wouldst thou grace my bed with bridal state,
Our love can only be dissolved by fate."
His words with rapture all her soul subdue;
Yet gloomy objects rise before her view,

Ordained, ere long, Thessalia's realms to see;
For such was Juno's absolute decree,
That soon to Greece the Colchian maid should go,
To Pelias, source of unremitting woe.
Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids stay,
In silence waiting till the close of day:
Such pleasing transports in her bosom roll,
His form, his words, so captivate her soul,
On feathered feet the hours unheeded fled,
Which warned her home: "Hence" (cautious Jason said),
"Hence let us hasten unperceived away,
And here enraptured pass some future day."
Thus the blest hours in converse sweet they spent,
And both unwilling from the temple went;
He to his comrades bordering on the main,
The fair Medea to her virgin train.
Her train approached, but stood unnoticed by;
Her soul sublime expatiates in the sky.
Her rapid car she mounts; this hand sustains
The polished thong, and that the flowing reins.
Fleet o'er the plain the nimble steeds conveyed
To Æa's walls the love-transported maid.

Medea's Flight.

Meanwhile the imperial queen of heaven had shed
O'er the fair virgin's breast despondent dread.
She starts, she trembles, as, pursued by hounds,
The fawn light skipping o'er the meadow bounds.
She fears the secrets of her soul betrayed,
And her sire's vengeance for her proffered aid.
Her handmaids, conscious of her crimes, she fears;
Her eyes fierce flames emit, loud murmurs fill her ears.
Her death she meditates in wild despair,
And, sadly sighing, tears her golden hair.
Now fate imbibing from the poisoned bowl,
Soon had she freed her voluntary soul,
And Juno's projects all been rendered vain,
But kindly pitying a lover's pain,
The Goddess urged with Phrixus' sons her flight,
And eased her bosom of its sorrow's weight.
Forth from her casket every drug she pours,

And to her lap consigns the magic stores.
Then with a parting kiss her bed she pressed,
Clung round each door and even the walls caressed.
A lock she tore of loosely-flowing hair,
And safe consigned it to her mother's care,
The sacred relic of her virgin-fame;
And wailing thus invoked Idya's name:
"This lock, O mother, at my hand receive,
Which I, far-distant roaming, with thee leave.
Farewell, Chalciope; far hence I roam!
And thou farewell, my first, my dearest home!
Oh! hadst thou, stranger, in deep ocean drowned,
Perished, and never trod on Colchian ground!"
She spoke, and tears her heart-felt woe betrayed;
Then fled she instant. Thus the captive maid,
When, from her friends and country banished far,
She shares the miserable fate of war,
Disused to toil beneath a tyrant's sway,
Flies from oppression's rod with speed away.
With speed like hers the weeping fair withdrew:
The doors spontaneous opened as she flew,
Shook by her magic song; barefoot she strays
Through winding paths and unfrequented ways.
Beyond the city-walls with trembling haste,
Unseen of all the sentinels she passed,
Then by accustomed paths explored the fane,
Where spectres rise and plants diffuse their bane;
(Thus practice magic maids their mystic art)
Fears ill portending flutter round her heart. . . .
She said: impetuous hastening to the flood,
Soon on its lofty banks Medea stood.
A fire which midnight's deadly gloom dispelled,
Signal of conquest gained she here beheld.
Involved in shade, the solitary dame
Raised her shrill voice and called on Phrontis' name.
Known was her voice to Phrixus' sons, who bear
The grateful tidings to their leader's ear.
The truth discovered, the confederate host
All silent stood, in wild amazement lost.
Loud called she thrice; and with responsive cries,
His friends requesting, Phrontis thrice replies.
Quick at her call they ply the bending oar;

Nor were their halsers fastened to the shore,
When Æson's son at once decisive bound
Leaps from the lofty deck upon the ground;
Phrontis and Argus hasten to her aid,
Whose knees embracing, thus Medea prayed:
"Oh! save me, friends, from my offended sire,
Oh! save yourselves from dread Æeta's ire.
Known are our projects: sail we hence afar,
Ere Æa's monarch mounts his rapid car.
My magic charms shall close the dragon's eyes,
And soon reward you with the golden prize.
But thou, loved guest, continue faithful still,
And swear whate'er thou'st promis'd to fulfill:
Ah! leave me not to infamy a scorn,
By all my friends abandoned and forlorn."
Plaintive she spoke: his arms around her waist
Rapturous he threw, then raised her and embraced,
And solaced thus in terms of tenderest love:
"By heaven's high king I swear, Olympian Jove,
By Juno, goddess of the nuptial rite,
Soon as my native land transports my sight,
Thou, lovely virgin, shalt be duly led,
Adorned with honors, to my bridal bed."
This said, in hers he closed his plighted hand:
To Mars's grove Medea gave command,
Spite of her sire, the vessel to convey,
And bear by night the golden fleece away.
Swift at the word they sprung; the Colchian maid
Embarked, and instant was their anchor weighed.
Their crashing oars resound: she oft to land
Reverts her eye and waves her trembling hand:
But Æson's son his ready aid affords,
And soothes her sorrows with consoling words.

CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES, the Stoic philosopher, was born at Assos, in Asia Minor, about B.C. 300. In early life he was a pugilist, and as such went to Athens to exhibit his skill in the manly art. But, overcome by his new environment, the boxer was attracted to study philosophy, at first under Crates and afterwards under Zeno. Having now no visible means of support, he was summoned before the high court of Areopagus. There he explained that though his days were spent in philosophical pursuits, he worked at night in gardens. The judges, impressed by this industry and love of study, voted him ten minæ, but Zeno would not permit him to accept their bounty. Cleanthes succeeded Zeno as master of the Stoic school. At the age of eighty he is said to have died of voluntary starvation. His sublime "Hymn to Zeus" is the only relic of his composition. The following version is by Professor F. W. Newman.

HYMN TO ZEUS (JUPITER).

ALMIGHTY alway! many-named! most glorious of the deathless!
Zeus! primal spring of nature, who with Law directest all things.
Hail! for to bow salute to Thee, to every man is holy;
For we from Thee an offspring are, to whom, alone of mortals
That live and move along the Earth, the mimic voice is granted!
Therefore to Thee I hymns will sing and always chant thy greatness.
Subject to Thee is yonder sky, which 'round the earth forever
Majestic rolls at thy command, and gladly feels thy guidance.
So mighty is the weapon, clenched within thy hands unconquered.
The double-edged and fiery bolt of ever-living lightning.
For Nature through her every part beneath its impulse shudders,
Whereby the universal scheme Thou guidest
Which, through all things proceeding,
Intermingles, deep with greater light and smaller,
When Thou, so vast in essence, art a king supreme forever.

Nor upon Earth is any work done without Thee, O Spirit!
Nor at the Æther's utmost height divine, nor in the Ocean,

Save whatsoe'er the infatuate work out from hearts of evil.
But Thou by wisdom knowest well to render odd things even;
Thou orderest disorder, and th' unlovely lovely makest.
For so hast Thou in one combined the noble with the baser,
That of the whole a single scheme arises, everlasting,
Which men neglect and overlook, as many as are evil:
Unhappy! who good things to get are evermore designing,
While to the common law of God nor eyes nor ears they open;
Obedient to which they might good life enjoy with wisdom.
But they, in guise unseemly, rush this way and that, at random;
One part, in glory's chase engaged with its ill-contending passion,
Some searching every path of gain, of comeliness forgetful,
Others on soft indulgence bent and on the body's pleasure,
While things right contrary to these their proper action hastens,
But Zeus all bounteous! who, in clouds enwrapt, the lightning wieldest;
Mayest Thou from baneful ignorance the race of men deliver!
This, Father! scatter from the soul, and grant that we the wisdom
May reach, in confidence of which Thou justly guidest all things;
That we, by Thee in honor set, with honor may repay Thee,
Raising to all Thy works a hymn, as beseemeth
A mortal soul: since neither man nor god has higher glory,
Than rightfully to celebrate Eternal Law all-ruling.

ZEUS OF OTRICOLI.
(Marble Bust in the Vatican.)

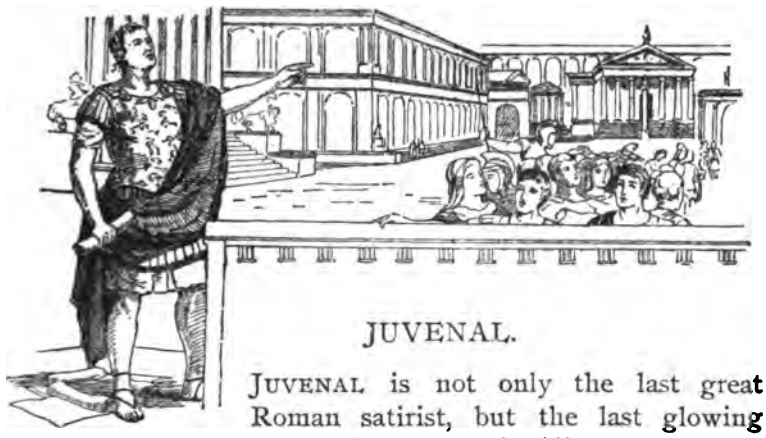
LATIN LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV.—CONTINUED.

OF the Silver Age the principal writers have already been considered,* except the satirist Juvenal and the rhetorician Quintilian. Juvenal condemned the Romans of his time as degenerate almost beyond the possibility of reform, yet his protest was not altogether in vain. There was a social improvement under the Stoic emperors, which is less manifest in Latin literature, because the leaders in the movement cultivated the Greek language. In the same way the labors of Quintilian to purify the taste and style of orators were in some measure lost for a time, but the value of his instruction was felt when Latin became the universal language of the learned in Europe.

It is noteworthy that Seneca, Quintilian and other leading writers of the Silver Age were born in Spain, and a few, as for instance Apuleius, in Northern Africa. The Græco-Roman civilization, having thoroughly permeated these outlying provinces, aroused the dormant genius of their people, just when the enslaved and enervated citizens of the capital had lost all interest in public affairs and cared only for sensual enjoyment. Yet such was the force of training, that the new writers fell in with prevailing taste for showy rhetoric and elegant trifling. They had no regard for the traditions of the Roman republic, but turned to personal and philosophical themes when they did not yield to the public demand for amusement.

*See Volume V., pp. 103–178.



JUVENAL.

JUVENAL is not only the last great Roman satirist, but the last glowing ember of national life. The nature of his subject and the method of treating it make him a type for the world. Roman society had reached the stage of utter decay. The popular religion had become a thing of contempt and scorn, and there was nothing to take its place. Government was conducted by a system of corruption and bribery. Iniquity was established by law and maintained by the example of the great and powerful. People in high places, and of both sexes, were guilty of crimes for which the code of laws could find no name. Emperors in their abandon did not disdain to play the roles of buffoons and pantomimists. Moralists and Stoics were a sham, "counterfeiting the Curii, but living like bacchanals." Women were unsexed, and aping the manners of men, were equally unnatural and profligate. Such was the mass of moral pollution revealed under the search-light of the Roman satirist. He looked, and what he saw made him a pessimist of the severest type. Righteous indignation drove him to declamatory verse. He became the scourger of gross and open vices, encouraged by the example of a hateful tyrant.

Of Decimus Junius Juvenalis little is known except his writings. He is said to have been the son or ward of a wealthy freedman of Aquinum, a town noted also as the birthplace of St. Thomas Aquinas. It was not until he was advanced in life that he assumed the roll of public satirist. Up to that time he had been an orator and rhetorician. Some verses written on Paris, a favorite actor of Domitian's, obtained for him a wider hearing. His first satire was written

in Trajan's reign—about 100 A.D. After this he rose rapidly in public favor. At last he displeased the emperor by some lines reflecting on a new court favorite, and was assigned a military command in Upper Egypt. This was practically a sentence of banishment, and the bitterness of exile is said to have hastened his death.

The satires of Juvenal are sixteen in number, and exhibit all the vices of the age, whether in depraved literary tastes or moral obliquity. The author was a strict moralist, a social reformer, with a serious purpose, but without sympathy. He was stern, unyielding, and disposed to consign to perdition what he thought hopeless to recall. The nature of his subject gives terrible impulse to his natural eloquence, and drives him into the description of scenes and the use of language grossly offensive to modern taste. His style is vehement, lofty, impetuous, pitched in a high, rhetorical key. Tacitus lived in the same troublous times, when it was unsafe to publish the truth. When the danger was past, both wrote and condemned what was wrong, Tacitus giving the outside or public history, and Juvenal the inside or private view of Roman society. Thus the two great writers are mutually helpful and explanatory.

Dr. Samuel Johnson has given two noble imitations of Juvenal in his "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Our examples are taken from Gifford's more exact translations.

Domitian and the Turbot.

The degradation of the Roman Senate under Domitian is shown by their being hastily summoned by the emperor to decide how a fish should be cooked.

It chanced that where the fane of Venus stands,
Reared on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands,
A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main,
Filled the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
The mighty draught the astonished boatman eyes,
And to the pontiff's table dooms the prize:
For who would dare to sell it? who to buy?
When the coast swarmed with many a practised spy,

Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled
From Cæsar's ponds, ingrate! where long it fed,
And thus recaptured, claimed to be restored
To the dominion of its ancient lord! . . .
The wondering crowd, that gathered to survey
The enormous fish, and barred the fisher's way,
Satiate, at length retires; the gates unfold!
Murmuring, the excluded senators behold
The envied dainty enter.—On the man
To great Domitian pressed, and thus began:
"This, for a private table far too great,
Accept, and sumptuously your genius treat:
Haste to unload your stomach, and devour
A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
I sought him not;—he marked the toils I set,
And rushed, a willing victim, to the net."
Was flattery e'er so rank? yet he grows vain.
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
When to divine a mortal power we raise,
He looks for no hyperboles in praise.
But when was joy unmixed? no pot is found
Capacious as the turbot's ample round:
In this distress he calls the chiefs of state
(At once the objects of his scorn and hate),
And, after much debate, this question put—
"How say ye, Fathers! SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?"
"Oh, far be that disgrace," Montanus cries;
"No, let a pot be formed, of amplest size,
Within whose slender sides the fish, dread sire,
May spread his vast circumference entire!
Bring, bring the tempered clay, and let it feel
The quick gyrations of the plastic wheel:—
But, Cæsar, thus forewarned, make no campaign,
Unless your potters follow in your train!"
Montanus ended; all approved the plan,
And all the speech, so worthy of the man!
Versed in the old court luxury, he knew
The feasts of Nero and his midnight crew;
Where oft when potent draughts had fired the brain,
The jaded taste was spurred to gorge again.—
And, in my time, none understood so well
The science of good eating; he could tell

At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian or the Lucrine bed;
And from a crab's or lobster's color name
The country, nay, the district, whence it came.
Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise,
And each, submissive, from the presence hies:—
Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief in sport
Had dragged astonished to the Alban court;
As if the stern Cicambri were in arms,
Or furious Catti threatened new alarms;
As if ill news by flying posts had come,
And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome!
And oh! that ever in such idle sport
Had lived the lord of that obsequious court;
Nor worse employed in savage scenes of blood,
That robbed the city of the brave and good—
While high-born cowards saw their brothers' doom,
And vengeance slumbered o'er the Lamian tomb;
But when he dared assail a vulgar tread,
Up rose the people, and the tyrant bled.

The Poet's Nature and Wants.

But he, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of soul sublime;
Who from the glowing mint of fancy pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold to matchless purity refined,
And stamped with all the godhead in his mind;
He, whom I feel, but want the power to paint,
Springs from a soul impatient of restraint,
And free from every care; a soul that loves
The Muses' haunts, clear founts and shady groves.
Never, no, never, did he wildly rave,
And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave,
Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies:
No! the wine circled briskly through their veins,
When Horace poured his dithyrambic strains!—
What room for fancy, say, unless the mind,
And all its thoughts, to poetry resigned,
Be hurried, with resistless force along,
By the two kindred powers of Wine and Song!

Oh! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
Impetuous, uncontrolled,—not one distressed
With household cares,—to view the bright abodes,
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods;
And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
And withered the Rutulian with a look!
Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæcenas found,
Had dropped, in listless length, upon the ground,
And the still slumbering trump groaned with no mortal sound.
Yet we expect from Lappa's tragic rage,
Such scenes as graced of old the Athenian stage:
Though he, poor man, from hand to mouth be fed,
And driven to pawn his furniture for bread!

The Degenerate Romans.

"Your ancient house!" No more. I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancestors, in wax or clay;
Æmilius, mounted on his car sublime;
Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time;
Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust;
And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust.
What boots it, on the lineal tree to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race,
Time-honored chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
Loose rein to vice, and like low villains live?
Say, what avails it, that, on either hand,
The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
Waste the long night at dice, before their face?
If, staggering to a drowsy bed, they creep
At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep,
Their sires the signal of the fight unfurled,
And drew their legions forth, that won the world?
Say, why should Fabius, of th' Herculean name,
To the great altar vaunt his lineal claim,
If, softer than Euganean lambs, the youth
His wanton limbs with Ætna's pumice smooth,
And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain,
If a vile trafficker in secret bane,

He blast his wretched kindred with a bust
For public vengeance to—reduce to dust!
  Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
In proud display; yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility.
Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then in view,
The bright example of their lives pursue;
Let them precede the statues of your race,
And these, when consul, of your rods take place.
  O give me inborn worth! Dare to be just,
Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust;
These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
I grant your claim, and recognize the peer.
Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
The son of Cossus or the son of Earth,
All hail! in you exulting Rome espies
Her guardian Power, her great Palladium rise;
And shouts like Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris, for the old one drowned.
  But shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race?
Vain thought!
. . . . . .
  "Away, away! ye slaves of humblest birth,
Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
Whose fathers who shall tell? my ancient line
Descends from Cecrops." Man of blood divine!
Live, and enjoy the secret sweets which spring
In breasts affined to so remote a king!
Yet know, amid these "dregs," low grandeur's scorn,
Will those be found whom arts and arms adorn:
Some, skilled to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
And solve the dark enigmas of the laws;
Some, who the Tigris' hostile banks explore,
And plant our eagles on Batavia's shore:
While thou, in mean, inglorious pleasure lost,
With "Cecrops! Cecrops!" all thou hast to boast,
Art a full brother to the cross-way stone,
Which clowns have chipped the head of Hermes on:
For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block
Is formed of flesh and blood, and theirs of rock.

The Fall of Sejanus.

Sejanus, the Minister of Tiberius, encouraged his master in the most detestable practices, and ruled in Rome while the emperor indulged his secret vices on the island of Capreæ. But being detected in a conspiracy to usurp the empire, he was executed by the order of Tiberius. The satirist describes the overthrow not only of the fallen minister, but of the bronze statues which had been erected in his honor.

Some, Power hurls headlong from her envied height;
Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down,
Are dragged by hooting thousands through the town;
The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke—
Then roar the flames! The sooty artist blows
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honored, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots and pans.
"Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay;
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
A joyful spectacle! is dragged along.
What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor! for my part,
I never loved the fellow—in my heart."
"But tell me, why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered, and who proved the deed?"
"Proved!—a huge wordy letter came to-day
From Capreæ." Good! what think the people? They—
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,

Had Nursia* met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hailed Sejanus master of mankind!
Lured by the splendor of his happier hour,
Wouldst thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;
See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
Give this to sway the army, that the state;
And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign
O'er Capreæ's crags, with his Chaldean train?
Yes, yes, thou wouldst (for I can read thy breast)
Enjoy that favor which he once possessed,
Assume all offices, grasp all commands,
The imperial Horse and the Prætorian Bands.
'Tis nature, this; e'en those who want the will,
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill:
Yet what delight can rank and power bestow,
Since every joy is balanced by its woe!

SUETONIUS.

SUETONIUS, though said to have been a voluminous writer, is known to modern times by only one work, "The Lives of the Twelve Cæsars." He is not remarkable for keen historical sense, nor does he exhibit any insight into political and military affairs. The few particulars of his life are gathered from his own writings and the "Letters" of the Younger Pliny. Caius Suetonius Tranquillus (75–160 A.D.) gained considerable distinction as an advocate in the reign of Trajan, and was brought under the favorable notice of the Emperor Hadrian, who made him his private secretary. This position he lost by some breach of etiquette, or want of proper deference to the Empress Sabina. He then devoted himself to historical and literary studies. In his chief work each subject of biography is dissected, and his component parts labelled, "personal appearance, habits, character, civil studies, military studies, death, burial and subsequent events." The writer is minute in details, and indefatigable in collecting facts, whether they be savory or unsavory. Strangely enough he makes no use of the historians whose works are preserved,

* The Etruscan goddess of fortune.

but he was able to consult official documents, and had other sources of information now completely lost. The facts are judiciously selected, and the whole work is pervaded by an air of impartiality, which leaves an impress of truth quite as clearly as the fine-drawn pictures of Tacitus.

According to Pliny the Younger, Suetonius was an upright and learned man, whose good qualities became more conspicuous with acquaintance. Compared with his contemporaries he is faithful in the execution of his work. He never wilfully falsifies, nor does he shrink from the truth.

The Emperor Titus.

From his return to Rome Titus constantly acted as colleague with his father Vespasian, and, indeed, as regent of the empire. He triumphed with his father, bore jointly with him the office of censor, and was, besides, his colleague not only in the tribunitian authority, but in seven consulships. Taking upon himself the care and inspection of all offices, he dictated letters, wrote proclamations in his father's name, and pronounced his speeches in the senate, in place of the quæstor. He likewise assumed the entire command of the prætorian guards, although no one but a Roman knight had ever before been their prefect. In this he conducted himself with great haughtiness and violence, taking off, without scruple or delay, all those he had most reason to suspect, after he had secretly sent his emissaries into the theatres and camps to demand, as if by general consent, that the suspected persons should be delivered up to punishment. Among these he invited to supper A. Cæcina, a man of consular rank, whom he ordered to be stabbed on his departure, immediately after he had gone

out of the room. To this act, indeed, he was provoked by an imminent danger; for he had discovered a writing under the hand of Cæcina, containing an account of a plot hatched among the soldiers. By these acts, though he provided for his future security, yet for the present he so much incurred the hatred of the people that scarcely any one came to the empire with a more odious character, or more universally disliked.

Besides his reputation for cruelty, he was charged with giving way to habits of luxury, as he often prolonged his revels till midnight with his riotous acquaintance. He was supposed, besides, to be of a rapacious disposition; for it is certain that in causes which came before his father he used to offer his interest for sale and take bribes. In short, people publicly expressed an unfavorable opinion of him, and said he would prove another Nero. This prejudice against him turned out, in the end, to his advantage, and enhanced his praises to the highest pitch when he was found to possess no vicious propensities, but, on the contrary, the noblest virtues. His entertainments were agreeable rather than extravagant; and he surrounded himself with such excellent friends that the succeeding princes adopted them as most serviceable to themselves and the state. He immediately sent away Berenice from the city, much against the inclinations of both. Some of his old eunuchs, though such accomplished dancers that they enjoyed an uncontrollable sway upon the stage, he was so far from treating with any extraordinary kindness that he would not so much as witness their performances in the crowded theatre. He violated no private right; and if ever man refrained from injustice, he did; nay, he would not accept of the customary and allowable offerings. Yet in munificence he was inferior to none of the princes before him. Having dedicated his amphitheatre [the Colosseum], and built some warm baths close by it with great expedition, he entertained the people with most magnificent spectacles. He likewise exhibited a naval fight in the old Naumachia, besides a combat of gladiators, and in one day brought into the theatre five thousand wild beasts of all kinds.

He was by nature extremely benevolent; for whereas all

the emperors after Tiberius, according to the example he had set them, would not admit the grants made by former princes to be valid unless they received their own sanction, he confirmed them all, by one common edict, without waiting for any applications respecting them. Of all who petitioned for any favor he sent none away without hopes. And when his ministers represented to him that he promised more than he could perform, he replied, "No one ought to go away downcast from an audience with his prince." Once at supper, recollecting he had done nothing for any one that day, he broke out with that memorable and justly-admired saying, "My friends, I have lost a day." More particularly, he treated the people on all occasions with such courtesy that, on his presenting them with a show of gladiators, he declared "he should manage it, not according to his own fancy, but that of the spectators," and did accordingly. He denied them nothing, and very frankly encouraged them to ask what they pleased. Espousing the cause of the Thracian party among the gladiators, he frequently joined in the popular demonstrations in their favor, but without compromising his dignity or doing injustice. To omit no opportunity of acquiring popularity, he sometimes made use himself of the baths he had erected, without excluding the common people.

The Emperor Caligula.

Caligula evinced the savage barbarity of his temper by the following indications. When flesh was only to be had at a high price for feeding his wild beasts, he ordered that criminals should be given them to be devoured. After disfiguring many persons of honorable rank, by branding them in the face with hot irons, he condemned them to the mines, to work in repairing the highways, or to fight with wild beasts; or, tying them by the neck and heels, would shut them up in cages, or saw them asunder.

Nor were these severities inflicted merely for crimes of

great enormity, but for making remarks on his public games, or for not having sworn by the Genius of the emperor. He compelled parents to be present at the execution of their sons; and to one who excused himself on account of indisposition, he sent his own litter. He burned alive the writer of a farce, for some witty verse which had a double meaning. A Roman knight, who had been exposed to the wild beasts, crying out that he was innocent, Caligula called him back, and, having had his tongue cut out, remanded him to the arena.

Even in the midst of his diversions, while gaming or feasting, this savage ferocity never forsook him. Persons were often put to the torture in his presence, while he was dining or carousing. At Puteoli, at the dedication of the bridge, he invited a number of people to come to him from the shore, and then suddenly threw them headlong into the sea; thrusting down with poles and oars those who, to save themselves, had got hold of the rudders of the ships. As often as he met with handsome men, who had fine heads of hair, he would order the back of their heads to be shaved, to make them look ridiculous. At a sumptuous entertainment, he fell suddenly into a violent fit of laughter, and when the consuls, who reclined next to him, respectfully asked him the occasion, "Nothing," replied he, "but that, upon a single nod of mine, you might both have your throats cut."

In profuse expenditure he surpassed all the prodigals that ever lived; inventing a new kind of bath, washing in precious unguents, both warm and cold, drinking pearls of immense value dissolved in vinegar, and serving up for his guests loaves and other victuals modelled in gold. He built two ships with ten banks of oars, the sterns of which blazed with jewels, while the sails were of various colors. They were fitted up with baths, galleries, and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and fruit-trees. In these he would sail in the daytime along the coast of Campania, feasting amidst dancing and concerts of music.

QUINTILIAN.

FOR the instruction of his son, Quintilian wrote the "Institutes of Oratory," and thereby became the teacher of succeeding ages. His complete mastery of the subject, and the clearness and fulness of his method, made his work an indispensable text-book of the rhetorical art, while his genuine eloquence has given it a high place in the literature of power. Martial summed up the author's merits when he addressed him as "the highest teacher of wayward youth and the glory of the Roman bar."

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus was born in Spain in 42 A.D., but early went to Rome, where he practiced at the bar, and for twenty years was a teacher of grammar and rhetoric. Among his pupils were Pliny the Younger, and two grand-nephews of the Emperor Domitian. He was the first public teacher to receive a regular salary from the imperial exchequer. He was also allowed to wear the insignia of a consul. His great work was written after he had retired from his labors as public instructor. He died about 118 A.D.

His great work treats not only of the studies necessary to mould an accomplished orator, but also discusses the proper education of children. He then explains the principles of rhetoric; treats of invention, arrangement, composition and delivery of speeches. Finally, he insists on the formation of the character of a perfect orator and the principles by which he must be guided in the conduct of causes. In the course of his work he gives a brief but animated history of Greek and Roman literature. There are extant more than a hundred declamations ascribed to Quintilian, but critics are unanimous in rejecting the claim. On the other hand, a "Dialogue on Orators," bearing the name of Tacitus, is thought by some to belong properly to Quintilian. His efforts to restore purer taste had but temporary success; the causes of decline were deep-seated and beyond the cure of an individual teacher. In his disposition he was affectionate and tender, and the passage in which he mourns the loss of his wife and children, is one of the finest in Latin literature.

His Lament for His Son.

I had a son whose eminent genius deserved a father's anxious diligence. I thought that if—which I might fairly have expected and wished for—death had removed me from him, I could have left him, as the best inheritance, a father's instructions. But by a second blow, a second bereavement, I have lost the object of my highest hopes, the only comfort of my declining years. What shall I do now? Of what use can I suppose myself to be, as the Gods have cast me off? What tender parent would pardon me if I were able to study any longer and not hate my firmness of mind; if I, who have survived all my dear ones, could find any employment for my tongue except to accuse the Gods, and to protest that no Providence looks down upon the affairs of men?

In my younger son, who died at five years old, I lost one light of my eyes. I have no desire to make much of my misfortunes, or to exaggerate the reasons which I have for sorrow; would that I had means of assuaging it! But how can I conceal his lovely countenance, his endearing talk, his sparkling wit, and (what I feel can scarcely be believed) his calm and deep solidity of mind? Had he been another's child he would have won my love; but insidious Fortune, in order to inflict on me severer anguish, made him more affectionate to me than to his nurses, his grandmother, who brought him up, and all who usually gain the attachment of children of that age.

Thankful therefore do I feel for the sorrow in which but a few months before I was plunged by the loss of his matchless, his inestimable mother, for my lot was less a subject for tears than hers was for rejoicing. One only hope, support and consolation had remained in our Quintilian. He had not, like my younger son, just put forth his early blossoms, but entering on his tenth year had shown mature and well-set fruit. I swear by my misfortunes, by the consciousness of my unhappiness, by those departed spirits, the deities who preside over my grief, that in him I discerned not only such vigor of intellect in the acquisition of learning (and yet in all my

extensive experience I never saw it surpassed), such a zeal for study, which, as his tutors can testify, never required pressing, but also such uprightness, filial affection, refinement, and generosity, as furnished grounds for apprehending the thunder-stroke which has fallen. For it is generally observed that a precocious maturity too quickly perishes; and there is I know not what envious power which deflowers our brightest hopes, lest we soar higher than human beings are permitted to soar. He possessed also those gifts which are accidental—a clear and melodious voice, a sweet pronunciation, a correct enunciation of every letter both in Greek and Latin.

Such promise did he give of future excellence; but he possessed also the far higher qualities of constancy, earnestness, and firmness to bear sorrow and to resist fear. With what admiration did his physician contemplate the patience with which he endured a malady of eight months' duration! What consolation did he administer to me in his last moments! When life and intellect began to fail, his wandering mind dwelt on literature alone. O dearest object of my disappointed hopes! could I behold thy glazing eyes, thy fleeting breath? Could I embrace thy cold and lifeless form, and live to drink again the common air? Well do I deserve those agonizing thoughts, those tortures which I endure!

Humor in Oratory.

I AM now to treat of a matter quite the reverse of that I discussed in the last chapter,—I mean, the manner of dissipating melancholy impressions, of unbending the mind from too intense application, of renewing its powers and recruiting its strength after being surfeited and fatigued.

Now, we may be sensible, from the examples of the two great fathers of Greek and Roman eloquence, how difficult a matter this is, for it is generally thought that Demosthenes had no talent, and Cicero no bounds, in raising laughter. The truth is, Demosthenes was not at all averse from attempting it, as appears by the instances of that kind which he left behind him; which, though very few, are far from being answerable to his other excellences. Few, however, as they

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are, they show that he liked jocularity, but that he had not the power of hitting it off. But as to our countryman Cicero, he was thought to affect it too much, for it not only entered into his common discourse, but into his most solemn pleadings. For my part, call it want of judgment or prepossession in favor of the most eloquent of mankind, I think Cicero had a wonderful share of delicate wit. No other man ever said so many good things as he did in ordinary conversation, in debating, and in examining of witnesses; and he artfully throws into the mouths of others all his insipid jokes concerning Verres, and brings them as so many evidences of the notoriety of the charges against him; thereby intimating that, the more vulgar they were, it was the more probable they were the language of the public, and not invented to serve the purposes of the orator. I wish, however, that his freedman Tiro, or whoever he was that collected the three books of his jokes, had been a little more sparing in publishing the good things he said, and that in choosing them he had been as judicious as in compiling them he was industrious. The compiler then had been less liable to criticism; and yet the book, even as it has come to our hands, discovers the characteristics of Cicero's genius; for, however you may retrench from it, you can add nothing to it.

Several things concur to render this manner extremely difficult. In the first place, all ridicule has in it something that is buffoonish; that is, something that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. In the next place, it is never attended with dignity, and people are apt to construe it in different senses; because it is not judged by any criterion of reason, but by a certain unaccountable impression which it makes upon the hearer. I call it unaccountable, because many have endeavored to account for it, but, I think, without success. Here it is that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this, that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, but at such as are stupid, passionate and cowardly. It is, therefore, of a motley composition; for very often we laugh *with* a man as well as laugh *at* him. For, as

Cicero observes, "the province of ridicule consists in a certain meanness and deformity." The manner that points them out is termed wit. If, while we are pointing them out, we make ourselves ridiculous, it is termed folly. Even the slightest matter, when it comes from a buffoon, an actor—nay, a dunce—may, notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful enough to shake even the whole frame of our body. Very often, as I have already observed, one touch of the ridiculous may give a turn to the most serious affairs. We have an instance of this in some young Tarentines, who, having at an entertainment made very free with the character of King Pyrrhus, were next morning examined before him upon what they had said, which, though they durst not defend and could not deny, yet they escaped by a well-turned joke: "Sir," said one of them, "if our liquor had not failed us, we would have murdered you." This turn of wit at once cancelled all the guilt they were charged with. . .

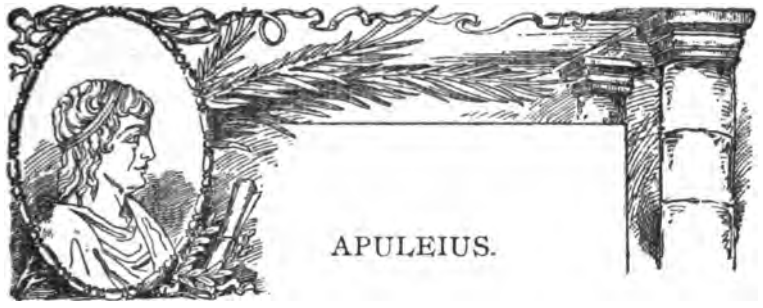
We are in the first place, therefore, to consider who is the person that speaks, what is the cause, who is the judge, who is the party, and what are the expressions. An orator ought by all means to avoid every distortion of look and gesture employed by comedians to raise a laugh. All farcical theatrical pertness is likewise utterly inconsistent with the character of an orator; and he ought to be so far from expressing, that he ought not to intimate, anything that is offensive to modesty. Nay, though he should have an opportunity to expose it, it may be sometimes more proper to pass it over.

Further, though I think the manner of an orator ought at all times to be elegant and refined, yet he should by no means affect being thought a wit. He should not, therefore, be always witty when he can, and he ought sometimes to sacrifice his jest to his character. What indignation does it give us, in a trial upon atrocious crimes, to hear a pleader cracking his jokes, or to observe an advocate merry, while he is speaking in defence of the miserable! . . .

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out all the dif-

ferent manners of raising a laugh, and the occasions that furnish it. Nay, it is next to impossible to trace all the different sources of ridicule. In general, however, a laugh may be raised either from the personal appearance of an opponent, or from his understanding, as it appears by his words and actions, or from exterior circumstances. Those, I say, are the three sources of all vilifying, which, if urged with acrimony, become serious; if with pleasantry, ridiculous.

Sometimes, but seldom, it happens that an object of ridicule actually presents itself upon the spot. This happened to Caius Julius, who told Helmius Mancia, who was deafening the whole court with his bawling, that he would show him what he resembled. The other challenging him to make good his promise, Julius pointed with his finger to the distorted figure of a Gaul, painted upon the shield of Marius, which was set up as a sign to one of the booths that stood round the forum, and in fact was very like Mancia. The narrative of imaginary circumstances may be managed with the greatest delicacy and oratorial art: witness Cicero's narrative concerning Cepasius and Fabricius, in his pleadings for Cluentius; and the manner in which Marcus Cœlius represents the race run between Caius Lælius and his colleague, which should get first to his province. But all such recitals require every elegant, every refined touch the orator can give them; and the whole must be brought up with the most delicate humor. How much ridicule does Cicero apply to the retreat of Fabricius! "Thus he thought himself doing mighty matters, while he was, from his magazines of eloquence, playing off those most pathetic expressions, 'Look back upon the mutability of fortune; look back to the variety and alterations to which human life is subject; look back upon the old age of Fabricius.' Now, when he came to the last 'look back,' which he had so often repeated to embellish his discourse, he 'looked back' himself; but by this time Fabricius had stolen out of court." And what follows is in the same strain; for the passage is well known. All this high finish did not contain a word that was fact, more than that Fabricius had left the court.



APULEIUS.

APULEIUS owes his conspicuous place in literature more to accidental circumstances than to the command of genius. He is the only extant specimen in Roman letters of the really cultured sophist. Lucius Apuleius belonged to a wealthy family of Medaura, a Roman colony in Africa, and was born about 125 A.D. His education was begun at Carthage and continued at Athens. The great ambition of his life was to acquire knowledge, and next to this was his passion, amounting almost to a mania, for religious mysteries. During his stay at Athens he was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, which made him further aspire to be one of the votaries of Isis and Osiris. He afterwards described graphically the initiation of Lucius into the arcana of these deities. Though he often speaks with contempt of the possession of wealth without knowledge, yet after having exhausted his own ample resources in the pursuit of learning, he gladly retrieved his fallen fortunes by a timely alliance with a wealthy widow. Certain members of the family brought an action against him for having gained the lady's affections by magical art. He cleared himself from this charge by his clever and humorous "Apology," in which are furnished such details as we have of the author's life. He was a most versatile and voluminous writer, but is best known as a writer of romance. The "Metamorphosis; or, Golden Ass," is treated throughout in a romantic style, and enlivened by charming and thrilling episodes, stories of robbers and fairy tales. His "Treatise on Moral Philosophy" is an interpretation of Plato's method of attaining to human good by cultivating the virtues of the soul,—prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, etc.; all of which emanate from the supreme God and the "nous," or

intellect. His style was not free from the characteristic literary blemishes of his time. It is indeed pretentious and pedantic; yet he must be admitted to show a love for the good and the beautiful, and a kindly, humorous spirit.

The Tricks of the Wonderful Ass.

The "Metamorphosis" professes to be the story of a philosopher Lucius. At one time he saw a sorceress by using certain drugs change herself into a bird, but when he tried to imitate her example, he was unfortunately changed into an ass. As such he passed from one owner to another with a variety of adventures and heard many strange stories. These he recalled when finally restored to his proper shape.

The soldier who had made me his own without paying for me, being about to carry letters to the great prince at Rome, in obedience to the commands of his tribune, sold me for eleven denars to two brothers, servants of a very wealthy personage in the neighborhood. One of them was a confectioner, who made bread and sweetmeats; the other was a cook, and dressed rich stews seasoned with the relishing juices of pounded herbs and aromatics. These two, dwelling together and living in common, bought me for the purpose of carrying the numerous vessels which were required for their master's use, when he was traveling through different countries. I was admitted, therefore, as a third companion with these two brothers; and never, at any time during my transformation did I experience a fortune so marked with good luck. For, in the evening, after the supper, which was always on a magnificent scale, my masters were in the habit of bringing home to their little room numerous fragments that were left; the one brought ample remains of roast pig, chickens, fish, and delicate dishes of that kind; while the other brought bread, pastry, sugarplums, hook cakes, lizard cakes, and many kinds of honeyed sweetmeats. Accordingly, after they had fastened the door of their chamber, and had gone to the baths for the purpose of refreshing themselves, I used to cram myself with the dainties that fell in my way through the favor of the gods. For I was not so much a fool, nor so truly an ass, as to neglect this most delicious fare, and feed upon coarse hay. My thievish manœuvres for a long time succeeded most beau-

tifully, because, as yet, I pilfered cautiously and sparingly, only a few articles out of a great number, and they had no suspicion of such tricks being played by an ass. But when, becoming still more fearless of detection, I devoured all the nicest bits, and, rejecting all that was stale, began to lick up the more choice morsels, the brothers were not a little surprised and perplexed. And though even then they did not believe such a thing of me, still they made diligent search as to who was the author of their daily losses. At length, indeed, they even went so far as to accuse each other of this most base act of theft; and they began to keep sharper watch, and to count all they put by.

At length, throwing off all hesitation and reserve, one of them thus addressed the other: "Why, really now, this is neither fair nor like a man, for you every day to be diminishing what has been put by, and to be purloining the choicest parts, and then to go and sell them, so as slily to increase your own stock, and afterwards cry halves of the remainder. If, in fact, you are tired of our partnership, we may still live as brothers in all other respects, and yet give up this partnership concern of ours. For I see that when dissatisfaction at the loss has increased to a very considerable extent, it will create very great discord between us."

To this the other rejoined, "I do, by Hercules! admire this effrontery of yours, after you have secretly been pilfering the articles, to forestall my complaints, which, in silence and sorrow, I have kept to myself, being determined to put up with it as long as ever I could, rather than accuse my brother of shabby theft. But it is well, that having spoken upon the matter on both sides, we are put upon seeking a remedy for our loss, lest our misunderstanding, gathering strength by silence, should produce between us a strife like that of Eteocles and his brother [Polynices]."

Bandying these and similar reproaches against one another, they both of them solemnly declared that they had been guilty of no fraud whatever, nor of the slightest purloining; but agreed that they ought by every possible contrivance try to discover the thief who was the author of their common loss.

In the meantime, I, being bountifully crammed with dainty

morsels, and well stuffed with human food, found my body plumped up, my hide softened with rich juices, and my coat grown sleek and shining. But that same comeliness was the cause of a great shock to my feelings. For being roused to suspicion by the uncommon breadth of my back, and perceiving that my hay remained every day quite untouched, they now directed all their attention to me. Accordingly, having shut the door at the accustomed hour as usual, as though they were going to the bath, they peeped at me through a little crevice, as I was intent upon eating the fragments which were exposed in various directions. And now, forgetting all consideration for their loss, they burst into a violent fit of laughter at the monstrous epicurism of an ass; and then calling together a number of their fellow-servants, they pointed out to them the incredible appetite of an animal like me. Then laughter so loud and so continued seized them all, that the master, who happened to be passing by, asked what fun was going on to make his servants laugh so excessively. Being told what it was, he came himself and peeped through the same cranny. Then he too laughed until his stomach ached, and opening the door of the room, he came nearer to me, and observed me very attentively. But as for me, seeing that fortune was inclined to smile more propitiously upon me, I went on eating quite at my ease, the merriment of those present inspiring me with additional confidence, till at last the master of the house, enchanted by the novelty of the sight, ordered me to be led to the supper-room, or rather he led me to it with his own hands; and the table being laid, he directed every kind of substantial food to be placed before me, and dishes that had not been tasted. Now, though I was well stuffed already, yet desiring to render myself more agreeable, and more pleasing to him, I ate of the food placed before me as if I had been quite hungry. But they, prompted by extreme curiosity, thinking of everything which an ass would be most likely to loathe, offered it to me, for the purpose of testing my politeness; such as meat seasoned with assa-fœtida, fowls sprinkled over with pepper, and fish soused in foreign pickle. In the meantime, the banquet room resounded with roars of laughter.

At last, a bit of a buffoon who was present, said, "Give a little wine to our comrade." "Well said, rogue," cried the master; "I dare say our friend would have no objection to a cup of honeyed wine." "Here, lad," said he, "wash well that golden cup, fill it with honeyed wine, and offer it to my guest; and at the same time, tell him that I have drunk his good health." All the guests now awaited the result in a state of intense curiosity; the huge cup was handed to me, and without more ado I emptied it at a single draught quite deliberately, and with a very jovial air, screwing up the extremities of my lips, in resemblance of a tongue. Then a shout of applause arose, and all, with one accord, drank my health.

In the end, the master, being excessively pleased, after calling the servants who had bought me, ordered that four times the price they had paid for me should be given to them; thereupon he delivered me into the charge of a certain person, a freedman of his, to whom he was much attached, and who was very well off, and desired him to take all possible care of me. This person treated me in a very humane and kind manner; and that he might still more deserve the esteem of his patron, most studiously consulted his amusement by teaching me clever tricks. In the first place, he taught me to recline at table, leaning on my elbow; next, to wrestle and to dance even, raising my fore feet; and—a thing that won especial admiration—to use signs instead of words, so as to indicate what I disapproved of by throwing back, and what I approved of by bowing my head. He also taught me, when I was thirsty, to look towards the cup-bearer, and by winking first one eyelid, then another, to show that I wanted something to drink. In all these matters I showed myself very ready and obedient, as I could have done them all, though no one

had shown me how. But I was afraid, lest, if I should happen to perform them, in imitation of human beings, without the aid of a master, most people would think that it portended sinister events, and that I, as a monster and prodigy, might have to part with my head, and be given as fat provender to the vultures.

And now my renown was spread abroad in all directions, so that I rendered my master quite famous and illustrious, in consequence of my wonderful accomplishments. "This," said the people, "is the man who has an ass for his guest and companion; an ass that wrestles, an ass that dances, and understands the language of men, and expresses what he means by signs." It is proper, however, that I should now, at all events, inform you, though I ought to have done so in the beginning, who this Thyasus was, and whence he came; for such was the name of my master. The country which gave him birth was Corinth, a city which ranks as the chief of all the provinces of Achaia. And, as he had gradually attained all the honors which his pedigree and dignity demanded, he had now been nominated to the office of quinquennial magistrate. Accordingly, in order that he might act conformably to the splendor of that office, he had promised to exhibit a show of gladiators for the space of three days, thus extending his liberality to the greatest possible degree. In fact, it was his desire of receiving the public applause that had now brought him to Thessaly, in order to procure from thence the most noble wild beasts and some celebrated gladiators.

And now, having made all his arrangements and completed all his purchases quite to his satisfaction, he was preparing to return home. Disdaining, however, his own splendid chariots, which, some covered and some open, were drawn along in the rear of the cavalcade; regardless also of his Thessalian horses, and his other beasts of Gallic breed, whose generous pedigree bore testimony to their rarity and value; despising and neglecting all these, he rode most lovingly on me, who was decked out with golden trappings, a colored saddle, purple cloths, a silver bit, an embroidered girth, and some little bells that tinkled as I went along, and sometimes he addressed me

in the kindest of words. Among many other expressions too which he made use of, he declared how extremely delighted he was at possessing in me, at one and the same time, a companion and a bearer.

And now, having finished our journey, partly by land and partly by sea, we arrived at Corinth, where vast numbers of the citizens came out to meet us, not so much as it seemed to me for the purpose of doing honor to Thyasus, as from a desire of seeing me. For so great a rumor had pervaded that city about me, that I was a source of no small emolument to my keeper. For perceiving that many were eagerly desirous to see my pastimes, he had the doors shut, and admitted them one by one, charging each a good price for admission. By this means he managed every day to pick up no small sums.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THE most beautiful part of the "Metamorphosis" is the story of Cupid and Psyche, which has been elegantly paraphrased in the poetical version of Mrs. Mary Tighe (1773–1810). Venus, finding her altars neglected on account of the charms of Psyche, sends Cupid to punish her, but he falls in love with the maid.

Here Cupid tempers his unerring darts,
And in the fount of bliss delights to play;
Here mingles balmy sighs and pleasing smarts,
And here the honeyed draught will oft allay
With that black poison's all polluting sway,
For wretched man. Hither, as Venus willed,
For Psyche's punishment he bent his way:
From either stream his amber vase he filled,
For her were meant the drops which grief alone distilled.

His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
From his fair plumèd shoulder graceful hung,
And from its top in brilliant chords enrolled
Each little vase resplendently was slung:
Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
His frolic train of wingèd Zephyrs light,
Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung:
While odors dropped from every ringlet bright,
And from his blue eyes beamed ineffable delight.

Wrapt in a cloud unseen by mortal eye,
He sought the chamber of the royal maid;
There, lulled by careless soft security,
Of the impending mischief nought afraid,
Upon her purple couch was Psyche laid;
Her radiant eyes a downy slumber sealed;
In light transparent veil alone arrayed,
Her bosom's opening charms were half revealed,
And scarce the lucid folds her polished limbs concealed.

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,
Sweet severed lips! while thus your pearls disclose,
That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
The cruel presage of her future woes!
Lightly, as fall the dews upon the rose,
Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell
The fatal drops he pours; nor yet he knows,
Nor, though a God, can he presaging tell,
How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell!

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,
Sharpened with skill divine, a shining dart:
No need had he for bow, since thus too true
His hand might wound her all exposed heart;
Yet her fair side he touched with gentlest art,
And half relenting on her beauties gazed;
Just then awaking with a sudden start,
Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed,
Unseen he still remained, enchanted and amazed.

The dart which in his hand now trembling stood,
As o'er the couch he bent with ravished eye,
Drew with its daring point celestial blood
From his smooth neck's unblemished ivory:
Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh,
The evil done now anxious to repair,
He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy
O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;
Then stretched his plumes divine, and breathed celestial air.

Unhappy Psyche! soon the latent wound
The fading roses of her cheek confess,

Her eyes' bright beams, in swimming sorrows drowned,
Sparkle no more with life and happiness,
Her parents' fond exulting heart to bless;
She shuns adoring crowds, and seeks to hide
The pining sorrows which her soul oppress,
Till to her mother's tears no more denied,
The secret grief she owns, for which she lingering sighed

A dream of mingled terror and delight
Still heavy hangs upon her troubled soul,
An angry form still swims before her sight,
And still the vengeful thunder seems to roll;
Still crushed to earth she feels the stern control
Of Venus unrelenting, unappeased:
The dream returns, she feels the fancied dole;
Once more the furies on her heart have seized,
But still she views the youth who all her sufferings eased.

Of wondrous beauty did the vision seem,
And in the freshest prime of youthful years;
Such at the close of her distressful dream
A graceful champion to her eyes appears;
Her loved deliverer from her foes and fears
She seems in grateful transport still to press;
Still his soft voice sounds in her ravished ears;
Dissolved in fondest tears of tenderness,
His form she oft invokes her waking eyes to bless.

Nor was it quite a dream, for as she woke,
Ere heavenly mists concealed him from her eye,
One sudden transitory view she took
Of Love's most radiant bright divinity;
From the fair image never can she fly,
And still consumed with vain desire she pines;
While her fond parents heave the anxious sigh,
And to avert her fate seek holy shrines
The threatened ills to learn by auguries and signs.

The Fatal Look.

Cupid visited Psyche only by night, warning her of the danger of beholding him. But her envious sisters by magic art fill her mind with suspicions of evil, and induce her to incur the risk.

On her cold, passive hand the ring they place,
And hide the dagger in her folding vest;
Pleased the effects of their dire arts to trace
In the mute agony that swells her breast,
Already in her future ruin blest;
Conscious that now their poor deluded prey
Should never taste again delight or rest,
But sickening in suspicion's gloom decay,
Or urged by terrors rash their treacherous will obey.

While yet irresolute with sad surprise,
'Mid doubt and love she stands in strange suspense,
Lo! gliding from her sisters' wondering eyes
Returning Zephyrs gently bear her thence;
Lost all her hopes, her joys, her confidence,
Back to the earth her mournful eyes she threw,
As if imploring pity and defence;
While bathed in tears, her golden tresses flew,
As in the breeze dispersed they caught the precious dew.

Illumined bright now shines the splendid dome,
Melodious accents her arrival hail:
But not the torches' blaze can chase the gloom,
And all the soothing powers of music fail;
Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
Thus half their treacherous counsel is obeyed,
For still her gentle soul abhors the murderous blade.

And now, with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserved, though hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear
By the late image of her parents' grief,

And half offended seeks in vain to cheer,
Yet while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief!

Allowed to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warned her from her rash intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! will thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well expressed,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confessed.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light,
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine that even in silence know
The heart to touch) persuasion to infuse
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide dart its lucid beams to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms, to show
His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The gloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire,
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished son;
And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tossed
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamored o'er the deity,
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls
The fatal lamp.—He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls

POVERTY THE HANDMAID OF PHILOSOPHY.

(From his "Apology.")

HE has even gone so far as to reproach me with my poverty,—a charge truly acceptable to a philosopher, and one to which I readily plead guilty. For Poverty has long been the handmaid of Philosophy; frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found. Poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend,—Poverty, I say,—she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offence, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Phocion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories

of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola,* the expeller of the kings, and Agrippa,† the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funeral was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Atilius Regulus,‡ whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . .

I could, indeed, raise an argument with you about the very name itself, and I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superfluities, and who possess the things which are necessary, which, by nature, are but few indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as it is with the body: in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing; and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: the man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all encumbrances. For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that I consider him among us who has the fewest possible necessities most strongly to resemble a god.

* On the death of L. Junius Brutus in the year 508 B.C., after the expulsion of the kings, C. Valerius was appointed consul in his stead. He introduced a special decree by which royal rule was forever interdicted at Rome. For his patriotism he was awarded the surname Publicola or Poplicola, "server of the people."

† Menenius Agrippa, after the withdrawal of the plebeians to the Sacred Mount, in 494 B.C., induced them to return by reciting the fable of "The Belly and the Members."

‡ Atilius Regulus was the leader of an unsuccessful expedition against Carthage in 256 B.C. He was captured by the Carthaginians and is said to have been put to death by them for refusing to persuade his countryman to make peace.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

SPRING, as the season of love and flowers, is celebrated in this beautiful anonymous poem for the eve of a festival (probably April 1–3) in honor of Venus. From some grammatical peculiarities in the Latin, critics have decided that it cannot have been composed earlier than the latter half of the second century, and may even be a century later. The following English version of the "Pervigilium Veneris" is by Thomas Parnell (1679–1717), and there was an earlier one (1651) by Thomas Stanley (1625–1678).

LET those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

The spring, the new, the warbling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feathered nation choose their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And, dressed in different greens, adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow beauty's Empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers;
Then, raised sublimely on her easy throne,
From nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,
The rest was left a void expanse of blue;
Then parent Ocean worked with heaving throes,
And dripping wet the fair Dione rose.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with varied show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves and shade the naked trees.

When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light);
Close till the morn her humid veil she holds;
Then decked with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush, ye maids, prepare;
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed:
O'er the gay beauty poured immortal red:
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught forever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sportive gale
Unties her zone; she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,
While nymphs have hearts and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture; 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarmed and undesiring ills;
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms;
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

From Venus' bower to Delia's* lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modest airs:

* Diana is called Delia because born in the island of Delos.

"Chaste Delia, grant our suit! oh, shun the wood,
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
Venus, O Delia, if she could persuade,
Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."
Here cheerful choirs for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crowds in measures lightly decent move;
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbors arch above,
And mingling flowerets strew the scenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, decked with viny leaves;
Here wit's enchanting god [Apollo], in laurel crowned,
Wakes all the ravished Hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear,
And there presides; and there the fav'rite band,
Her smiling Graces, share the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colors, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From every quarter rural nymphs resort,
From woods, from mountains, from these humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.

Pleased with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls," she whispers, "guard your hearts;
My boy, though stripped of arms, abounds in arts."

Let those love now, who never loved before,
And those who always loved, now love the more.

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread;
Let early flowers erect their painted head;
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen;
That day old Æther wedded Earth in green.
The vernal father bade the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year;
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life; the fruitful goddess reigns
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land and circling sea;
With fertile seed she filled the pervious earth,
And ever fixed the mystic ways of birth.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

'Twas she, the parent, to the Latin shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son [Æneas],
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid whose honored womb
Swelled with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoyed by shows, the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprang the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The love of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
E'en Love (if fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air,
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty pressed,
She laid her infant on its bowery breast;
From nature's sweets he supped the fragrant dew,
He smiled, he kissed them, and by kissing grew.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

And now the goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year;
Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain.
We fancy love expressed at every note;
It melts, it warbles in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the siren end.
How long in coming is my lovely spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela, cease;—or here I sit,
And silent loose my rapturous hour of wit.
'Tis gone; the fit retires, the flames decay;
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more.

AULUS GELLIUS.

A DILIGENT compiler, and yet not without originality, was Aulus Gellius, who has preserved in his miscellany fragments of older authors, both Greek and Latin, which would otherwise have been lost. He lived at Rome in the second century, but the dates of his birth and death are unknown, though he has left some autobiographic information. The names of his teachers and friends are recorded, and we learn that he had studied rhetoric and philosophy and held a judicial office. His literary work is called "Noctes Atticæ" (Attic Nights), because, as he states, it was gathered "during many long winter nights which I spent in Attica." The extracts were set down, without arrangement, from whatever book happened to come to hand. It is evident from the occasional repetitions, and even contradictions, that some of these books were compilations. The collection was intended merely for the amusement and relaxation of his children, as well as himself. It is divided into twenty books.

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The Philosopher in the Storm.

During the whole of the first night of our voyage a very stormy side-wind filled our vessel with water. At length, after much complaining, and sufficient employment at the pump, daylight appeared, but brought no diminution of our danger, nor cessation of the storm; but the whirlwinds seemed increasing, and the black sky, and the balls of fire, and the clouds, forming themselves into frightful shapes (which they called Typhons), appeared hanging over us ready to overwhelm the ship. In the company was a celebrated philosopher of the Stoic school, whom I had known at Athens, a man of some consequence, and rather distinguished for the good order in which he kept his pupils. Amidst all these dangers, and this tumult of sea and sky, I watched this man attentively, anxious to know the state of his mind, whether he was dauntless and unalarmed. I observed that he expressed no fear nor apprehensions, uttered no complaints like the rest, nor joined in their way of exclaiming, but in paleness and terror of countenance he differed but little from his neighbors.

When the sky grew clear, and the sea became calm, a certain rich Greek from Asia approached the Stoic; his wealth was proved from his expensive appearance, his quantity of baggage, and his train of attendants. "What is the reason," said he, in a bantering tone, "that, when we were in danger, you, who are a philosopher, were afraid, and looked pale, while I was neither afraid nor pale?" The philosopher doubted a little whether it was worth while to make any answer. "If," said he, "in so violent a storm I did discover a little fear, you are not worthy of being told the reason; but that follower of Aristippus shall give you an answer for me, who, upon a similar occasion, being asked by a man much like yourself why, as a philosopher, he was afraid, while he feared nothing, replied that there was not the same cause for fear in one as in the other, for the preservation of a worthless coxcomb was not an object worthy of much anxiety, but that he was concerned for the safety of an Aristippus." With this reply the Stoic got rid of the rich Asiatic.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV. 1600–1700 A.D.

PETRARCH, by the polished perfection of his sonnets, and Boccaccio, by the light-hearted gayety of his merry tales, set to their ingenious pleasure-loving countrymen examples which they have never been weary in imitating. Every gentleman of any pretensions to wit or learning must become a Petrarchist or a Boccaccist. At times the fashion of composing sonnets has been carried to ridiculous excess. For more ambitious spirits there were also longer canzoni and odes. Giambattista Marini (1569–1625) with his extravagant poetic "conceits" outdid Petrarch and had numerous followers, known as Marinists. His chief work, "Adone," a kind of epic on Adonis, won him a pension and the title of "cavaliere" from the king of France. An example of his exaggerated antithesis is found in his description of Love, which is thus translated: "Lynx reft of light, a blindfold Argus, suckling old man and aged little boy, ignorant yet learned, naked yet armed."

Equally artificial and fantastic was the school of the Arcadians, which, however, is justly said to have "made Italian literature languid and tame." During the last decade of the seventeenth century various scholars living at Rome became accustomed to repair to one of the pleasant hills of the neighborhood, and there read canzonets, elegies, sonnets and epigrams. One day, an exultant member of the brotherhood exclaimed: "*Ecco per noi risorta Arcadia!*" (See for us Arca-

dia risen again!) They chose as a model the verse of Angiolo di Costanzo, a poet of the sixteenth century. These fellow-shepherds all proved minor poets, save perhaps Filicaja (1632–1707), who had moments of real inspiration, as in his poems relating to the siege of Vienna by the Turks.

Gabriello Chiabrera (1552–1637) also demands mention, as opposed to the old Marinists. He dethroned Petrarch as a model for poetasters, and set up Pindar and Anacreon. Chiabrera wrote Neo-Pindaric odes on the games of football at Florence; but he rose to a higher key in celebrating the triumphs of Italian galleys over the Turks and corsairs who swarmed in the Mediterranean.

No great epic poet arose in Italy after Tasso, but there have been sportive writers who followed the example of Pulci. Tassoni (1565–1635), "the greatest name in Italian literature during the seventeenth century," produced "La Secchia Rapita." In this work his aim was to produce a satirico-epic poem on the wars of the little Italian states and their petty courts. The satire was, however, so slight, that the poem was hailed as a new epic of the sportive kind. In Spain at this period the genius of Cervantes was fashioning his satirical romance of Don Quixote, which was received in somewhat the same unexpected way.

In Italy the prose novelists followed humbly yet gaily in the wake of the light-hearted Boccaccio. Further examples of these story-tellers who diffused mirth throughout Europe are given. Some of these, indeed, as Bandello, belong to the sixteenth century, but were deferred from a former volume on account of the predominance of the romantic poets in that period.

As was the case in other modern European countries, the drama in Italy grew out of the old church "representations," and such Latin plays as Albertino Musato's "Ezzelino de Romans," and Frederick Barbarossa's drama on the coming and death of Anti-Christ, noted as the earliest specimen of melodramatic composition in modern times. Pulci and his wife Antonia, Boiardo ("Timone Misantropo"), Ariosto and even Lorenzo de' Medici wrote tragedies and comedies. The dramatists of humanism drew on Seneca, Plautus and Ter-

ence. Poliziano (1454–1494) wrote "Orfeo," the first classical Italian drama, on the old Greek myth and gave it a long vogue in drama and opera. Ariosto's "Cassaria" and "I Suppositi" are, however, the two earliest specimens of Italian comedy. In "Mandragola" Machiavelli satirized the parasite and religious impostor, foreshadowing Moliere's "Tartuffe." The first prose drama was the "Calandra" of Cardinal da Bibbiena.

The "*commedia di intreccio*" (comedy of intrigue) was to have some new companions, however. Tasso, who had written in "Torrismondo" a tragedy after Æschylus on the subject of the Goths, invented the pastoral drama in "Aminta." Sannazaro's "Arcadia" had revived the taste for pastorals, but the pastoral play was a new creation. Tasso's shepherds live in the Golden Age, and while not of courtly fashion neither are they of modern rusticity. The love-sick swain and scornful shepherdess are introduced. Tasso's example was elaborated by Giambattista Guarini (1537–1613) in his celebrated "Pastor Fido," in which a comic vein (imported from Spain) mingles with the pure pastoral.

Out of the "*commedie dell' arte*," mostly improvised by traveling troupes before the common people, arose the pantomime with its Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine and Clown. Leoncavallo's opera, "I Pagliacci" (The Clowns), depicts such a Sicilian troupe. One of the old plays of the Intronati playwrights—"I Ingannati"—may be mentioned as the original of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Out of the Florentine Renaissance and the study of the Greek tragedy was evolved the "Opera, which has been accepted in all modern civilized countries as the highest development of the sister arts, Drama and Music.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

MATTEO BANDELLO.

NEXT to Boccaccio, Bandello is the Italian novelist best known to foreigners. From his tales, many of which are founded on history, the Elizabethan dramatists drew various plots. Matteo Bandello was born at Castelnuovo, in Piedmont, in 1480. He entered the Church, but was not zealous in its service. He resided for many years at Mantua, where he superintended the education of Lucrezia Gonzaga; but his chief residence was at Milan. In the commotions of the time his house was set on fire and much of his literary work destroyed. He then sought refuge in the French territories, near Agen, in company with his friend Fregoso. When the latter was assassinated in 1541, Bandello accepted from Francis I. the offer of the bishopric of Agen, which he retained until his death in 1562. His "novels," eighty-nine in number, were published at Lucca in 1554, and were dedicated to Ippolita Sforza, wife of Alessandro Bentivoglio, for whose amusement the work had been undertaken, but she died before it was completed. Hence the author addressed some of the stories separately to particular persons. He also took some pains to indicate the source whence he had derived his stories.

MUCH ADO ABOUT A KISS.

IN the castle of Moncaliero, not far from the city of Turin, there dwelt a widow lady of the name of Zilia Duca, whose consort died before she had attained her twenty-fourth year. Though extremely beautiful, her manners were somewhat abrupt, resembling rather those of a pretty rustic than of a polished city dame. She devoted herself to the education and future welfare of an only son, between three and four years old, and relinquished all idea of again entering into the marriage state. Entertaining somewhat narrow and avaricious views, she kept as small an establishment as she could, and performed many menial offices usually left to the management of domestics. She rarely received or returned visits; stealing out on the appointed fasts early in the morning to attend mass

at an adjoining church, and returning home in the same private manner.

Now it was a general custom with the ladies in that part of the world, whenever strangers happened to arrive at their residence, to grant them a salute by way of welcome to their roof. But the lady of whom we speak proved for once an exception to this general and hospitable rule. For Messer Filiberto da Virle, a gentleman and a soldier of distinguished prowess and esteem, stopping at Moncaliero, on his way to Virle, chanced also to attend mass at the same church where Madonna Zilia was to be seen. Charmed with her graceful and attractive air, no less than with the beauty of her countenance, he eagerly inquired who she was; and though little pleased with the avaricious character which he heard attributed to her, he tried in vain to efface the impression she had made. He pursued, however, his journey to Virle, where, after transacting his affairs, he resolved to retrace his steps to Moncaliero, not very far distant, and take up his residence there for some time. With this view, taking a house not far from the castle, he availed himself of every opportunity of throwing himself in the lady's way, and resolved at all risks, and whatever might be the labor, to induce her to relinquish the unsociable conduct of which she was accused.

After feasting his eyes long and vainly in her sight, he at length contrived to obtain the pleasure of an introduction; but she had scarcely spoken two words to him, when she excused herself, and retreated, as usual, home. In truth she had been short with him, and he felt it in such a way that he made a strong resolution, which he almost as suddenly broke, of renouncing all thoughts of her forever. He next enlisted some of her own sex among her most intimate acquaintance to employ their influence with her to vanquish her obduracy, in order that, after having carried the outworks, he might take the castle of Moncaliero by storm. But the enemy was on the alert, and all his efforts proved abortive. He looked, he sighed, he wrote, he went to mass, he walked before and behind the castle, in the woods, by the river-side, where he threatened to drown himself; but the lady's heart was more impregnable than a rock, harder than everything except his

own fate; for she deigned neither to smile upon nor to write to him. What should the wretched lover do? He had already lost his appetite, his complexion and his rest, besides his heart, and really felt very unwell. Though physicians were not the persons to prescribe for such a case, they were nevertheless called in, and made him a great deal worse; for he was now rapidly advancing towards that bourne from which neither lovers nor travelers return; and without other help, it became very evident that the poor young gentleman would soon give up the ghost.

While his life hung suspended in this languishing state, one of his friends and fellow-officers, a happy fellow from Spoleto, hearing of his condition, came posting to his succor, determined at least to be in time for his funeral, and see that all due military honors were paid to his loving spirit. When he arrived, Messer Filiberto had just strength enough to tell the story of his love and the cruel disdain of the lady, intending afterwards, as he assured his friend, to think no more about it, but quietly to expire. His friend, however, having really a regard for him, and believing he would grow wiser as he grew older, strongly dissuaded him from the latter alternative, observing that he ought to think about it; that it was a point of honor on which he ought to pique himself to bring it, like a good comedy, to a happy conclusion. "My poor Filiberto," he continued, "leave the affair to me, and be assured you shall speak to her as much as you please." "That is all I wish," exclaimed the patient with a little more animation, while a slight color suffused his cheek; "persuade her only to listen to me, and, trust me, I can manage the rest myself. But it is all a deception. What can you do, when I have wasted all kinds of love-messages, gifts, oaths, and promises in vain?" "Do you get well; that is all you have to do," returned our Spoletino, "and leave the rest to me." He spoke with so much confidence that the patient in a short time grew wonderfully better; and when the physician a few days afterwards stepped in, he gave himself infinite credit for the improvement which had taken place. Now the reader must know that the wits of Spoleto are renowned all over Italy; they are the most loose-tongued rattlers, the most dili-

gent petitioners for alms in the name of St. Antony; the most audacious and sleight-of-hand gentry in the world. They have a very excellent gift of talking and making something out of nothing; and no less of persuading people to be of their own opinion, almost against their will. Nearly the whole of that amusing generation who are in the habit of getting through the world by easing the rich and the simple of their superfluous cash, who dance upon two poles, dole out the grace of St. Paul, charm the dancing serpents, or sing wicked songs in the public streets, will be found to trace their birth to Spoleto.

Messer Filiberto's friend was well qualified, therefore, as a relation of those itinerant wits, to assist a brother in distress, especially in such a dilemma as that in which our hero found himself. Considering him, at length, sufficiently convalescent, our Spoletino fixed upon a sort of traveling peddler to forward the designs he had formed for the relief of the unhappy lover. Bribing him to exchange dresses, he took possession for a period of his collection of wares, consisting of every article most tempting to a woman's eyes, either for ornament or for use. Thus armed, he set out in the direction of Donna Zilia's residence, announcing himself as the old traveling merchant with a fresh supply of the choicest goods. These tidings reaching the ears of the lady, she sent to desire him to call at her house, which he directly entered with the utmost familiarity, as if by no means for the first time, and addressed her in the most courteous langauge he could command. Then opening his treasures, she entered upon a review of the whole assortment, displacing and undervaluing everything, while she purchased nothing. At length, fixing her eyes upon some beautiful veils and ribbons, of which she fancied she was in want, she inquired how much he expected for such very ordinary articles. "If you will sell them, good man, for what they are really worth, I will take no less than five-and-thirty yards; but if you ask too much, I will not look at them; I will not have a single ell." "My lady," replied the false merchant, "do my veils indeed please you? They are at your service, and say nothing as to the price; it is already paid. And not only these, but the whole of this

excellent assortment is your own, if you will but deign to receive it." "No, no, not so," cried the lady, "that would not be right. I thank you, good man; though I certainly should like to have them at as low a rate as I can. So ask what you please, and I will give what I please, and then we shall understand one another: you gain your livelihood in this way, and surely it would be cruel, however much I might wish it, to take them for nothing. So deal fairly with me, and I will give you what I think the goods are really worth." "But, your ladyship, please you," replied the wary merchant, "I shall consider it no loss, but a favor, if you will condescend to receive them under no conditions at all. And I am sure if you possess as courteous a mind as your face betokens, you will accept these trifles presented to you on the part of one who would gladly lay down not only his whole property, but his life at your feet."

At these words, the lady, "blushing celestial rosy red," eyed the merchant keenly for a moment: "I am astonished to hear you talk thus, and I insist upon knowing who you really are. There is some mystery in all this, and I am rather inclined to think you must have mistaken the person to whom you speak." The merchant, however, not in the least abashed, being a native of Spoleto, acquainted her in the mildest and most flattering terms with the long and passionate attachment entertained for her by poor Messer Filiberto, and the delicacy with which he had concealed it until the very last. Handsome, accomplished, rich, and powerful, he was prepared to lay all his extensive seigniories at her feet, and account himself the most fortunate of mankind. In short, he pleaded so eloquently, and played his part so well, that she at length, after a pretty long resistance, consented to see his friend. He then hastened back to Messer Filiberto, who overwhelmed him with the most rapturous thanks, and lost no time in preparing to pay a visit to his beloved, who received him at the appointed hour in the drawing-room of her own house. There was a single maid-servant in her company, who sat at work in a recess, so that she could scarcely overhear their discourse.

Bending lowly before her, Messer Filiberto expressed his deep sense of the honor she had conferred on him, and pro-

ceeded in impassioned terms to relate the origin and progress of his affection, his almost unexampled sufferings, and the sole hope which still rendered his life supportable to him. He further assured her that his gratitude would be eternal, in proportion to the amount of the obligations under which she laid him. The sole reply which he received to his repeated and earnest protestations was, that she was resolved to remain faithful to the memory of her departed consort, and devote herself to the education of her only son. She was, moreover, grateful for his good opinion, though she was sure he could not fail to meet with ladies far more beautiful and more worthy of his regard. Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet with tears in his eyes, declaring that if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto, then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave, beseeching her only, in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him in return for his long love and sufferings a single kiss, which, against all social laws, she had before denied him, although it was generally yielded to all strangers who entered an hospitable roof. "I wish," replied Donna Zilia, "I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then." The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and seized the price of the promise he had given. "Now, Signor Filiberto," exclaimed the lady, "prepare to execute the cruel sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years."

The lover was greatly surprised and shocked on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence, though at the same time he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon after, making the lady a low bow, he took his

departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero on his return to Virle. His friends, on finding him in this sad condition, expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but as he retained his usual cheerfulness and sense enough to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his steward, a distant relative in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. Of an extremely handsome person, and possessing noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labor was doubly regretted wherever our hero made his appearance.

About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a warm and sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions which his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the king's service, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he labored. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter into the king's bodyguards; and being a knight of well-known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner, he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valor in the presence of the king as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His majesty, afterwards inquiring

more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, instantly conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had commenced, observing at the same time that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favors as well as he could, shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his majesty's adversaries.

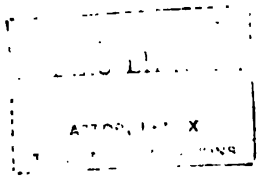
Soon after a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the king, in order to encourage his troops, galloped towards the spot. Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Filiberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. It was with difficulty that their commander himself effected his escape; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

On this occasion the king returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first nobility of his kingdom invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men-at-arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favor at court that the monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honor of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of

restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, however vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will. Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court under the pretence of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating that whoever undertook to effect the cure should henceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this regulation was quickly perceived in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation.

When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favor at the French king's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being at length nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting but that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case. "I am come, my lords," she observed, "hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to run the risk of the penalty if I perform not my engagement as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be intrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one which will require the utmost art in its application." Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the

Donna Zilia and her Dumb Lover.



subject, the commissioners immediately dispatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had imposed so severe a penance, and concluded at the same time that she had undertaken the journey not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge; he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance.

After some moments' silence, the lady finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired in a gentle tone whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was. He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly well, but that he had not yet recovered his speeeh, motioning, at the same time, with his fingers towards his mouth. On this, she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow; that she had traveled to Paris for that purpose, and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before, until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and, fearful of the consequences to herself if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she had at length recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately as fruitless to restore his eloquence as every other means. The tears and prayers of the lady, to prevail upon him to speak, became now doubly clamorous, while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thousand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced;

but the lady, being of an excessively avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to furnish the prescribed sum, and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that upon the whole he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the king. He entreated, as a special favor, that his majesty would remit the fine and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the king promised to do. He then proceeded to inform his majesty of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well.

Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his majesty when she first heard him speak. "You may recollect, madam," he observed, "that some time ago, when at Moncaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you,—an attachment which I did not then think that time could have ever diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me, as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments towards you. I have acquired wealth and honors; I stand high in the favor of my monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you by the fears and troubles you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unrivaled; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will be more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying, that the wily are often taken in their own nets." He then provided her with an honorable escort and money to defray her expenses, while he himself not long after received the hand of a young beauty of the

court, bestowed upon him by his royal master. By this union he received an accession of several castles and domains, and sent for his witty young friend from Spoleto to share with him a portion of his prosperity. Still retaining his favor at court, upon the death of Charles VII. he continued to enjoy the same appointments and the same influence under Louis XI., his successor.

ANTONIO FRANCESCO DONI.

DONI was not merely a story-teller; he composed a "Moral Philosophy," "Epistles of Love," and a variety of other works. Though less known than other Italian writers, he ranks, as regards style, among the approved novelists. He was born at Florence in 1513, and being of studious habits entered the Church; but in mid-life he threw off the ecclesiastical habit and went to Venice to earn his living by his pen. His philosophical studies seem to have made him sceptical, and he awakened the jealousy of the Inquisition. He then sought refuge at Ancona, but afterwards returned to his rural abode at Monselice, where he died in 1574. The composition of his novels was his recreation amid more serious labors. His critics pronounced them eccentric, like himself, yet not devoid of humor.

THE CRAFTY HUNCHBACK.

THE dowager queen of Salimspruch had a daughter named Galierina, about five years of age. As she was walking in the garden, this child happened to find a young lizard, with which she ran to her mother in great glee, throwing it, as young girls are apt to do, upon her mother's lap, which so terrified the queen that she declared, in her anger, she would never consent to bestow her daughter's hand in marriage until the reptile had grown to the size of the girl herself. She even swore by her crown that she would execute this threat; a vow which greatly displeased the governess of the fair child, who, being affectionately attached to her, vowed on her part to take the best care of the lizard she could. And such was the efficacy of this vow, that, with the blessing of

Heaven and fine feeding, the young lizard began to grow and grow, nor ever stopped until it became nearly as large as a crocodile. Every one was astonished on beholding it, and greatly praised the care and prudence of Donna Spira, who had thus rescued her fair pupil from the fate of dying an old maid. The latter having attained to maturity, it was deemed proper to try the effect of chance in the disposal of her hand, with which view the queen resolved to kill the lizard and extract its lungs, in order to exercise the sagacity of her suitors. "Now," said she, "we will proclaim a grand feast and tournament, and invite all the cavaliers in the world to try their fortune in the joust, and whoever afterwards guesses the name of the reptile which possessed these lungs, let him have my daughter and half this kingdom as a reward for his pains."

Far and wide, throughout all cities and nations, spread these happy tidings of a royal tournament and the marriage of Queen Pilessa's beauteous daughter. What magnificent trains of lords and dukes, counts and marquises, of all ages and nations, were seen gathering towards the happy spot! Long they fought, and fell, and conquered; after which, at the trumpet's sound, the lizard's lungs were exhibited to view in the midst of all, and proclamation was made, with a loud voice, that whatsoever prince or lord should declare to what animal these relics had belonged, should be entitled to the princess and half the kingdom as her dower. Upon this the name of every kind of creature in the world but the right one was quickly pronounced, until it came to the turn of the Duke of Milesi, who enjoying the good graces of Donna Spira, had fixed his eye boldly upon her beautiful charge. The nurse at length hit upon the following ingenious method, as she thought, of acquainting him with the real nature of the poor lizard's lungs. She cast her eye upon one of the ugliest hunchbacks that was ever seen, as the least suspicious person she could employ, and beckoning him, she said, "If you will promise to be secret, I will make you one of the richest hunchbacks that was ever known; you have only to be wise and keep silence." On receiving his promise she gave him a purse of ducats, saying, "Hasten to the Duke of Milesi,

and whisper him, on the part of the young lady, that the lungs belonged to a lizard." Upon which, repeating his oath of secrecy, the ugly hunchback left the nurse; and standing for some time apart, he considered whether it would be most prudent to inform the duke or avail himself of the information on his own account.

At length he determined that it would be better to possess half the kingdom for himself than the favor of the reigning prince; and so, taking fortune by the forelock, he ventured upon the following bold manœuvre: Making his way before the queen, he thus addressed her: "Knowing that your royal blood was ever faithful to its engagements, and relying upon the honor of your crown, I appear here to say to what creature these precious relics belonged, and claim in return your daughter and half of the kingdom." "Certainly, it is so," replied the queen; while all the barons and courtiers burst into a loud laugh as he pronounced them to be the lungs of a lizard. "Nay, let those laugh who win," cried the hunchback; "for I myself once brought up a lizard that grew as large as my back, until putting it one night to bed without its nightcap on, it caught such a bad cold, that before I had time to have it properly cured, it absolutely died of suffocation." The whole company upon this laughed still louder, saying, "Good! very good! was ever anything like it?" But the little hunchback continued: "It is, however, as I say; because, on dissecting my lizard, I found its lungs were made exactly the same as these." The queen replied, "Since fortune has so far favored you, I am bound to observe my engagement; and now, truly the hand of my daughter with half the kingdom is your own."

Mr. Hunchback was accordingly arrayed like a courtier, and exalted above all the barons of the land: there was no denying that he was the fair princess's future spouse. Sad, however, was the envy and heart-burning of the suitors to behold such a monster so well versed in the anatomy of lizards and entitled to the fair princess's hand. Truly they would have laid foul hands upon him and eaten him up alive, could they have found an opportunity, but he kept close to his princess's side. But what was the indignation of her nurse, when, expecting to behold the handsome duke, she saw this little wretch elevated in his place! Casting upon him the eye of a basilisk, though she ventured not to break out into open abuse, she muttered to herself, "O villain of a hunchback! by the holy cross of our Lord, I will make thee pay dearly for this!" Then, full of the most desperate thoughts, she proceeded to consult with her unhappy charge, who also viewed him with evident reluctance, and listened but too willingly to every possible means of dispatching him in preference to receiving him as her lord. But the glorious tidings having already gone abroad, there came a number of fresh hunchbacks, flocking to the royal festival of their companion, who performed a variety of admirable tricks, to the astonishment of all the court. This added not a little to the influence of the new prince, who seemed greatly pleased at the praises which they on all sides elicited. But to cut short the scene, which he thought began to trench a little upon his dignity, when the presumptuous hunchbacks approached him familiarly to receive their reward, their royal brother gave each of them a kick upon their humps, and ordered them to be taken down into the kitchen.

Now this unkind usage of his old friends was extremely grating to the gentle feelings of his princess; she therefore gave secret orders that these very facetious hunchbacks should be invited for another day, in order to receive the due recompense of their humorous tricks. In the meantime, under various pretexts, she contrived to keep her royal consort at a distance until the day appointed for the return of the hunchbacks arrived. They were directly introduced into the princess's chamber, where she opened upon their astonished eyes

a variety of trunks filled with costly apparel; but, just as she was in the act of presenting some to them, the footsteps of her crooked spouse were heard actually ascending the staircase. There was no alternative but to thrust the little crooked fellows into the trunks, which was no sooner done than the royal hunchback stepped into the chamber. All was still as death; for had they made the least noise they would infallibly have been hanged, to satisfy the foolish jealousy of his highness. He remained with the princess some time, which placed the lives of his trembling subjects in the utmost jeopardy, as they were already beginning to gasp for breath. Still he stayed and stayed; and when at length, on his taking his leave, the princess hastened to open the trunks, what was her surprise and sorrow on finding that all her amusing guests were quite dead! After breathing harder and harder, they had gone into convulsions, and their feeble kicks had scarcely reached the ears of the royal spouses. Closing the trunks, however, she resolved to make the best of a bad business; and consulting with her nurse, they forthwith confided the whole affair to a faithful courtier, presenting him at the same time with a sum of money. With this he directly proceeded to purchase three large bags, exactly alike; and calling a stout porter, he gave them to him, saying, "Follow me;" and marched back as fast as he could, straight into the palace.

They first took one of the little deceased, and squeezing him till he came within the dimensions of the bag, the princess, addressing the porter, said, "Do you mark me? Carry this sack away, and throw it, just as it is, into the river. Here are ten ducats: but take heed how you open it, and when you come back you shall have twenty more." So the porter threw the burden on his shoulder, saying, "I wish I had more such jobs as these;" and after pitching it into the river, he hastened back as fast as he could. In the chamber he found the same identical burden lying there which he thought he had just disposed of, the second hunchback having assumed the place of the first. Testifying no little surprise, the lady said to him, "Do not be alarmed; but truly he is a sly villain, as you see, and delights to plague people. He will be sure to come back again if you do not throw him far enough, and sink him in

the river; this time you must take better care." Perfectly satisfied with the ducats, the man took up his burden and again launched it into the deepest part of the river he could find, and staying to watch it fairly sink, he exclaimed in a joyful tone, "I think you are fairly gone at last;" for the night was now setting in, and he did not much relish another journey along the banks of the river. Taking a light, however, he returned into the chamber, and beheld a third sack ready prepared for him; and seizing it in no little anger, he bore it away. But as soon as he had made his way through the crowd, he determined at all hazards to know with what kind of a devil he had to deal; and opening the bag, he found an ugly little hunchback in it. "O thou cursed beast!" he cried, "I will try to end thee now;" and taking out a huge knife, he severed the head from the body. Then thrusting it into the sack, filled with stones and iron, he once more committed him to the river, and made his way back to the palace.

Now it so chanced that just at the entrance he met with the royal hunchback himself, returning doubtless from some mischievous expedition, and making the best of his way to pay another visit to his beloved princess. The porter had no sooner set his eyes upon him than he exclaimed in the utmost indignation, "Ah! villain hunchback! are you here before me again?" and seizing him with all the glorious strength of a porter by the beard, he bound him in a moment quite fast, and thrusting him into the sack, he said, "Three times you have made me return, and yet you are at it again; but we shall see who has the best of it." In this way he carried the royal hunchback along, who in vain asserted his title to majesty, and that he was just going on a visit to his queen, and endeavored to bribe his treacherous subject at any price. It was all in vain; he was thrown headlong into the river, while the porter proceeded back, not without some apprehension that he should have another journey. On mounting the staircase, however, and proceeding into the chamber, he had the satisfaction of beholding his labors completed, for no more hunchbacks were to be seen. "Yes, you have done," said the princess; "I do not think he will come back any more now. Here, take all these ducats, and fare you well!" The porter

replied, "But he has returned a good many times, though; for I met him just now coming in at the gate; so I bound him fast and put him into the sack in spite of him, and then threw him again into the river. To be sure, he offered me a deal of money to let him go, and threatened and swore, and said he was the king; but it was all of no use: he was obliged to be drowned. So I think I have earned my wages well by four such journeys as these."

Upon hearing these tidings, the princess and her maids of honor were quite overjoyed; and lavishing the most liberal favors upon the porter for his lucky blunder, they bribed him to keep the matter secret. Thus by a single blunder the porter became a rich man, the lady was freed from an ugly brute of a husband, and the Duke of Milesi made happy in possessing the charms of the beautiful princess. Let the fate of the royal hunchback be a lesson, then, for those who are inclined, by fraudulent means, to advance themselves at the expense of others.

THE THIRSTERS.

Music rather than literature was the domain of the Thirsters ("Degli Alterati"). And yet the classical Italian opera was, in its original inception, the attempt of a certain Florentine circle of scholars to reconstruct the old Greek tragedy. They were not musicians in the highest sense of the term, and had not Montevide come to their rescue with true melodic genius, there would have been no opera such as has actually been developed.

This music reform of the sixteenth century was inaugurated by a distinguished coterie of music-loving noblemen of Florence (Medici Feste Musicale). They chose a cask and grapes as their symbol; hence their odd name. The prime movers were Giovanni Barde, Count of Vernio, at whose house they met; Vincenzo Galilei (uncle of the famous Galileo); Pietro Strozzi; Jacopo Corsi; and the actual composers—Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri. The enthusiasm for Greek art was then the ruling passion of Italy. These amateurs set themselves the task of reconstructing the Athenian drama. Music had been an integral and essential ele-

ment of the Greek tragedies, "and their greatest embellishment," as Aristotle remarked. The tragedy had its origin in the "dithyramb," a dance-song. Æschylus had been a composer; Sophocles was a practical musican, and in his portrait in the Painted Porch he was pictured as holding a cithara in his hands. The Greek tragic actors chanted their lines; their word for dramatic declamation was "emmeleia" (in tune); their choruses sang the odes to dance-steps. It is unnecessary here to enter into the birth of monody and the recitative in Florence; it is enough to record that Jacopo Peri, in his preface to "Euridice," stated that he had been convinced by a study of the ancients that "though their dramatic declamation may not have risen to song, it was yet musically colored." But in seeking to introduce the lost Greek tragic music, these restorers produced a new art form. Peri's "Dafne" was privately performed in 1597, and in 1600 the first opera ever to be publicly performed, Peri's "Euridice," was given at Florence in honor of the marriage of Marie de' Medici and Henry IV. of France. Peri simply "tried to give musical form to the ordinary inflections of the human voice." But what a magical transformation in the world of art and pleasure has ensued.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

CHIABRERA won the title of the Italian Pindar, because he was the first to introduce into his native tongue the elaborate metres and structure of the sublime lyrics of the Greek poet. His contemporaries regarded him as having attained the same lofty height, but with later critics his fame, like that of the French Ronsard, has suffered eclipse. His odes, in spite of their pomp and display, are felt to be chiefly pinchbeck and paste. Yet the author was a really learned man and dearly loved the Greek. Some of his less labored productions have a more genuine ring of true feeling.

Gabriello Chiabrera was a posthumous child, born at Savona, near Genoa, in 1552. He belonged to a patrician family, and from the age of nine was reared by his uncle at Rome, and instructed in the Jesuits' College. In a cardi-

nal's household for many years he enjoyed the society of the learned. At last some insult provoked the scholar to revenge, and he was obliged to depart. Returning to his birth-place he devoted himself more intensely to his beloved Greeks until he felt inspired to imitate them. His skillful, if rather mechanical, reproduction of the ancient metres secured him immediate fame, and he was invited to many courts. Thus applauded, he became an industrious writer in all varieties of style, from pastoral and satirical to epic and tragic. His happy philosophical life was prolonged to his eighty-fifth year.

To His Mistress's Lips.

Sweet, thornless rose,
Surpassing those
With leaves at morning's beam dividing!
By Love's command,
Thy leaves expand
To show the treasure they were hiding.

Oh, tell me, flower,
When hour by hour
I doting gaze upon thy beauty,
Why thou the while
Dost only smile
On one whose purest love is duty!

Does pity give,
That I may live,
That smile, to show my anguish over?
Or, cruel coy,
Is it but joy
To see thy poor expiring lover?

What'er it be,
Or cruelty,
Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
Yet can I well
Thy praises tell,
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
Through springing grass,
With murmuring song their way beguiling;
And flowerets rear
Their blossoms near,—
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave
The Zephyrs lave
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,
And sands are gay
With glittering spray,—
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
A vein of gold
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,
And Phœbus' light
Is broad and bright,—
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
May smile in mirth,
And joyous Heaven may return it;
Yet Earth and Sea
Smile not like thee,
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

Epitaph on Ceni.

Weep not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life,
And this alone, the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.
Franceso Ceni after death enjoined
That thus his tomb should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world,—a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

ALESSANDRO TASSONI was born at Modena in 1565. For several years he was secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and afterwards was in the service of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. Filled with hatred of the Spanish rule which was stifling the genius of his countrymen, he endeavored to incite the duke to take the lead against the oppressors.

In the midst of the general sterility of the seventeenth century Tassoni exhibited exceptional ability. His heroic comic poem "La Secchia Rapita," "The Captured Bucket" is an admirable satire on the petty wars of the petty Italian states. The reference is to a raid made by the people of Modena on Bologna in 1325 (three centuries earlier), when a bucket was carried off as a trophy and afterwards suspended in the cathedral. Many of the allusions in the poem are now obscure, but, as a whole, it takes high rank among the burlesques, and has had many imitators. In other works Tassoni showed serious ability in philosophy and criticism. He died in 1635.

THE CAPTURED BUCKET.

MEANWHILE the Potta, where the battle droops.
Sends fresh detachments of his foremost troops.
Himself was mounted on a female mule,
Which, though a magistrate, he scarce could rule:
She bit, and winched, and such excursions made,
As if her legs a game at draughts had played;
At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
Full speed she ran amidst the thick o' the fight.
About this time La Grace received a wound,
And, much against his will, went off the ground.

When the most ancient race of Boii saw
One captain prisoner made, and one withdraw;
They, who before had made a bold retreat,
Renounce their hands, and solely trust their feet.
Forwards the Potta urges with his spear,
And like some devil flashes in their rear.

Such quantities of blood the brook distained,
It many days both warm and red remained;
That brook which heretofore had scarce a name,
Baptized in blood, *Il Tepido* [the Warm] became.
Such crowds went reeking to the Elysian shore,
Charon complained there was no room for more.
All the day long, and all the following night,
The poor Bolonians prosecute their flight.
Three hundred horse, Manfredi at their head,
Fill every road and river with their dead:
So close the warlike youth oppressed their heels,
Returning day the city walls reveals.
The gate Saint Felix, opening soon, admits,
In one confusion, foreigners and cits;
So thick they crowd, the watch no difference knew;
In went the conquered and the conquerors too.
Far as an arrow's flight, and quick as thought,
Manfredi's men within the town were got:
Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to chance,
Halts at the gate, nor further would advance;
By drums and trumpets sounding from the walls,
The endangered troops he suddenly recalls.

Radaldo, Spinamont, Griffani fierce,
And other names too obstinate for verse,
Fainting with heat, and harassed with the chase,
Espied a well belonging to the place:
They thanked the gods with lifted hands and eyes;
Then hastily despatched to nether skies
The bone of discord, apple of the war,—
A bran new *bucket*, made of fatal fir.
Low was the water, and the well profound;
The pulley, dry and broke, went hobbling round;
The unlucky hemp, knotting, increased delay,
And all their hopes hung dangling in midway.
Some with still sighs the bucket's absence mourn,
Others, impatient, curse its slow return;
At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
The sanguinary work that was to ensue.
Greedy they all advance to seize their prey:
Radaldo's happy lips first pulled away.
Scarce had he drunk, when, lo! a numerous ring

Of adverse swords surround the ravished spring;
Rushing from every alley through the town,
"Kill! kill!" was all the cry, and "Knock 'em down!"
The Potta-men alarmed, with active feet
Regain their steeds, and leap into their seat;
Sipa, not liking much their threatening face,
Began to keep aloof, and slack their pace.
The bucket chanced to be at Griffon's nose:
His tip thus spoiled, away the water throws,
Cuts the retaining cord, and then applied
The vehicle to shield his near-hand side;
His off-hand grasps a sword, and, thus prepared,
Defies the world, and stands upon his guard:
Nimbly the men of Potta intervene,
And from the foe their brave companion screen. . . .

Clear of this scrape, Manfredi's squadrons join,
And treading back their steps, repass the Rhine.
Their captain, who no worthier spoils could show
Than this same bucket conquered from the foe,
Caused it in form of trophy to advance
Before the troops, sublime upon a lance:
To think how he in open day had scoured
Bolonia, and their virgin-spring deflowered;
To think how he had ravished from the place
An everlasting pledge of their disgrace;
Elate and glorying in his slit-deal prize,
Not victory seemed so noble in his eyes.
Straight from Samogia's plains he sends express
To Modena the news of his success;
And straight the town resolves in form to meet
The conquering army, and their general greet.

GIAMBATTISTA MARINI.

THIS Italian poet is more famous from his having founded a special school than from the value of his productions. He was born at Naples in 1569, and was a friend of Tasso. For many years he resided in Paris, and received a pension from Queen Marie de Medici. He died in 1625. His chief poem is "L'Adone," Adonis, in which by a profusion of extrava-

gant metaphors and far-fetched conceits he sought to startle the minds of readers. This "Marinism" found many imitators, until it reached a ridiculous excess.

FADING BEAUTY

BEAUTY—a beam, nay, flame,
  Of the great lamp of light—
Shines for a while with fame,
  But presently makes night:
  Like Winter's short-lived bright,
Or Summer's sudden gleams;
As much more dear, so much less lasting beams. . . .

Wingéd Love away doth fly,
  And with him Time doth bear;
And both take suddenly
  The sweet, the fair, the dear:
  To shining day and clear
Succeeds the obscure night;
And sorrow is the heir of sweet delight.

With what, then, dost thou swell,
  O youth of new-born day?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
  O Beauty, made of clay?
  Not with so swift a way
The headlong current flies,
As do the lively rays of two fair eyes. . . .

That which on Flora's breast,
  All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly dressed
  Saw in her dawning spring;
  Quite dry and languishing,
Deprived of honor quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
  The rose, of flowers the eye!
Both wither in the air,
  Their beauteous colors die:
  And so at length shall lie,

Deprived of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face. . . .

Do not thyself betray
With shadows! with thy years,
O Beauty (traitors gay!)
This melting life, too, wears,—
Appearing, disappears;
And with thy flying days,
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
Thy oft deceived view
In thy false counsellor,
That never tells thee true:
Thy form and flattered hue,
Which shall so soon transpass,
Are far more frail than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilst it doth freely shine:
This lightning flash and show,
With that clear spirit of thine,
Will suddenly decline;
And those fair murdering eyes
Shall be Love's tomb, where now his cradle lies.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkled cheeks and stains,
With motion troublesome,
With void and bloodless veins;
That lively visage wanes,
And, made deformed and old,
Hates sight of glass it loved so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-color be;
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like withered leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All ploughed with furrows, over-swollen with snow. . . .

What, then, will it avail,
O youth advised ill,
In lap of beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flower,
That springs and parches in the self-same hour.

FRANCESCO REDI.

HALLAM has pronounced the dithyrambic "Bacco in Toscana" to be "the first poem of that kind in modern language." It has been brilliantly translated into English by Leigh Hunt. The author, Francesco Redi, was born at Arezzo in 1626, practiced medicine at Florence with success, and was especially distinguished as a naturalist. But eminent as were labors in science, his fame rests on this playful panegyric on the wines of Tuscany.

BACCHUS ON WINE.

(From "Bacchus in Tuscany.")

GIVE me, give me Buriano,
Trebbiano, Colombano,—
Give me bumpers, rich and clear!
'Tis the true old Aurum Potabile,*
Gilding life when it wears shabbily:
Helen's old Nepenthe 'tis,
That in the drinking
Swallowed thinking,
And was the receipt for bliss.
Thence it is, that ever and aye,
When he doth philosophize,
Good old glorious Rucellai
Hath it for light unto his eyes;
He lifteth it, and by the shine
Well discerneth things divine:
Atoms with their airy justles,
And all manner of corpuscles;

* "Drinkable gold," or the elixir of life.

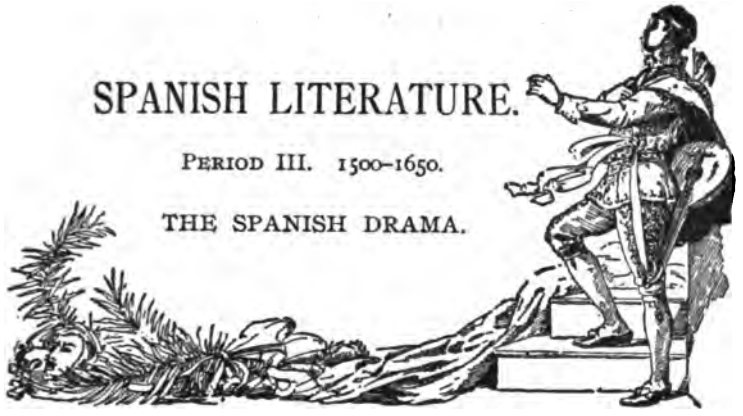
And, as through a crystal skylight,
How morning differeth from evening twilight;
And further telleth us the reason why go
Some stars with such a hazy light, and some with a vertigo.

Oh, how widely wandereth he,
Who in search of verity
Keeps aloof from glorious wine!
Lo, the knowledge it bringeth to me!
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,
So inviteth me,
So delighteth me,
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,
Had not Hippocrates
And old Andromachus
Strictly forbidden it
And loudly chidden it,
So many stomachs have sickened and died with it.
Yet, discordant as it is,
Two good biggins will not come amiss;
Because I know, while I'm drinking them down,
What is the finish and what is the crown.
A cup of good Corsican
Does it at once;
Or a glass of old Spanish
Is neat for the nonce:
Quackish resources are things for a dunce.

Talk of Chocolate! Talk of Tea!
Medicines, made—ye gods!—as they are,
Are no medicines made for me.
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works;
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,

'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it;
The Furies then took it
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpina all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely. . . .

There's a squalid thing, called beer:
The man whose lips that thing comes near
Swiftly dies; or falling foolish,
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.
She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English Cider:
He who'd have his death come quicker,
Any other Northern liquor.
Those Norwegians and those Lapps
Have extraordinary taps:
Those Lapps especially have strange fancies;
To see them drink,
I verily think,
Would make me lose my senses.
But a truce to such vile subjects,
With their impious, shocking objects.
Let me purify my mouth
In a holy cup o' the South;
In a golden pitcher let me
Head and ears for comfort get me,
And drink of the wine of the vine benign
That sparkles warm in Sansovine.



SPANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 1500–1650.

THE SPANISH DRAMA.

OTHER forms of literature of this period have already been considered.* But it is necessary to give special attention to the Drama, as in some respects the most important production of Spanish intellectual activity. Some relics of the Roman Drama survived in a decadent form in Southern Europe long after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. The Christian Church opposed its influence, as debasing, but finally recognizing that the dramatic instinct is inherent in human nature, granted it indulgence and diverted its expression to religious purposes. The change of attitude was due to the rise of the religious orders.

In the twelfth century we find bands of player monks roving through the dominions of the Pope for the purpose of giving rude representations of Bible stories to take the place of stories of chivalry. The plays were acted, sometimes in cathedrals and convents, at the high festivals of Christmas or Easter, and sometimes in the public squares of the cities. They were called *Autos Sacramentales*, and were the same as the Miracle-Plays in England. In Spain the only restrictions seem to have been: That they should be played in a town and under the authority of a bishop or archbishop, rather than in a village or smaller place; that no money should be taken for the performance; and that it should be given and received in a spirit of earnest devotion.

* See Volume III., pp. 207–253.

The secular drama arose in Spain in the memorable year 1492. All that can be said of it, prior to that time, is that public opinion was being gradually formed by such works as "The Dialogue between an Old Man and Love" and the dramatic novel "Celestina." The first dramatist was Juan del Encina, a graduate of Salamanca, and a famous poet and musician. The most noted of his successors was Lope de Rueda, a gold-beater by trade, but who became a dramatic *autor*, that is a writer of plays, who was at the same time an actor and manager. He travelled successfully with his company through the principal cities of Southern Spain, and has the unique distinction of having been admired and praised by Cervantes, who gives the following account of the state of the drama in his time:

"In the time of this celebrated Spanish actor, the whole apparatus of an *autor* was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skins trimmed with gilt leather, together with four false beards and wigs, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. . . . There were no figures to come popping up from the centre of the earth, or the space beneath the stage. The stage itself was composed of four benches, forming a square, with four or six planks placed upon them, so as to be raised about four hand's-breadths from the ground. Much less did clouds containing angels or spirits come down from the sky. The back scene of the theatre consisted of an old blanket which could be pulled by cords to one side or the other, and this formed the green-room, behind which stood the musicians singing some old ballad, without even a guitar to accompany them. . . . After Lope de Rueda came Naharro, a native of Toledo, who was famous in the part of cowardly bully. He somewhat raised the standard of theatrical adornment, exchanging the sack, which used to contain the dresses, for chests and trunks. He brought out the musicians, who, formerly sang behind the blanket, to the public gaze; he also abolished the beards of the comic actors, for, up to that time, nobody played without a false beard, and he made them all play without preliminary adjustment; except those who had to represent old men or other parts which required a change of features. He it was who introduced machinery, clouds,

thunder and lightning, duels, and battles, but all this had not yet come to the pitch of perfection which it has reached nowadays."

While there were, of course, from time to time actors of brilliant reputation in the enjoyment of high consideration and favor, just as it is to-day, the profession was brought into ill repute by the fact that so many of its members were men of low and evil lives. Dancing had been a favorite amusement in Spain from the earliest times and no play, not even a sacred *auto* was considered to be complete without its accompanying songs and dances.

Secular dramas were played in the yards of inns or in open quadrangles of the city reserved for the purpose and generally owned by religious or charitable organizations. Two fees were collected, in the latter places, one at the door for the manager, the other inside for the sick and the indigent. The poorer part of the audience sat on rude benches or stood in the open spaces of the quadrangle, while the rich took possession of the houses on the four sides and lounged at the windows as in the boxes of a theatre. Later magnificent auditoriums were built in the palaces in and near Madrid and Calderon and others were made masters of the palace theatre and wrote dramas for the pleasure of the king. Philip V. married an Italian princess unaccustomed to the spectacle of open-air performances, whose crowds could be scattered at any moment by an afternoon shower, and through her influence a play-house was built. The two best theatres in Madrid were afterwards erected on the site of the most famous of the old quadrangles.

Religious plays were produced in all large cities at the great festivals with a prodigality and success that roused the multitude to a frenzy of delight and enthusiasm. Actors left their quadrangles and palace theatres and played in the public squares in the service of the Church. Thus a species of sacred amusement, which had been almost forgotten in the rest of Europe, formed, with its variations, one of the most extraordinary expressions of Spanish life and character.

Cervantes wrote thirty dramas which do not shine beside his immortal Don Quixote. Calderon wished to be remem-

bered by the *autos* which have given him the name of being the religious dramatist of all time. But the real master of Spanish drama was Lope de Vega. He it was who gave it its final form, and who by his brilliancy, his charm, his naturalness and the inexhaustible diversity of his plots and situations raised it not only to a national, but to a European reputation and importance. Later authors wrote at the command of kings and for court favor. Lope, although he was the idol alike of prince and peasant, appealed to the masses and roused in them a passion for the theatre unprecedented in the history of the modern world. This feeling found expression in the demand for strolling players who should give his dramas in every corner of his native land. England, France, and Italy borrowed freely from the splendid resources of his imagination; and many a modern play, if it could be traced to its origin, would be found based in plot, incident, or suggestion, on some work of this "wonder of mankind." It may be added, in this connection, that the "Cid" of Corneille was taken from a Spanish drama of De Castro's; and that the "Don Juan" of Byron, Molière, and Corneille, as well as the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart, is founded on a play by Molina called "The Mocker of Seville." In such and similar ways did the art of Spain influence the world. Over thirty thousand plays were written in that country between 1500 and 1800. But in fashionable society translations from the French gradually usurped the place of Lope de Vega and his school. The populace, refusing to countenance the change, amused themselves with low burlesques whose principal attractions were unseemly songs and scandalous dances. The secular drama was always intensely national. It often came under the ban of the Church, but sometimes saved itself from condemnation by the simple expedient of changing the name of a locality to Babylon or Antioch or some other place mentioned in the Bible; after which the play went on to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

SPANISH ACTORS.

THE troupes of actors who wandered through Spain were described in 1603 by Augustin de Rojas, who was one of their number. They were distinguished by slang names according to their importance in the profession. The Carambaleo, which occupied a middle rank, is thus described.

Carambaleo consists of one woman who sings and five men who weep; their baggage comprises one play, two *autos*, three or four *entremeses*, and a bundle of clothes which a spider might carry; sometimes they carry the woman on their backs, sometimes in a chair; they give representations at homesteads for a loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a cabbage stew; in villages they charge six farthings, or a piece of sausage, a hank of flax, or whatever else may happen to be offered, counting everything as fish that comes to their net. In hamlets they stay four or six days; they hire a bed for the woman, and, if the landlady takes a fancy to any of them she gives him a sackful of straw and a blanket, and he sleeps in the kitchen. In winter the straw-loft is their constant abode. At midday they eat their *olla* of beef and six platefuls of broth apiece; they all sit at the same table, or sometimes on the bed; the woman portions out the dinner, gives each his due share of bread, and measures out to each the wine and water; each one wipes his hands and mouth with whatever comes handy, for they have only one napkin between the lot, and the table-cloth is so scanty that it falls short by several inches of covering the table.

LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO.

If versatility of talents and marvellous industry count for four-fifths of what is called genius, then must the crown rest on the brow of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. To have written fifteen hundred plays, seven hundred farces and twenty volumes of miscellaneous literature, including eleven formidable epics, several novels, and sonnets innumerable, fairly entitle the hero of the achievement to claim greatness for his work. He is declared to be "the most voluminous writer of ancient or modern times." His name takes front rank in several classifications of the national literature of Spain.

Lope de Vega was born in November, 1562, in Madrid. Early left an orphan and poor, he managed to push his way, probably with the assistance of friends, through the college of his native city and the academy of Alcalà. He married young, and in a few years his wife died. He wounded an opponent in a duel, and was in consequence imprisoned and exiled. Returning to Madrid at the end of two years, he sailed with the Armada, and was one of the few survivors of that ill-fated expedition. He married again, but again lost his wife. He was bereaved of his sons, and an illegitimate daughter, to whom he was tenderly attached, became a nun.

He entered the priesthood in 1609, and was afterwards a familiar of the Inquisition, assisting cheerfully at the burning of a poor Franciscan monk who was convicted of heresy. Far

from sinking into repose in the calm environments of the church, it was now that dramas of every sort poured torrent-like from his pen. They were often, with different names and under various disguises, merely the passionate records of his own stormy life, experiences through which he had passed and had found bitter or sweet. He died in August, 1635, being nearly seventy-three years of age. His closing years were clouded with misfortunes and melancholy, yet the grandees of Spain felt it an honor to take part in his funeral. Two volumes were needed to hold the laudatory poems of his countrymen, who declared him the greatest of all poets of every age and land.

Posterity credits Lope de Vega with being the founder of the popular national drama, "the cloak and sword play," with gallantry for its animating feature. The mass of his stage writings are classified as tragedies, legendary plays, heroic, historical and sacred; comedies of intrigue, of manners, and the *picaresque* or rogue plays; and *autos sacramentales* or religious pieces. The method he employs is to involve the main plot in a series of tangles, with counter-plot, under-plot and extraneous incident to a degree too bewildering for readers. Whatever the class from which a specimen may be taken, it will be an *olla podrida* of topics, characters, adventures and speeches, dignified, buffoonish, heroic, maudlin, indecent, so mixed up that though the story is clear, the dramatic unities are utterly disregarded. Lope boasted that he sacrificed the rules of art for the sake of winning popular applause. "I write according to the method which was invented by those who became candidates for popular favor, for as it is the mob that pays for the play, it is but right to gratify it by speaking in the uncultured language which it understands." He claimed to have created the *gracioso* character, the comic fellow, usually servant to the hero, whom he amusingly parodies, a character that has won a permanent place on the national stage. While his style is celebrated for its fire and extravagance, and yet again for its simple sincerity, there are, scattered all through his plays, passages of incredible grossness. His direct aim was popularity, and he succeeded. During the forty years in which he lived and wrote an ador-

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ing populace refused to tolerate the works of any other author. Even Cervantes remained poor, while Lope amassed wealth, which he scattered in charity, while also indulging his taste for luxury. Lope dedicated his tragedy of "Mary Stuart" to Pope Urban VIII., who in return made him a doctor of theology and an honorary officer of the Papal Court. The lasting power of the genius of Lope de Vega is shown in the fact that he is the master of the theatre in Spain to-day.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

THE following outline of a play which still holds the stage in Spain is given by Mr. Butler Clarke, and will serve as a fair example of the best style of Lope de Vega.

The scene opens in Merida, where Donna Maria de Guzman, a lady of great beauty, is wooed by a host of admirers, all of whom she rejects somewhat disdainfully. One of these suitors, enraged at the treatment he has received, inflicts a blow upon her father. This outrage, according to all the rules of the Spanish stage, demands a bloody reprisal, and Donna Maria herself undertakes the part of avenger of her father's honor. She murders her father's brutal assailant in prison, and in order to escape the consequences of her act, sets out in humble disguise for Madrid. On her way thither she meets with an *Indiano*, or Spanish American, in whose household she takes service. Her simple dress does not conceal her attractions. While carrying her pitcher to the fountain she is seen by Don Juan, the stereotyped gallant or lover, who, becoming enamored of her, rejects for her sake the overtures of Donna Anna, a lady of great attractions. This lady has another suitor, a nobleman, but she loves Don Juan in spite of his coolness, and her jealousy makes her desirous of seeing the water-carrier, her successful rival. In order to gratify her wish, she contrives to bring Donna Maria to her house. The newcomer takes advantage of the opportunity afforded by the marriage of a fellow-servant to dress herself in the costume which befits her real station and best shows off her charms. Thus attired she is irresistible; Don Juan proposes marriage to her and is accepted, in spite of the protests

of Donna Anna. The reason for disguise is now at an end; Donna Maria declares her rank and parentage, and is at last happily married.

Recklessness of human life is characteristic of the Spanish stage; in this popular drama the unfortunate, hot-tempered suitor is murdered, not that his death may form the catastrophe of the piece, but incidentally that it may give his murderess an opportunity of obtaining the disguise on which the necessary dramatic situations depend. Donna Maria's crime provokes no moral reprobation, nor is it meant to do so; a lady so careful of the family honor is likely to make the best of wives, and her conduct is considered natural, if not praiseworthy.

Sancho Ortiz.

According to Spanish notions loyalty to the king overrides all other obligations, natural or social. At the sovereign's command, the subject must renounce his nearest and dearest relations. In the "Estrella de Sevilla" Sancho Ortiz is thus called to provoke a quarrel with the brother of his betrothed and slay him.

I. *The King and Sancho Ortiz.*

Ortiz. I kiss thy feet.
King. Rise, Sancho! rise, and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.
Ortiz. My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.
King. Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?
Ortiz. Courage and majesty that strikes with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.
King. Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn,—the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die,—in secret should be slain;
This must some friend perform; search Seville through,
None can I find to trust so fit as you.

Ortiz. Guilty he needs must be.
King. He is.
Ortiz. Then why,
My sovereign liege, in secret should he die?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of day,
Stoop to dark deeds,—a man in secret slay?
The world will think, who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.
King. Sancho, attend;—you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man;—and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say,—to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death?
Ortiz. Oh, yes! a thousand times.
King. Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.
Ortiz. So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.
King. Give me thy hand.
Ortiz. With that my heart I pledge.
King. So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge
Reach his proud heart.
Ortiz. My liege! my sovereign lord!
Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of shame,
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?
Shall I,—shall I, to shrink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?
No,—face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,—
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but does not fight!
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe,—
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

King. E'en as thou wilt; but in this paper read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.

[*Sancho reads the paper aloud, which promises the king's protection, if he is brought into any jeopardy in consequence of killing the person alluded to, and is signed, "Yo el Rey," I the king.*]

King. Act as you may, my name shall set you free.
Ortiz. Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me?
I know his power, which can the earth control,—
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds! [*Tears the paper*]—they serve but to record
Some doubt, some question, of a monarch's word.
What need of bonds? By honor bound are we;
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
One price I ask,—the maid I name for bride.
King. Were she the richest and the best allied
In Spain, I grant her.
Ortiz. So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!
King. Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed.
But, reading, be not startled at a name;
Great is his prowess; Seville speaks his fame.
Ortiz. I'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.
King. None know but I that you avenge my wrong;
So force must guide your arm, but prudence check your tongue. [*Exit.*

II. *Bustos Tabera and Sancho Ortiz.*

Tabera. In meeting thus, my fortune do I greet.
Ortiz (*aside*). Alas! I curse the chance that makes us meet.
You come to make a friend, a brother, blest,
And I, to plunge a dagger in thy breast.
Tabera. Brother, the hour of long-sought bliss is come.
Ortiz (*aside*). My hour of grief, of all my woes the doom!

O God! did man e'er bear such weight of ill?
Him whom I love next heaven my sword must kill;
And with the very blow that stabs my friend,
My love is lost, and all my visions end.
Tabera. The deeds are drawn; to tell the news I came;
They only wait for Sancho Ortiz' name.
Ortiz (*aloud*). Once, it is true, by fickle fancy led,
Tabera's sister Ortiz fain would wed;
But now, though drawn the strict agreements stand,
I scorn the offer, and reject her hand.
Tabera. Know'st thou to whom, or what thou speak'st?
Ortiz. I know
To whom I speak, and therefore speak I so.
Tabera. How, knowing me, can words of insult dwell
On Ortiz' tongue?
Ortiz. Because he knows thee well.
Tabera. And knows he aught but generous pride of blood,
And honor such as prompts the brave and good?
Virtue and genuine honor are the same:
Pride, uninspired by her, usurps the name.
But yet, though slow of anger to a friend,
Thy words my virtue as my pride offend.
Ortiz. Not more offended can thy virtue be,
Than I so long to talk with one like thee.
Tabera. Is 't come to this? and dost thou brand my fame
With aught that bears not honor's sacred name?
Prove, then, this sword, which dares thy rage defy,—
My foe a villain, and his charge a lie. [*They draw and fight.*
Ortiz. What can the swords of traitorous villains prove?
Pardon me, sacred friendship! pardon, love!
My king impels; I madden as I fight,
And frenzy lends my arm resistless might.
Tabera. Enough, nor further press thy blow,—I bleed,—
My hour is come! [*Tabera falls.*
Ortiz. Then am I mad, indeed!
Yes, when I struck thy death, my sense was gone;
Restored, I from thy arm implore my own.
Sheathe in this breast,—for pity, sheathe thy sword,
And to my troubled soul an instant flight afford.
Tabera. My motives Fate denies the time to tell;—
Wed thou my sister, Ortiz, and —— farewell! [*Dies.*

Ortiz. Come, then, destructive, unrelenting blade,
Despatch the life thy work has wretched made!
Come, while Tabera's gore is reeking yet,
With a fresh wound to close the bloody debt!

[*Enter Farfan and Pedro, Alcaldes mayores.*

Pedro. Wretch! stay that weapon, raised thyself to kill!

Ortiz. 'Twas raised against a life yet dearer still.

[*Enter Arias.*

Arias. What's this disorder?

Ortiz. The disorder 's plain:
I've killed a brother, like another Cain,—
Ruthless and fierce, a guiltless Abel slain.
Here, here he lies,—survey each mangled limb;
And as he died for me, so let me die for him.

Arias. Why, what is this?

Ortiz. What is it, do you ask?
'Tis a kept promise, an accomplished task;
'Tis honor in a fiery trial proved,—
Honor, that slew the man he dearly loved.
Yes, tell the king, that, for our plighted words,
We sons of Seville bear them on our swords;
Tell him for them we do our stars defy;
For them our laws expire, our brothers die.

Pedro. He's killed Tabera.

Arias. Rash, flagitious deed!

Ortiz. Then seize me,—bind me,—let his murderer bleed!
Where are we? Do not law and reason say,
Ruffians shall die, and blood shall blood repay?
But marked you how the mighty crime was done?
No hate was here; 'twas love, and love alone;
And love, that did the crime, shall for the crime atone.
Bustos I slew: I now for Bustos plead,
And beg of justice—that his murderer bleed.
Thy friend that tribute to thy memory pays!

Arias. The man is mad, and knows not what he says.

Pedro. Then to Triana's tower the culprit lead,—
Lest, at the noise of such a lawless deed,
Seville should rise, and some new tumult breed.

Ortiz. Yet I would raise my brother from the ground,
Clasp his cold limbs, and kiss the sacred wound,
And wash the noble blood that streams his corpse around.

So I'll his Atlas be; nor would repine,
The life I've taken to redeem with mine.
Pedro. 'Tis madness, this.
Ortiz. When I from friendship swerved,
Against my pleasure I the laws observed;
That's a king's part,—in that I'm king alone;
But in this act, alas! I am not one:
The riddle 's easy, when the clew is found;
But 't is not mine the riddle to expound.
'Tis true I slew him,—I not that deny;
I own I slew him,—but I say not why:
That why—let others, if they like it, plead;
Enough for me that I confess the deed. [*Exit guarded.*

III. *Estrella and Theodora.*

Estrella. So quick my toilet was, I scarce can guess
How set my garments and how looks my dress.
Give me the glass.
Theodora. All glass is needless here;
Look on thyself,—no mirror is so clear;
Nor can in mimic forms reflected shine
Such matchless charms and beauty bright as thine.
[*Holds the looking-glass.*
Estr. Whence can such crimson colors fire my cheek?
Theo. Thy joy, and yet thy modesty, they speak.
Yes, to thy face contending passions rush,
Thy bliss betraying with a maiden blush.
Estr. 'Tis true he comes; the youth my heart approves.
Comes fraught with joy, and led by smiling Loves.
He claims my hand; I hear his soft caress,
See his soul's bliss come beaming from his eye.
O partial stars! unlooked-for happiness!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?
Theo. Hark! some one rings!—but, lo! with envy smit,
One mirror into thousand mirrors split!
Estr. Is 't broken?
Theo. Yes.
Estr. And sure with reason too;
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view
Another self: with him before my eyes,
I need no glass, and can its use despise.
[*Enter Clarindo.*

Clarindo. All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,
And the plumed hats announce the wedding near.
I gave the letter, and received a ring.
Estr. Take, too, this diamond for the news you bring.
Clarindo. Alas! the precious gem is split in two!
Is it for grief?
Estr. Oh, no, Clarindo! no!
It burst for joy,—the very gems have caught
My heart's content, my gayety of thought.
Thrice happy day, and kind, indulgent sky!
Can it be true?—is this my destiny?
Theo. Hark! steps below!
Clarindo. And now the noise draws near.
Estr. My joy o'ercomes me!—
[*Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Tabera.*
Gracious God! what's here?
Pedro. Grief, naught but grief, was made for man below:
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe.
Lady, Tabera 's slain!
Estr. O sad, O cruel blow!
Pedro. One comfort still,—in chains his murderer lies:
To-morrow, judged by law, the guilty Ortiz dies.
Estr. Hence, fiends! I'll hear no more,—your tidings bear
The blasts of hell, the warrant of despair!
My brother's slain! by Sancho's arm he fell!
What! are there tongues the dismal tale to tell?
Can I, too, know it, and the blow survive?
Oh, I am stone, to hear that sound and live!
If ever pity dwelt in human breast,—
Kill, murder, stab me!
Pedro. With such grief oppressed,
Well may she rave.
Estr. O sentence fraught with pain!
My brother dead! by Sancho Ortiz slain! [*Going.*
That cruel stroke has rent three hearts in one;
Then leave a wretch who's hopeless and undone.
Pedro. Ah! who can wonder at her wild despair?—
Follow her steps.
Farfan. Alas! ill-fated fair!
Clarindo. Lady, one instant——
Estr. Would you have me stay
For him, the wretch, that did my brother slay?

My love, my hopes, my all forever gone,—
Perish life, too,—for life is hateful grown!
Inhuman stars! unheard-of misery!
Can it be so?—is this my destiny?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THIS sonnet, translated by Longfellow, shows the ardent piety of much of Lope de Vega's work.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursèd tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me?

LUIS DE GONGORA.

THIS writer, noted for his influence on Spanish literature, was born at Cordova in 1561, and was educated in Salamanca. His inclination for poetry having conquered his desire for the profession of law, he settled in his native city and began to write. His early productions, mostly lyric, were exquisitely simple and graceful, but they failed to give him the fame and fortune which he expected. Removing to Valladolid in middle life, he tried to push himself at court, but never rose higher than the position of titular chaplain to the king. He then deliberately conceived and adopted a style which he thought would attract attention. It was similar to that of the Euphuists in England and the Pleiades in France, and was called the *cultos* or *cultismo*, signifying the polite style. The peculiarities of this method consisted in these four things: its sentences were opposed to the order of the Spanish

language; many of the words used were classical, or obsolete Castilian, or ordinary ones tortured from their usual signification; a new punctuation was required; finally, works written in this manner were so heaped with metaphors, conceits and absurdities as to form not genuine literature, but a set of literary riddles.

But Gongora gained his point. He became the founder of a new and pestilent school, and his imitators and followers joyfully proclaimed the superior dignity of this tedious, involved and unintelligible style. So fashionable did it become that such authors as Queredo and Lope de Vega, while they ridiculed its pretensions, were at times unquestionably affected by its follies. Gongorism, as it was called, gradually died out, but not until it had sowed its mischief broadcast over the land, and destroyed the simplicity of at least an entire generation. Gongora himself did not profit by his absurdities, but died at the age of sixty-six, just as he seemed about to reap the reward of his pernicious notoriety.

Commentaries on his works were necessary from the first, and these continued to be published until there were ten times as many notes as there were texts to be elucidated. For instance, in 1613 Luis de Bavia wrote a volume containing the history of three popes, and Gongora composed an unintelligible and commendatory sonnet to be prefixed to the book. The sonnet contained the conventional fourteen lines, but it took no less than fifteen pages of commentary to explain its beauty and meaning to a reverent and admiring world.

Song of Catharine of Aragon.

Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me,
  How in a dawn all charms decay,—
Less than my shadow doomed to be,
  Who was a wonder yesterday!

I, with the early twilight born,
  Found, ere the evening shades, a bier;
And I should die in darkness lorn,
  But that the moon is shining here:
  So must ye die,—though ye appear

So fair,—and night your curtain be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

My fleeting being was consoled,
When the carnation met my view;
One hurrying day my doom has told,—
Heaven gave that lovely flower but two;
Ephemeral monarch of the wold,—
I clad in gloom,—in scarlet he.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The jasmine, sweetest flower of flowers,
The soonest is its radiance fled;
It scarce perfumes as many hours
As there are star-beams round its head:
If living amber fragrance shed,
The jasmine, sure, its shrine must be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives;
It towers unblushing, proud and gay;
More days than other flowers it lives,—
It blooms through all the days of May:
I'd rather like a shade decay,
Than such a gaudy being be.
Oh, take a lesson, flowers, from me.

LET THE WORLD LAUGH.

Let me go warm and merry still,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:

On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney h'ss and crack;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit and care not for the gale;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:
I cross without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart,
The tooth that bites the crust apart;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

FRANCISCO DE OCANA.

THIS poet lived about the end of the sixteenth century, and wrote on sacred subjects. The *Cancionero* containing his pieces was published at Alcalá, in 1603.

OPEN THE DOOR.

O PORTER, ope the door to me!
I'm shivering in the cold and rain:
Take pity on the stranger's pain!
I and this poor old man have come
Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home.
His weariness o'erwhelms me more
Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain!—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

The night is dark, and dull, and cold;
No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,
And not a straggler walks abroad:
We naught but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
Throw open for the love of Heaven;
We are but two,—but two,—no more,—
I and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Here give us welcome: thou wilt be
Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys; though he
May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee;
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain:—
Take pity on the strangers' pain.

Let us not tarry longer,—ope!
We're chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!
Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
They well thy kindness may repay;
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense. The wind and rain
Beat on,—relieve the strangers' pain!

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO.

CONTEMPORARY with Lope de Vega and Cervantes was the satirist Quevedo. Born in Madrid, in 1580, he went to the University of Alcalá, where he distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge then taught. On his return to Madrid he was drawn into a sudden duel with a strange antagonist, in the defense of an unknown woman of respectable appearance, who was insulted in his presence while at prayers in church. He killed his opponent, who proved to be a nobleman of high rank, and was obliged to flee.

Taking refuge at the Court of Sicily, then a dependency of Spain, he rose, by degrees, to the important position of Minister of Finance, and received honors and emoluments from the king himself on the occasion of being sent home, at least twice, as plenipotentiary from the vice-regal court. On the overthrow of his patron, the Duke of Ossuna, Governor of Sicily, Quevedo was exiled to his own estates and remained a prisoner there for two years and a half without any offence being laid to his charge. Henceforth he devoted himself to letters, but was presently accused of having written some satirical verses offensive to the king. Without trial or inquiry he was thrown into prison and languished there

nearly four years. He died in 1645, wearied and broken with unmerited persecution and the disappointments of a most unfortunate life.

He wrote poetry, dramas, translations, and essays on nearly every subject, and the number and variety of the latter might be described under the title of one of them, which is called "On all Things and Many More." These writings by no means, however, constitute his fame. That must always rest on his Satires, for like Juvenal he was the scourger of his nation and his age. He knew and lashed the grossness of the multitude, the follies and vices of the nobility, the injustice of courts, the corruption of Church and State. These satires are original, fierce and reckless, often coarse, often intemperately bitter, but with passages of rare and melancholy beauty. Quevedo was sometimes influenced by that contemporary affectation called *cultismo* or the polite style, which he always despised yet occasionally adopted.

Strangely enough Quevedo's bold, and sometimes blasphemous denunciations escaped the censure of the Inquisition, while the blameless De Leon pined in its dungeons for having translated the Song of Solomon into the vernacular.

ROME.

AMIDST these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search,—the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb,
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken, mourns, where once it towered sublime:
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium than by Time.
Tiber alone survives; the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing, with plaintive sounds, her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last;
Naught but the wave, a fugitive, remains.

My Fortune.

Since, then, my planet has looked on,
With such a dark and scowling eye,
My fortune, if my ink were gone,
Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn
Did fortune ever seem to play,
But ere I'd time to laugh or mourn,
'Twas sure to turn the other way.

Ye childless great, who want an heir,
Leave all your vast domains to me,
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,
Alas! and numerous progeny.

They bear my effigy about
The village, as a charm of power;
If clothed, to bring the sunshine out,—
If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,
No feasts and banquets meet my eye;
To holy mass they carry me,
And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*
To break some happy lover's head,
I am their man, while he in view
His beauty serenades in bed.

A loosened tile is sure to fall
In contact with my head below,
Just as I doff my hat;—'mong all
The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone
Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given;
And if I ask my friends a loan,
They wish the poet's soul in heaven:

So far from granting aught, 'tis I
Who lend my patience to their spleen.

Mine is each fool's loquacity,
  Each ancient dame will be my queen.

The poor man's eye, amidst the crowd,
  Still turns its asking looks on mine;
Jostled by all the rich and proud,
  No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go I miss my way;
  I lose, still lose, at every game;
No friend I ever had would stay,
  No foe but still remained the same.

I get no water out at sea,
  Nothing but water at my inn;
My pleasures, like my wine, must be
  Still mixed with what should *not* be in.

The Spanish Boarding-School.

In his "Life of Paul of Segovia" Quevedo followed in the footsteps of Mendoza and Aleman. Hunger is the key-note of these stories of beggars. In his account of the boarding-school Quevedo anticipated Dickens' Dotheboys Hall. Pablo or Paul was the son of a barber, and had been selected to be the attendant of a gentleman's son.

Don Alonzo determined to send his son to a boarding-school, both to wean him from his tender treatment at home, and also to ease himself of that care. He was informed there was a master of arts in Segovia, whose name was Cabra, and who made it his business to educate gentlemen's sons; thither accordingly he sent his son, and me to wait upon him. It was the first Sunday after Lent we were brought into the house of famine. It is impossible to convey a just idea of the penury of such a place. The master was himself a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a long cane with a little head upon it. He was red-haired, and no more need be said to those who know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that color are good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turned up and was somewhat flat, the bridge being almost carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never incurred any worse

disorder because it would cost money. His beard had lost its color from fear of his mouth, which being so near, seemed to threaten to eat it out of mere hunger; his teeth had many of them deserted him from want of employment; his neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out so far, that it seemed as if compelled by necessity to start out for sustenance; his arms withered; his hands like a bundle of twigs, each of them, hanging downwards, looking like a fork or a pair of compasses with long slender legs. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard shaggy, for he never shaved in order to save soap and razor; besides, it was odious, he said, to feel the barber's hands all over his face, and he would rather die than endure it; but he let one of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a threadbare cap, an inch thick in grease and dirt, made of a thing that was once cloth, and lined with scurf and dandruff. His cassock, some said, was really miraculous, for no man knew what color it was of; some, seeing no hair on it, concluded it was made of frog's skins; others that it was a mere shadow; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or band, so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he treasured up. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side, from fear of wearing out the sheets; in short, he was the superlative degree of the word avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want.

Into this prodigy's hands I fell, and lived under him along with Don Diego. On the night we came he showed us our room, and made us a short speech,—not longer out of sheer love of economy of words. He told us how we were to behave. The next morning we were engaged till dinner time; we went to it; the masters dined first and the servants waited. The dining-room was as big as a half-peck; five gentlemen ate in it at one table; I observed that all those who were before us in the house looked like so many pictures of death on the white horse. Master Cabra said grace, then

sat down, and they ate a meal which had neither beginning nor end. They brought the broth in wooden dishes, but it was so clear that a man might have seen to the bottom had it been ten fathoms deep. I observed how eagerly they all dived down after a single pea that was in every dish. Every sip he gave, Cabra cried: "By my troth, there is no dainty like boiled meat and broth. Let the world say what it will, all the rest is mere gluttony and extravagance; this is good for the health, while it sharpens the wits." "A curse on thee and thy wit," thought I, and at the same time I saw a servant, like a walking ghost, bring in a dish of meat, which looked as if he had picked it off his own bones. Among it was one poor stray turnip, at sight of which the master exclaimed: "What, have we turnips to-day. No partridge is in my opinion to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to see you eat." He gave every one such a wretched bit of mutton, that it stuck to their nails and in their teeth so that not a shred of it could reach their stomachs. Cabra looked on, and repeated, "Eat heartily, for it is a pleasure to me to see what good stomachs you have." Now just think what a comfort this was for them that were pining with hunger. When dinner was over, there remained some scraps of bread on the table, and a few bits of skin and bones, and the master said: "Let this be left for the servants; they must dine as well as we." "Perdition seize thee, ruthless wretch," thought I, "and may what thou hast eaten stick in thy gizzard for evermore! what a consternation you have thrown my stomach into!" He next returned thanks, saying, "Come, let us make way for the servants, and you go and exercise until two o'clock, lest your dinner should be too heavy for you." I could no longer forbear laughing aloud for my life, on which he grew very angry, and bade me conduct myself like a modest youth, quoting two or three mouldy old proverbs, and then took himself off. I seized by force upon two scraps of bread, and bolted them down along with one piece of skin. The others began to mutter, for they were too weak to speak aloud; on which in came Cabra once more, observing, "Come, come, eat quietly together; since God provides for you, be thankful; there is enough for all." Now,

I declare it solemnly, there was one of these servants, a Biscayan, named Surre, who had so completely forgotten the way to his mouth, that he put a small bit of crust that was given him into his eye, as if happy that he was thus saved the trouble of swallowing. I asked for a drink; the rest who had hardly broken fast never thought of it, and they gave me a cup with some water, which I no sooner put to my lips, before the sharp-set lad I spoke of snatched it away, as if I had been Tantalus, and that the flitting river he stands in up to the chin. I got up from table with a sigh, perceiving for truth that I was in a house where they drank to a good appetite, but would not permit it to pledge.

Thus we passed on till night. Don Diego asked me what he should do to persuade himself that he had dined, for his stomach could not be made to submit, and only grumbled when he alluded to the subject. The house, in short, was a hospital of dizzy heads, proceeding from empty insides,—a different kind of dizziness from that incurred by surfeits.

Supper time came. It was still shorter than the dinner, and consisted of a little roasted goat instead of mutton. Our starving master Cabra said: "It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light suppers, that the stomach may not be overwhelmed;" and then he quoted some cursed physician. He extolled spare diet, alleging that it prevented uneasy dreams, though he knew that in his house it was impossible to dream of any thing but eating. Our master and we supped, so to say, but in reality none of us supped. On going to bed, neither Diego nor I could sleep a wink, for he lay contriving how to complain to his father, that he might be removed, and I advising him so to do; and at last I said to him: "Pray, Sir, are you sure we are alive? for to tell you the truth, I have a strong fancy we were slain in the battle with the herb-women, and are now souls suffering in purgatory, in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your father's fetching us away, unless he has our souls prayed out of this state of punishment." Having spent the whole night in this discourse, we got a little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise.

Six o'clock struck, Cabra called, and we all went to school,

but when I went to dress me, my doublet was two handfuls too big, and my breeches, which before were close, now hung as loose as if they had been none of my own. In fact, when I was ordered to decline some nouns, such was my hunger that I ate half of my words, for want of more substantial diet.

Cabra set us our lesson, and we conned it; and so we went on in the same course of life, only that our master added bacon in the boiling of his pot, because going abroad one day he was told, that to boil meat without bacon betokened a scandalous race, descended either from Moors or Jews. For this reason he provided a small tin case, all full of holes, like a nutmeg-grater, which he opened, and put in a bit of bacon that filled it; then shutting the box close, hung it with a string in the pot that some relish might come through the holes, and the bacon remain for the next day. Afterwards he thought this too great an expense, and for the future only dipped the bacon into the pot.

It is easy to guess what a life we led with this sort of diet and usage. Don Diego and I were in such a miserable condition, that since we could find no relief as to eating, we contrived at last not to rise so early in the morning; and for this end we pretended that we were sick, but not feverish, because that cheat we thought would be easily discovered. The headache and toothache were inconsiderable distempers; at last we said we had the gripes, believing that rather than be at expense, our master would apply no remedy. The devil ordered worse than we expected; for Cabra had an old receipt, which descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was an apothecary. As soon as he was told our ailment, he prepared a dose, and sending for an old aunt of his, threescore and ten years of age, he ordered her to give each of us a good potion. She began with Don Diego; the poor wretch shrunk up, and the old jade being blind, and her hands shaking, instead of giving him it inwardly, let it fly betwixt his shirt and his back; so that it became an outward ornament, which should have served for a lining within. The young man cried out; in came Cabra, and seeing what had happened, ordered that I should be served next, and they would come again to Don Diego. I was dressing myself very hastily, but all would

not do, for Cabra and others held me whilst the old woman gave it me; but I, to requite her kindness, returned it all into her face. Cabra was in a rage with me, and said he would turn me out of his house, for he plainly saw it was all a cheat; but alas! I was not so fortunate. We complained to Don Alonzo, and Cabra made him believe we did it out of idleness, because we would not mind our book. Thus all our hopes and entreaties came to nothing; our master took the old woman into the house, to dress the meat and look after the boarders, turning away his man, because he spied some crumbs of bread on his coat upon a Friday morning.

In this misery we continued till the next Lent, at the beginning of which one of our companions fell sick; Cabra, to save charges, delayed sending for a physician till the patient was just giving up the ghost, and desired to prepare for another world; then he called a young quack, who felt his pulse, and said hunger had been beforehand with him, and prevented his killing that man. These were his last words; the poor lad died, and was buried meanly, because he was a stranger. This struck a terror into all that lived in the house; the dismal story flew all about the town, and came at last to Don Alonzo Coronel's ears, who, having no other son, began to be convinced of Cabra's inhumanity, and to give credit to the words of two mere shadows, for we were no better at that time. He came to take us from the boarding-school, and asked for us, though we stood before him; till at length, seeing us with some difficulty, and in so deplorable a condition, he gave our starveling master some hard words. We were carried away in two chairs, taking leave of our famished companions, who followed us with their eyes and wishes, lamenting like those who remain slaves at Algiers, when their other associates are ransomed.

MATEO ALEMAN.

NEARLY fifty years after the publication of "Lazarillo de Tormes," * the first of the picaresque novels, Mateo Aleman produced another which has become famous. Guzman de Alfarache, whose name it bears, is a much more fully developed rogue than Lazarillo, and passes through more adventures and changes of fortunes in the chief cities of Spain and Italy. The writer takes keen delight in recounting his persistent knavery, though professing to wish to dissuade others from following his evil courses. The adventures are often exaggerated and the moralizing is dull, yet glimpses of actual life of the times are afforded which can hardly be obtained elsewhere. Many episodes are introduced, and these stories of gallantry, jealousy and revenge serve to relieve the low rascality of the sharper, developed from the dupe. This romance was the origin of a swarm of other Spanish works concerning the adventures of beggars and rascals of every kind. The fashion passed into other countries, and had effect upon the genius of Le Sage in France, and of Smollet and Defoe in England.

Mateo Aleman was a native of Seville, and was employed in the treasury of Philip II. After he had retired to private life he visited Mexico in 1609. "Guzman de Alfarache" was published in 1599.

THE CHARITABLE CARDINAL.

(From "Guzman de Alfarache.")

HAVING roused myself early one fine morning, according to custom, I went and seated myself at the door of a cardinal, concerning whom I had heard an excellent character, being one of the most charitably disposed in Rome. I had taken the trouble of getting one of my legs swelled, on which, notwithstanding what had passed, was to be seen a new ulcer, one that might set at defiance the most penetrating eye or probe of a surgeon. I had not this time omitted to have my

* See Volume III., pp. 210-219.

face as pale as death; and thus, filling the air with horrible lamentations while I was asking alms, I moved the souls of the different domestics who came in and out to take pity upon me; they gave me something; but I was yet only beating up for game—it was their master I wanted. He at length made his appearance—I redoubled my cries and groans—I writhed in anguish;—and I then accosted him in these terms: "O most noble Christian; thou friend of Christ and his afflicted ones! have pity upon me, a poor wretched sinner. Behold me cut down in the flower of my days—may your excellency be touched with my extreme misery, for the sake of the sufferings of our dear Redeemer." The cardinal, who was really a pious man, stopped; and, after looking at me earnestly, turned to his attendants. "In the name of Christ, take this unhappy being, and bear him into my own apartments! let the rags that cover him be exchanged for fine linen; put him into a good bed—nay, into my own—and I will go into another room. I will tend on him; for in him do I verily see what must have been the sufferings of our Saviour." He was obeyed; and, O charity! how didst thou shame those lordly prelates who think Heaven in debt to them, if they do but look down on some poor wretch: while my good cardinal, not content with what he had done, ordered two surgeons to attend, recommending them to do all in their power to ease my agony, and to examine and cure my leg; after which they should be well recompensed.

Bidding me be of good cheer, he left me, to pursue his affairs; and the surgeons, to make the best of my case. They declared at once that it was useless, and that gangrene had already commenced. So seriously did they pronounce this, that, though I knew the effect was solely produced by staining my leg with a certain herb, I almost felt alarmed for the consequence. They then took out their case of instruments, called for a cauldron of hot water, for some fine linen, and a poultice. While these were in preparation, they questioned me as to the origin of my disease, how long I had had it, etc., etc.?—moreover, whether I drank wine, and what was my usual diet? To these, and to a hundred such interrogatories, I replied not a word; so great was my alarm at the

terrific processes that appeared to be going on, in order to restore me to my pristine health and soundness. The surgeons ranked high in their profession; and, after having curiously turned round my leg about twenty times, retired into another room to discuss the result of their observations.

I remained in a state of horror not to be described; for it had got into my head that they would decide upon amputation; to learn which I crept softly towards the door to listen, fully resolved to reveal the imposture in so dreadful an alternative. "Sir," said one, "we may consult here forever, to little purpose; he has got St. Anthony's fire." "No such thing," replied the other, "he has no more fire in his leg than I have in my hand: we might easily remove it in a couple of days." "You cannot be serious," said the first speaker. "By St. Comus, I know something of ulcers; and here, I maintain it, we have a gangrene." "No, no, friend," replied the second, "we have no ulcer—we have a rogue to deal with—nothing is the matter with him. I know the whole history of his ulcer, and how it was made. It is by no means very rare; for I know the herbs with which the impostor has prepared it, and the ingenious method in which they have been applied." The other seemed quite confounded at this assertion; but, ashamed of owning himself a dupe, he persisted in his former opinion, on which a pretty warm colloquy would have ensued, had not the more ingenious of the two had the sense to recommend first to examine the leg, and to end the dispute afterwards. "Look a little deeper into the matter," said he, "and you will see the fellow's knavery." "With all my heart. I will confess you are right, when I see there is no ulcer, or rather gangrene." "That is not enough," replied his colleague. "In acknowledging your error, you must also admit I am entitled to at least a third more fees than yourself." "By no means," retorted the other. "I have eyes to detect imposture as well as you; and I am of opinion we ought to divide the good cardinal's fees fairly between us." The dispute now waxed warm, and rather than give up his point, each declared that he would make the cardinal acquainted with the whole business.

In this dilemma I did not hesitate a moment—there was

no time to lose—escape was impossible. I rushed into the presence of the faculty, and threw myself at their feet. With well-dissembled grief I thus addressed them; "Alas! my dear sirs, take pity upon an unfortunate fellow-creature. Think, gentlemen, '*homo sum; nihil humani*,' etc.: I am mortal like yourselves—you know the hard-heartedness of the great, and how the poor and forlorn are compelled to assume the most horrible shapes in order to soften their hardness; and in doing this what risks and sufferings do we not encounter, and all for so small a remuneration. Besides, what advantage will you get by exposing such a poor miserable sinner? You will certainly lose your fees, which you need not do if you will let us understand each other. You may rely on my discretion; the fear of consequences will keep me silent, and we may each benefit in our respective professions."

Upon this the men of physic again consulted, and at length came to the resolution of pocketing their fees, "*secundum artem.*" Being all of one mind, we now begged to be ushered into the presence of the cardinal, and the surgeons then ordered me to be placed upon a couch, at the side of which they made an immense display of surgical instruments, dressings, etc.,—again consulted, and after wrapping my leg in a great number of bandages, they desired that I might be put into a warm bed. His excellency, meanwhile, was full of anxiety to learn the state of my health, and whether there were any hopes of recovery. "My lord," replied one of the surgeons, "the patient is in a deplorable situation, gangrene has already begun; still, with time and care, there is a chance that he might recover, please God, but it will be a long affair." "And he is fortunate," said his coadjutor, "in having fallen into our hands; another day, and he was lost forever; but no doubt Providence must have directed him to the door of your excellency."

This account seemed to please the cardinal; it gave him occasion to display the truest Christian charity, and he desired that neither time nor skill might be spared in the endeavor to restore me to health. He also directed that I should be supplied with everything; and the surgeons on their part pledged themselves to do all that art could effect, and each of

them to pay me a visit at least twice in the day; it being necessary to detect the slightest change that might occur in my present condition. They then withdrew, not a little to my consolation; for I could not but regard them while present in the light of two executioners, who might fall upon me at any moment or publish my imposition to the world. So far from this, however, they made me keep my apartment for three months, which to me seemed like so many ages, so difficult is it to give up the habit of gambling—or begging, with the tone of freedom they seem to include. In vain was I daintily lodged and fed, like his excellency himself; the ennui I felt was intolerable. I was incessantly beseeching the doctors to take pity on me, and bring the farce to a close, until they were at length compelled to yield to my importunity.

They left off dressing my leg, and, on its being reduced to its natural size, they acquainted the good cardinal with the fact, who was in raptures at the performance, under his auspices, of so great a cure. He rewarded them handsomely, and came to congratulate me on the miraculous event; and having acquitted myself well in his frequent visits to me, in regard both to my opinions and my principles, he imbibed a real kindness for me; and to give me a farther proof of it, he gave me the situation of one of his confidential attendants—a species of honor I was too deeply sensible of to be able to refuse.

Behold me at once in the character assigned me, of favorite page to his eminence, an enormous step in life for me; though from that of rogue to private domestic, with the exception of the livery, there is not so great a distance as might be supposed. But to turn me from habits of idleness and living by my wits was something like trying to make a fish live out of water, for such was my element. The tavern was my province,—the *primum mobile*—the centre on which I moved. But here everything seemed to go by clock-work: order and sobriety were general rules; and I was either employed in showing people up and down stairs, or placed sentinel in an ante-room, standing like a long-necked heron in a fish-pond, upon one melancholy leg. In short, I was at everybody's beck and call; sometimes behind my master's

chair, at others behind his carriage; and always expected to be in twenty different places at once, without any respite from the first of January to the last day of December. "Wretched slave that I am," I exclaimed, "what boots it to put up with this unhappy life from week to week, and year to year? Alas! it will kill me, I must fly from it; once I was lacquey to all the world, and now my genius pines under a single master. I wear his livery, and what are my perquisites but candles' ends! Here, too, I run risk; unhappy Guzman! should I be detected, assuredly I should not escape under fifty lashes!"

In this way I went on for a while bemoaning my unfortunate condition. Besides the candles' ends, we used occasionally to help ourselves to any of the delicacies of the season; but this required more address than many of my companions could lay claim to; and one day I remember there occurred a disagreeable affair in consequence. A fool of a waiter, happening to be fond of sweets, laid hands upon some fine honey-comb, which he thought he had cunningly hidden in his pocket handkerchief. The weather was excessively hot, and the honey was soon running down the white stockings of the thief. As his fate would have it, the cardinal's eye came in contact with the phenomenon, and, suspecting what was the case, he burst into a violent fit of laughing. "See, my good fellow," he cried, "the blood is running down your leg, you have wounded yourself, what is it?" At this inquiry the attention of the whole company was directed the same way; his fellow-servants stared, and the wretched culprit stood before them with all the evidence of detected guilt glowing in his face. Yet too happy had he got rid of the affair with this exposure, for he paid far more dear for his whistle, so as to make it the bitterest honey he ever tasted.

The greater part of his companions were as little experienced in the light-fingered art as himself, while I, agreeably to my old custom, undertook to instruct them, by laying my hands on everything belonging to them that came in my way. His eminence, in an adjoining cabinet, kept a large box of sweets, confectionery, and fruit of all kind, to which he was extremely partial. Among other articles he had a choice

store of Bergamot pears, Genoese plums, Granada melons, Seville lemons, oranges from Placentia, lemons from Murcia, cucumbers from Valencia, love-apples from Toledo, peaches from Aragon, and raisins from Malaga; indeed every thing most exquisite and alluring were to be found in this fragrant chest. My mouth watered every time I went near it; and much more when the cardinal ordered me to take the key and bring him a dish after he had dined. But I longed in vain, for, as if suspecting my object, his eminence took care to be present while I opened the precious deposit,—a want of confidence which sounded to me like a challenge of skill, and made me resolve, if possible, to outwit him, and taste the "forbidden fruit," in spite of him. I now thought of nothing but how to accomplish my favorite scheme. The box was an ell and a-half broad, two and a-half long, and had a good lock in the middle. Yet to work I went; and first I took a flat stick which I introduced in a corner of the chest, and used as a lever. After this I took more of the same kind, so as gradually to raise the top till I could introduce my little hand, and filch what came nearest to me; but lest this should appear, I got a little hook to draw the fruit from the other side, so as to make an even surface. By this plan I became master of this sweet little storehouse without keeping a key.

Unluckily, however, I made such frequent applications to the same treasury that the deficiency became apparent. The cardinal saw enough to make him think the dilapidations were terrible—and, one day taking a fancy to a beautiful lemon which he remarked the evening before, it was no longer to be found. Greatly astonished, the dignitary called his chief attendants; he wished to know who of all had the impertinence to open his sweet-box without his permission. He charged his major-domo, a priest of a severe, forbidding countenance, to make minute inquiry, and let him know the author of so bold and wicked an attack. The surly priest fixed his eye upon the pages: he commanded us all instantly to appear in the great hall, and to undergo a strict search; but examinations and threats were alike useless—he was just as wise as before—the fruit was already eaten.

The affair blew over: nothing more was said, but his emi-

nence had not forgotten it. On my side, too, I was on my guard: for three days I did not so much as look at the box, though I felt such forbearance extremely painful to me. I was only reserving my ingenuity for an occasion of indulging it with a greater degree of impunity. It presented itself, I thought, one day after dinner, when my master was engaged in play with some other dignitaries. While thus occupied, I concluded I should have full leisure to return to the charge. I glided, with my genius all on the alert, into the secret cabinet; no one had seen me; I was already in the act of drawing forth some precious specimens, when I heard a foot approaching quickly; in my hurry to get my hand out one of my levers gave way, the lid closed, and I remained fairly caught, like a rat in a trap; when, on looking round, I beheld the cardinal at the door, with an expression of malicious triumph in his countenance. "Ah, ah, my friend Guzman," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my sweetest fruit?" I could not reply; but the horrible grimaces I made, and my vexation at being thus surprised, gave me so ludicrous an appearance that his eminence could not avoid laughing. He then called his visitors to enjoy the sight, pointing me out as the little delinquent he had long been in search of; and the whole of them appeared to be infinitely amused at my expense, the cardinal declaring that, as it would be long ere I appeared in a similar situation, he must make the best of a bad example. He next called his steward, the man with the hard, gloomy countenance, and, pointing me out, ordered me to receive five and twenty lashes of the

sharpest and severest he could give. The cardinal's guests upon this ventured to interfere in my behalf, but all they could do was to get the sentence commuted for half the number of lashes, which they agreed I had well merited. What was worse, Domine Niccolo, my mortal enemy, was the arm fixed upon to inflict the horrible stripes in his own apartments, and acquitted himself so well of the charge intrusted to him, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month afterwards.

But, if he here indulged his ill will, I was determined not to be behindhand with him, and I accomplished my vengeance in the following manner. It was then the season for gnats, which could bite as well as Master Niccolo, and showed as little respect to his stewardship as to other people. He complained bitterly of their disturbing his rest. "Sir," said I, "you may be rid of them whenever you please; in Spain we have an admirable secret for keeping them at a distance, and I will communicate it to you if you wish it." "You will do me a favor," returned the major-domo, "if you can tell me how to keep these vile beasts away." "Then you have only to hang at the head of your bed a large bunch of parsley well steeped in vinegar; the gnats will no sooner smell it than they will all settle upon it, and the next moment fall down dead. This has always succeeded." He believed me, and was resolved to try the experiment even on the ensuing night. But he sadly repented it, for instead of killing the vicious little devils, it made them ten times more vigorous and alert, and they assaulted the unfortunate Messer Niccolo more cruelly than ever; they nearly bit his eyes out, and his nose swelled to the size of a pumpkin. In his attempts to keep them off he smote himself as many blows and almost as hard as he had hit upon my rear quarters; so that, considering the much greater time and torture to which he was subjected, I found that I had been well avenged. In the morning I went early to his bedside; his eyes were closed and swollen; his face, hands and neck so well peppered with bites and red blotches that few of his best acquaintance could have recognized him. He assured me in a hoarse voice, for his throat seemed sore also, that my receipt was of no value whatever.

"Then that was owing," I replied, "to your not steeping the parsley long enough in vinegar; or perhaps the vinegar was not good; for it is a fact that I have tried the same means these many nights and never once knew it to fail." The simple steward thought this was all gospel and prepared fresh bunches, which he allowed to steep in new vinegar for upwards of six hours. The next night he strewed his whole chamber as well as his bed with the preparation, the consequence of which was that the gnats of all the vicinity swarmed into the apartment, and he was nearly eaten up alive.

The ensuing day he looked more like a leper than a human being, and such were his sufferings and his rage that he would assuredly have immolated me to the manes of his departed peace had he encountered me alone.

I was, in fact, compelled to throw myself upon the consideration of the cardinal, who called us both into his presence, and after giving me a severe rebuke, cautioned Messer Niccolo, with a smile, against proceeding to extremities, and insisted, like an excellent Christian, upon our keeping the peace. "Yet why, Guzman," he concluded, "have you played off such a wicked trick upon this good man? what demon instigated you?" "The demon of twelve lashes, my lord," replied I; "and not only of twelve, as he had orders from you to do, but of more than twenty which he gave me out of his own good will. I have only returned him what he lent me with interest." In this way did the affair blow over. However, I was no longer a page of the chamber; I was degraded from my rank, and driven to serve among the menials of the establishment.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. 1600–1700.—CONTINUED.

IN the seventeenth century French literature expanded in so many different directions and found expression through so many authors of all ranks, that considerable addition must be made to the examples already given.* It is not baseless flattery which has given to the reign of Louis XIV. the glorious title of the Golden Age of French literature. The greatest genius of that time, whose power was acknowledged, though his true greatness was not fully recognized in his own day, must here be discussed and exemplified. Molière, in spite of the hundred obstacles thrown in his way by the authorities of the Church and State, by the prejudices of society and literature, succeeded by pure force of wit and fidelity to nature in achieving a glorious triumph. Palpable as was his success in his lifetime, it was not equal to that which his works have since accomplished. The supreme tribunal of the Academy, which refused to admit him to a seat in its sacred precincts, has since acknowledged that this failure was no loss to his glory, but the absence of his name is a perpetual reproach to its judgment. Molière won victories not only on the French stage, but even on the English, for his style of play-writing has practically prevailed since it was introduced into English by his imitators. His success was due to the fact that he "held the mirror up to nature; showed virtue her own feature, scorn

* See Volume V., pp. 254–304.

her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Another genius, more exclusively of the comic kind, was the mirth-provoking hunchback, Paul Scarron. He was bold enough to declare that he could bestow immortality on the penniless orphan who, in gratitude for his charity, accepted him as her husband. She won the glittering prize indeed, but in another way than as faithful nurse of the grievously afflicted author, for by her prudence and virtue she won her way to be queen of France in all but name.

Another noted woman of this time was the greatest of all French letter-writers. In her sprightly familiar epistles Madame de Sévigné has given a more vivid picture of the court of which the Grand Monarque was the central luminary than can be obtained from the professed historians.

Two writers of this period revived peculiar Greek styles: La Bruyère, tutor in the Condé family, having translated the "Characters" of Theophrastus, was emboldened to add a larger number drawn from life; the elegant Marquis de La Rochefoucauld retired from court to compose pithy, polished "Maxims," which embody not the principles that men should observe, but those which actually governed the human world around him.

To the foregoing may be added merely the names of Saint-Évremond (1610–1703), whose epicurean philosophy is revealed in his "Portraits," and who had a curious effect on the history of English letters; Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, instigator of the Fronde, who was one of the great memoir-writers of the century; and Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de Saint-Simon (1675–1755), who has been styled "the most vivid and graphic painter of contemporary history of the anecdotic kind in the French or any other language." He was one of the council of regency of Louis XV., and a persistent stickler for his order of the peers (*l'affaire du bonnet*). He traced his ancestry back to Charlemagne. His "Memoirs" treat of the last part of the reign of the Grand Monarque and the beginning of that of Louis XV. (a period in all of about thirty years).

PAUL SCARRON.

Of Scarron's title to be the founder of modern burlesque, Sir Walter Besant has said: "The earliest writer of burlesque would be, I suppose, Aristophanes; the next, of those whose works are preserved, Lucian. Then burlesque sleeps. Pulci half awakens it in his 'Morgante Maggiore,' which is a kind of burlesque. But it is not till Scarron that it really wakes again. . . . In place of yawning with the rest, he took down the chief god of the old idols, Virgil, and set his troupe of gods and heroes on the modern stage, making them talk the language of the market-place and the barracks; and all the world, bursting into a Gargantuan roar of laughter, rushed to imitate their leader, and everybody wrote burlesque."

Paul Scarron (1610–1660) is the pitiable Punchinello of all literature. Not actually hump-backed, he was, at the age of twenty-eight, a helpless cripple as the result of a mad carnival-time prank, while even an abbé. He compared himself to the letter Z, and declared that he was "an abridgment of human miseries." To Sarasin he described himself in humorous verse as "a poor fellow, very thin, with a wry neck, whose body quite twisted, quite hump-backed, aged, fleshless, reduced day and night to suffer, without being cured, many vehement torments."

To the bitter end he made a jest of his miseries; even when left penniless he petitioned the queen to be appointed "Queen's invalid by right of office." His motto was, "Bonne mine et fort mauvais jeu" (Put a good face on losing game). Kind-hearted at the core, this queer, ugly little wit took an interest in the friendless, prison-born girl, Françoise

D'Aubigné. He offered to pay her way into a convent or to marry her. She chose the latter alternative. When the notary inquired concerning her dowry, Scarron replied: "Two great mutinous eyes, a handsome bust, a pair of lovely hands, and plenty of wit." Questioned as to his settlement on her, he answered, "Immortality. Other names may perish; that of Scarron's wife will remain for ever." As Critic Van Laun remarks on this romantic episode: "Scarron was right; but another vied with Scarron in giving immortality to Françoise, who is better known to fame as Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV." She made Scarron a devoted wife and nurse, however, till death ended his wreck nine years after this wedding. His small, mean rooms were turned into a salon in which she reigned as queen.

As for Scarron's works, it is unnecessary to enlarge on his travesty of Virgil, or on his comedies. While he invented French burlesque, the name was invented by his friend Sarasin, from "burla"—a jest. In his plays he introduced Crispin, who became to the French stage what Harlequin was to that of Italy. Crispin is a witty, impudent, boasting valet. In Scarron's "L'Hypocrite" (1654), a "tragi-comique," we see the original of Molière's "Tartuffe" (1667). Scarron's "Roman Comique," in which he told realistically the (unfinished) history of a troupe of strolling players, gave birth to the imitations of Le Sage and Fielding. La Fontaine has woven this story into a comedy, while Goldsmith has made an English version of the highly amusing romance—the Odyssey of the mummers.

Scarron left his own epitaph, as follows:

"He who sleeps here now,
Caused more pity than envy,
And suffered a thousand deaths
Before losing his life.
Passer-by, do not make any noise here,
And take care not to awake him,
For this is the first night
That poor Scarron slumbers."

His Description of Himself.

(From the "Comic Romance.")

Reader, you who have never seen me, and who perhaps trouble yourself very little about me—for there is not much to be gained by seeing a person made like me—know that I should not be anxious that you should see me, if I had not learned that some facetious wits make themselves merry at the expense of my misfortunes, and depict me as quite different from what I am. Some say that I am a cripple in a bowl; others, that I have no thighs, and that I am put on the table in a box, where I chatter like a winking magpie; and others, that my hat is fastened to a cord that's attached to a pulley, and that I raise and lower it to salute those who come to see me. I think I ought in conscience to prevent them from telling any more lies. I would have had myself well painted, if any painter had dared to undertake it.

I have left thirty years behind me. If I get to forty, I shall add many pains to those I have already suffered for eight or nine years. I have had a good figure, though short. My illness has shortened it by a good foot. My head is rather large for my height. I have a pretty full face for my very meagre body; hair enough not to need a wig; I have many white ones in spite of the proverb; pretty good sight, though my eyes are rather large: they are blue, one is more deeply set than the other, on the side that I bend my head. I have a nose of tolerably good shape. My teeth, which used to be squares of pearl, are of the color of wood, and will soon be the color of slate. I have one and a half on the left side,

and two and a half on the right, and two are a little chipped. My legs and my thighs formed at first an obtuse angle, and then a right angle, and at last an acute angle. My thighs and my body made another; and my head bending down on my chest, I am pretty much like a Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fact, I am an epitome of human misery. That's pretty nearly how I look.

Since I am in such a fair way, I will tell you something of my temper. Besides, this introduction is written just to make the book bigger, at the request of the bookseller, who is afraid he will not get back the expenses of printing, but for that it would be of no use, just like a good many others. But it is no new thing to commit folly out of good nature, besides those that one does on one's own account.

I have always been rather passionate, rather fond of good things, and rather idle. I often call my valet a fool, and soon after, Sir. I hate nobody; God send they may treat me the same. I am very comfortable when I have any money, and should be still more comfortable if I had my health. I enjoy myself very well in company. I am very well content when I am alone. I bear my troubles pretty patiently.

PARIS.

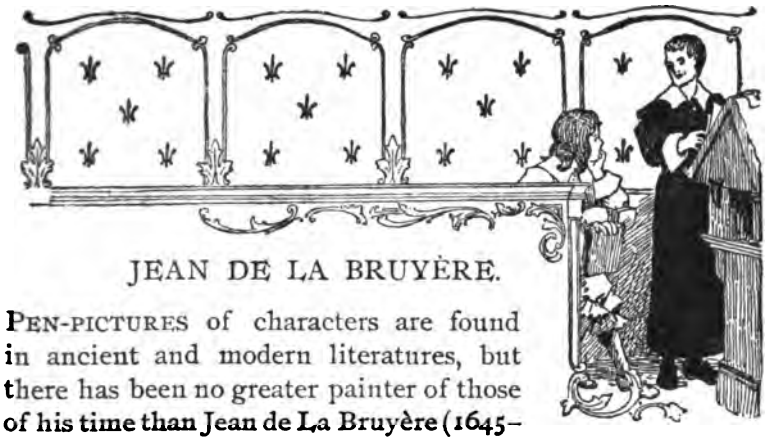
HOUSES in labyrinthine maze;
  The streets with mud bespattered all;
Palace and prison, churches, quays,
  Here stately shop, there shabby stall.
Passengers black, red, gray and white,
  The pursed-up prude, the light coquette;
Murder and Treason dark as night;
  With clerks, their hands with inkstains wet;
A gold-laced coat without a sou,
  And trembling at a bailiff's sight;
A braggart shivering with fear;
  Pages and lacqueys, thieves of night;
And 'mid the tumult, noise, and stink of it,
There's Paris—Pray, what do you think of it?

VIRGIL TRAVESTIED.

Two little morsels may serve as specimens of the once famous "Travesty of Virgil." In the first Dido confesses to her sister her new love for Æneas shipwrecked on her shore. The other is part of that prince's story of the fate of Troy.

Ah! sister—faithful sister—tell
By what strange destiny it fell
That thus Æneas hither came?
Æneas! how I love the name!
How fresh is he!—how fat!—how fair!
How strong and big! with what an air
He tells his deeds! and what a height!
O sister Anne—he charms me quite.

By that gate fair Andromache
Would pass, papa-in-law to see,
And ere those fatal Greek attacks
Would bring with her Astyanax.
Queen Hecuba's continued joy
Was to caress and kiss the boy.
When he was but a tiny child
She dandling him her hours beguiled;
And when he somewhat bigger grew
This good grandam, a baby too,
Would play with him. Sometimes the queen
Would tell him of fair Melusine,
And Fierabras, of wondrous Jack,
And all the old tales in the pack:
The child her idol was, and pet:
Sometimes so doting did she get,
That she would even ride cock-horse,
A stick between her legs, and course
All up and down, till, tired and weak,
She could not either breathe or speak.
Andromache oft plainly said
That grandmamma would spoil the lad:
And Priam, when he saw him cram
His mouth all day with bread and jam,
Remarked with some severity,
The boy would surely ruined be.



JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

PEN-PICTURES of characters are found in ancient and modern literatures, but there has been no greater painter of those of his time than Jean de La Bruyère (1645–1696). He chose the concrete, where La Rochefoucauld took the abstract. And yet, having been appointed—at Bossuet's suggestion—as historical preceptor to Duke Louis of Bourbon, son of Condé, La Bruyère did not go the full length of painting all the great people of his acquaintance. He made enough enemies as it was, even though, "holding a handful of truth, he chose to open only his little finger." His "Characters" (1687) grew out of his translation—really an alteration and extension—of the work of Theophrastus, the successor of Aristotle in his philosophical school, and the first Greek describer of characters. But whereas Theophrastus had treated the abstract qualities, La Bruyère determined to draw life-like portraits (even if not always full-length). Under the thin disguise of such names as were then rife in the romances of the court and salons, he put many of his contemporaries on his immortal canvas. By slow degrees his "Characters" increased to 1119—quite a respectable portrait gallery; and despite the desultory framework of his masterpiece he hung these pictures in a kind of order. Thus, in consecutive chapters "On Mind," "On Personal Merit," "On Women," "On the Heart," "On Society and Conversation," "On Wealth," "On the Town," "On the Court," "On the Great," etc., he illustrates all the virtues and vices under review with his inimitable pen-sketches. He has a felicitously indirect way of saying a harsh word, as in his conclusion that "a healthy mind receives at court a taste for solitude and retirement." In the same chapter with his fulsome portrait of Louis XIV.

the real La Bruyère peeps out in the bold query, "Is the flock made for the shepherd, or the shepherd for the flock?" And in his unvarnished chapter—the ninth—"On the Great," he openly exclaims that there "is hidden a malignant and corrupt sap under the outward covering of politeness. The people have scarcely any knowledge, and the great have no soul. Must I choose? I do not hesitate; I will belong to the people." Noble words, truly! In his sixth chapter, "On Wealth," how he flays the parvenus, more despicable even than the nobles! La Bruyère tried, above all, to make the people know the court for what it really was, to make them ashamed of aping court manners, and to awaken them to a sense of their ignorance and possible betterment.

It is idle to criticise too severely the style of such a writer. What if he is not supremely literary? he pursued certain aims more vital than those literary. And even if it be true that he was a clever writer rather than great thinker, it is sufficient honor to his memory that he was a bold decrier of court profligacy, luxury and heartlessness. From a purely literary standpoint critic Saintsbury finds, nevertheless, in his pages the model followed by the English essayists of the Queen Anne school.

RUFFIN.

RUFFIN is beginning to grow gray; but he is healthy, and his fresh complexion and lively eye promise him still some twenty years of life: he is gay, jovial, familiar, indifferent; he laughs with all his heart, and he laughs all alone, without any reason; he is pleased with himself, his family, his little fortune; he says he is happy. He loses his only son, a very hopeful young man, and who might have been one day the honor of his family; he surrenders to others the trouble of lamenting for him, saying, "My son is dead; it will kill his mother;" and he is comforted. He has no passions, he has neither friends nor foes, he dislikes nobody, everybody pleases him; everything suits him; he speaks to any one whom he sees for the first time with the same freedom and confidence as he does to those whom he calls his old friends, and he soon imparts to him his puns and his little

stories. You may come up to him, and you may leave him without his paying any attention to the fact, and the same story that he has begun to tell to one person he will finish to the person who takes his place.

MENALQUE.

MENALQUE comes down stairs, opens the door to go out, and shuts it again, for he perceives that he is in his night-cap. On examining himself closer, he finds that he has only half shaved, that his sword hangs on his right side, and his stockings are turned down over his heels. If he walks abroad, he feels all at once a violent blow on his chest or face; he does not guess what it can be, till, arousing himself and opening his eyes, he finds himself before the shaft of a cart, or behind a carpenter's long plank, that a workman is carrying on his shoulders.

He has been seen to knock his forehead against that of a blind man; he gets entangled in his legs, they both tumble down, one on one side, and the other on the other; and several times he has happened to find himself face to face with a prince, and just in his way; he recollects himself with difficulty, and has only time to squeeze close against a wall to make room for him.

He enters a room and passes under a lustre, on which his wig is caught and remains hanging; all the courtiers look and laugh. Menalque looks, too, and laughs louder than any. He looks all round the assembly to see who is showing his ears, and minus a wig. If he goes into the town, after having proceeded some little distance, he thinks he has gone wrong, and is vexed; he asks the passers-by where he is, and they tell him precisely the name of his own street; then he enters his house, but comes out again in a hurry, thinking he has made a mistake. He writes a long letter, and thinks he has sanded it several times, but always throws the sand into the inkstand. This is not all; he writes a second letter, and, after having sealed them, he makes a mistake in the addresses. A duke receives one of these two letters, and on opening it reads these words: "M. Olivier, do not fail, as soon as you

receive this, to send me my supply of hay." His farmer receives the other; he opens it, and gets it read; they find "My lord, I have received, with blind submission, the orders that it has pleased your highness," etc. He meets a young widow by chance—he speaks to her of her late husband, and asks how he died: at these words the woman's grief is renewed; she weeps and sobs, and does not forget to go over all the details of her husband's illness from the time that he was quite well just before his fever till his last moments. "Madam," asks Menalque, who had apparently listened with emotion, "is that all that is the matter with you?"

He is never really with those with whom he seems to be. He calls his lackey very gravely, "Sir," and his friend "La Verdure;" he says "Your Reverence" to a prince of the blood, and "Your Highness" to a Jesuit. He finds himself with a magistrate; this gentleman, grave by character, venerable from age and dignity, questions him on an event, and asks him if it is so. Menalque answers, "Yes, Miss." Once he was returning from the country; his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded; they got down from his carriage, put the end of a torch to his throat, and demanded his purse, and he gave it up to them. Arrived at home, he related his adventure to a friend, who did not fail to question him about all the circumstances; he said to him, "Ask my servants; they were there."

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

MAXIMS are found in every language, but few are the authors that have devoted their genius entirely to this form of expression. François de Marcillac, Duc de Rochefoucauld (1630–1680), is the most famous writer of maxims of any country or age. His celebrated "Reflections and Opinions, or Moral Maxims" were penned by him after he had passed through the winds of gallantry and the storms of the Fronde, and had retired, in political disgrace, to his country estate. Born one of the noblest peers of France, and zealous for the nobility, he had unsheathed his sword against the party of Mazarin, had fought in the streets of Paris, and had distinguished himself by almost reckless bravery. In the affairs of the heart he had been successively the cavalier of three of Paris's reigning queens of beauty and fashion: Mme. de Chevreuse, Mme. de Longueville, and Mme. de La Fayette. He was thus well versed in both the love and war of his day. He was himself a child of his age, and his "Maxims" were the natural fruit of his own experience.

Professor Saintsbury has epitomized the pith of La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," declaring that they "are, without exception, on ethical subjects, and, with a certain allowance, they may be said to be generally directed to the reduction of the motives and conduct of men to the single principle of self-love." His general motto for them was, "Our virtues are most often only our vices in disguise." Thus moralizing on human nature simply as he found it, he opposed himself to the conventional morality, and the sententiousness of his "Maxims" gives them an added ring of apparent cynicism. And yet it would be unjust to stigmatize La Rochefoucauld,

penning these curt reflections in old age, in his retreat, as a misanthrope. He was merely a scientific observer of society, reporting in the most concise bulletins the truths revealed by his pitiless, merciless scalpel of criticism. He compacts his report, indeed, into a quinine pill of condensed worldly wisdom. But as historian Henri Martin has justly observed, "Self-love is one of the two aspects of life; La Rochefoucauld has never detected the other—the attraction which draws us to each other, and which becomes a virtue when we govern ourselves according to a moral order. La Rochefoucauld knows men; he does not know man." A great contemporary of this maker of maxims—no other than Cardinal de Retz—applied this touchstone not solely to the "Maxims," but even to the author's life and conduct. He declared: "He always thought he stood in need of apology, which, coupled with his Maxims, that do not display much faith in virtue, and with his practice, that has always been to extricate himself with as much impatience as he became involved, makes me conclude that he would have done much better to become acquainted with himself, and to confine himself to passing, as he might have done, for the most polished courtier and the most honorable man in regard to every-day life who has been known in his generation."

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND HIS FAIR FRIENDS.

The service of such "Maxims" as La Rochefoucauld's is, however, that they so unmask the petty vices and vanities (frequently masquerading as virtues, as he states), that their practice tends to be diminished. Nor can the highest literary praise be grudged these unadorned thoughts. They have not

the imperishable value of Pascal's "Thoughts," published five years later; but they have been polished into gems. Nothing to compare with their terse vigor had existed in French literature before them; and since them only in Joubert has France been enriched by such compressed thought; while Talleyrand alone has been able to catch and express to an appreciable degree their unique spirit. As for cynicism, it was no confirmed cynic who wrote, "It is more disgraceful to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them."

The Maxims number about six hundred in all. We quote some of the most generally applicable.

Some of his Maxims.

Few people know how to be old.

There is no fool like the old fool.

Affected simplicity is a delicate imposture.

Self-love is cleverer than the cleverest of men.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

Interest, which blinds some, gives light to others.

We all have strength enough to bear another's ills.

One is never so happy nor so unhappy as he imagines.

There is nothing men give so liberally as their advice.

Greater virtues are needed to bear good fortune than bad.

It is easier to be wise for other people than for one's self.

Everybody complains of his memory, nobody of his judgment.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is needed, and nothing more.

We cannot answer for our courage when we have never been in danger.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Great names lower instead of elevating those who know not how to sustain them.

Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep it company.

The wish to appear clever often prevents us from becoming so.

The man who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks himself.

Gratitude is with most people only a strong desire for greater benefits to come.

Valor in private soldiers is a perilous trade which they take to gain their living.

A man whom nobody pleases is much more unhappy than one who pleases nobody.

The truly honorable man is willing to be always exposed to the view of honorable men.

If we had no faults, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing the faults of other people.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.

What often prevents us from abandoning ourselves to a single vice is that we have several of them.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

Whatever discoveries we may have made in the regions of self-love, there still remain many unknown lands.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done, as fear of the ill that may come to us in consequence.

There are people of whom one can never believe evil without having seen it; but there are none at whom we ought to be surprised when we see it.

As it is the characteristic of great minds to say much in few words, so, on the contrary, little minds have the gift of speaking much and saying little.

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a sort of commerce out of which self-love always intends to make something.

The defects of the soul are like wounds in the body: however much care we may take to cure them, the scar always shows, and they are in danger of opening again at any moment.

MOLIÈRE.

MOLIÈRE, the great French dramatist of real life and contemporary manners, was born plain Jean Baptiste Poquelin in 1622. He has been pronounced by Professor Ward "the foremost of all modern masters of comedy, whether of character or of manners." The French stage has no greater name, and on the English stage, from the days of Dryden, Molière's wit has reigned even to the exclusion of Shakespeare's joyous romance. Like Shakespeare, Molière was himself an actor, as well as a playwright; and like Shakespeare, too, he managed a troupe and theatre. He had an unhappy marriage with a young actress who led him a jealous career. Molière's father was a well-to-do upholsterer, "tapissier valet de chambre du Roy," and secured for his son succession to his own Court office. But Molière's stage career ruined his social status. After his death he was almost denied a Christian burial. His death itself was strikingly pathetic. From the start of his work as a playwright he had never tired of scathing the ignorant leeches and apothecaries of his age. During the period of his provincial tours he wrote "Le Médecin volant," "Le Docteur amoureux," and other farces directed against them. In the heyday of his glory he aimed the formidable artillery of his wit at them in "L'Amour Médecin" and "M. de Pourceaugnac," and especially in "Le Médecin malgré lui" ("The Physician in Spite of Himself"). His last play was entitled "Le Malade Imaginaire" (The Imaginary Illness), a biting satire on the whole craft of doctors. As if Apollo became at last aroused to vengeance on behalf of the sons of Æsculapius, Molière was seized with a convulsion during the third per-

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formance. He had been coughing and spitting blood before the comedy had been produced. Carried home, he died within a few hours. He died, as he had lived, faithful to his art. He was then fifty-one years old, a year and a half younger than Shakespeare at his death.

Molière's father sought to make his heir an upholsterer, but the boy had a grandfather who liked comedy, and who took him sometimes to the plays at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. When Francis I. (in 1543) had ordered the demolition of this Hôtel, the old Fraternities of the Passion had bought the site. Although these players were no longer allowed to act religious mysteries, they had some old farces—among them Patelin, born in the fifteenth century, and destined to be forefather of Tartuffe. They had also translations from Plautus and Terence, from Seneca and from the early Italians. These old farces were written almost altogether in octosyllabics. Professor Morley has declared: "It remained for Molière not only to perfect the form of comic dialogue in verse, but also to show how wit and wisdom could point every phrase in lightest dialogue of prose." His greatest comedies are, however, almost all in verse. Molière was only fourteen when Corneille produced his Cid; and when Molière scored his hit with "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (in 1659), Racine was only twenty years old. Later Racine fell in love with Madame Duparc, a pretty widow, who was leading lady in Molière's troupe. Racine induced her to leave Molière, and play the heroine in his "Andromaque," which led to a quarrel between the two dramatists. Racine's friend, Boileau, was led to pass this criticism: "Perchance Molière might have reaped the meed of his art if, less friendly to the people, he had not often made his figures grimace in his learned pictures, neglected the pleasant and the refined for the burlesque, and shamelessly allied Terence with Tabarin."

Molière was never poor like Shakespeare, it must be borne in mind. At the age of fourteen he was sent to a Jesuit College, and polished in philosophy. At the age of nineteen he took his father's place in the retinue of Louis XIII., during that king's visit to Languedoc. But when he came back from that courtly trip his natural bent for the stage asserted itself. He

joined a band of young associates, who called themselves L'Illustre Theâtre. From 1646 to 1658 he was in the provinces, acting at Grenoble, Lyons and Rouen. At Lyons he and his troupe performed with success his first regular five-act comedy in verse, "L'Etourdi," adapted by Dryden as "Sir Martin Marr-all." Molière also wrote, about that time, "Le Dépit Amoureux," made English by Sir John Vanbrugh as "The Mistake." Emboldened by his successes, Molière returned in 1658 (at the age of thirty-six) to Paris, where through an introduction from the Prince of Conti, he won the patronage of Louis XIV., then a youth of twenty. Molière's company acted that year before his majesty on a stage built in a guard-room of the old palace of the Louvre. The king's brother allowed Molière to entitle his company "La Troupe de Monsieur," and in 1660 they established themselves in the Palais Royal, on a stage built by Richelieu for the acting of a tragedy to which Richelieu himself had contributed five hundred verses. A year later, at the age of forty, Molière unhappily married Armande Béjart.

For the purpose of brevity Molière's comedies after "L'Étourdi" may be thus chronologically enumerated: "Les Précieuses Ridicules" (1659), a satire in one act on the exaggerations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; "Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire" (1660); "L'École des Maris" (School for Husbands), (1661), a satire on unreasonable jealousy; "L'École des Femmes" (School for Women), (1662), showing the danger of ill-assorted marriages and of bringing up girls in too strict a manner, and its sequel, "Critique de l'École des Femmes;" "Don Juan" (1665), on libertinism in nobles; "Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur," a scathing satire on the vice of hypocrisy (1669); "L'Amour Médecin" (1665), his first attack on the doctors; "Le Misanthrope" (1666), the portrait of a cynic disgusted in the extreme with the pretenses of society; "Médecin Malgré Lui" (1666); "L'Avare" (1668), with its famous portrait of the miser Harpagon; "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" a farcical comedy in three acts, with a masterly sketch of a consultation of doctors in Molière's time; "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (1670), the folly of aping noblemen, pictured in poor M. Jourdain, who did not know when he was talking

prose; "Femmes Savantes" (Learned Ladies), a sort of sequel to the "Précieuses Ridicules" (1672); and, finally, "Malade Imaginaire," the fatal comedy. As M. Van Laun declares, "Molière placed upon the stage nearly all the human passions which lend themselves to comedy or farce. Sordid avarice, lavish prodigality, shameless vice, artless coquetry, greed for money, hypocrisy, would-be gentility, self-sufficient vanity, fashionable swindling, misanthropy, jealousy, heartlessness, roguery, affectation, pedantry, arrogance. The language which they employ is always natural to them. . . . His verse has none of the stiffness of the ordinary French rhyme. . . . And how remarkable and delicate is the nuance between his different characters, even though they may represent the same profession or general type. . . . A remarkable characteristic of Molière is, that he does not exaggerate. . . . His satire is always kept within bounds. . . . His claim to distinction is based on strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real wit, true humor."

In the "Précieuses Ridicules" Molière laughed to jest the pedantic conceits of the salon of "Arthénice"—Catherine de Vivonne, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Mascarille, the hero, is a scurvy knave, who masquerades with a brother lackey as one of the wits of this affected coterie. In "Tartuffe" Molière "gives us the hypocrite by nature, who cannot help being so." Tartuffe seeks to seduce his benefactor's wife and marry the daughter, and failing in this he tries to cheat him of his property and drive him out homeless. He does all this under a cunning mask of the most humble saintliness, and has even the sublime audacity in the moment of supreme rascality to compare himself to Jesus Christ. In "Le Misanthrope" Molière paints a cynic with whom we are forced greatly to sympathize. Alceste's cynicism grows out of his own intense honesty. He hates shams, intrigue, bribery, flattery, and law. He neglects his lawsuit, tells brutal truths to a noble patron, and, despite his cynicism, loses just such a wife as he would esteem through his unhappy infatuation for a heartless coquette.

Molière's first comedy was produced seventy-seven years after the first play of Jodelle. Professor Ward adds: "In

comedy Moliere borrowed much from the Spaniards and Italians, who thus reached English literature at second-hand; and his debts to Latin comedy have probably been under-rated rather than over-rated."

Molière confessed to Boileau his great indebtedness to Corneille, whose comedy, "Le Menteur" (the Liar), was produced when Molière was only twenty-two years old. "My ideas were still confused," declared Molière, who had been adapting the old *sotties*, "but this piece determined me. But for 'Le Menteur,' I should no doubt have written comedies of intrigue, like my first plays." He would perhaps never have written "The Misanthrope," which is in many respects his chef-d'œuvre. In Alceste, Molière has painted himself in perhaps the same way that Shakespeare seems to have revealed his inner self in "Hamlet." Unhappy love and jealousy furnished Molière dramatic themes time and again, as though there were such torments at the bottom of his own heart—and we know as a fact that they were. "Mlle." Molière certainly resembled the coquette Célimène. As Alceste exclaims in the comedy, "Reason does not give the law to love."

Molière's influence on English literature has been tremendous. At the Restoration, in 1660, courtiers who came from Paris knew Molière as actor and dramatist, chief of a troupe which had been in Paris two years. Molière was then thirty-eight; Dryden twenty-nine. Dryden wanted Molière's refinement. In pleasing the roistering court of Charles II. he lacked the necessary light touch of the fashionable libertine. He strove to borrow the comedy of Molière, which so pleased the court of the Grand Monarque. But his version of "L'Étourdi," as "Sir Martin Marr-all," produced in London while Molière was bringing out "Tartuffe" in Paris, was really Molière in a coarse disguise, and is a horrible mixture of blank verse and prose. William Wycherley made a version of "Le Misanthrope" as "The Plain Dealer," with Alceste as Manly. Dryden glanced at this hero in his praise of "the satire, wit, and strength of Manly Wycherley." Wycherley also hurt Molière's comedy, but succeeded better than Dryden had done, and became, in fact, the father of the British "Prose Comedy

of Manners." In "The Plain Dealer" he introduced a litigious Widow Blackacre, evidently suggested by Racine's "Les Plaideurs." Sir John Vanbrugh adapted "Le Dépit Amoureux" as "The Mistake." Henry Fielding, author of "Tom Jones," adapted both "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," as "The Mock Doctor," and "L'Avare" as "The Miser." "One pleasure I enjoy," he declared, "from the success of my attempt, is a prospect of transplanting some others of Molière's pieces of great value." Colley Cibber, born two years after Molière's death, made a highly-triumphant version of "Tartuffe," as "The Non-Juror." As Professor Morley remarks: "This version applied, with Whig bitterness of party feeling, a general satire on hypocrisy in sacred things to the religion of political opponents. It was directed against Roman Catholics and Non-Jurors, who had sympathized with the Jacobite insurrection of 1715. Pope was of Roman Catholic family, and Cibber's play contained an insult to Roman Catholics. Its factious loyalty obtained for Colley Cibber the office of poet-laureate, and its intolerance secured for him the highest gibbet in the 'Dunciad.'" Colley's brother-laureate, Shadwell, borrowed from "Les Précieuses Ridicules" for his "Bury Fair." Sir William D'Avenant used "Sganarelle" in his "Playhouse to be Let." Sir Charles Sedley founded his "Mulberry Garden" on "L'École des Femmes." "Tartuffe" also suggested Croune's "English Friar." Indeed, the list might be much farther extended.

Professor Brander Matthews goes so far as to assert that "the influence of Shakespeare on modern English comedy, on the comic plays acted during the past two centuries, is indisputable, of course, but it is less in quantity and less in quality than the influence of Molière. It would be easy to pick out the plays, like Tobin's 'Honeymoon,' and Knowles's 'Hunchback,' written consciously in the imitation—however remote—of Shakespeare. It would not be easy to name half the English comedies whose form and substance had been unconsciously molded by the example of Molière. . . . Modern English comedy is not made on the model of Elizabethan comic drama, and it is made—immorality apart—on the model of the Restoration comic

drama. The comic dramatists of the Restoration . . . were the children of Molière. . . . Unfortunately for themselves, when they borrowed the point of view of the great Frenchman, they forgot to borrow his sobriety and his self-respect. . . . The reason why the influence of Molière is more potent on the form of English comedy than the influence of Shakespeare . . . is, that Molière represents a later stage of the development of play-making. . . . Molière began to write half a century after Shakespeare ceased to write; and in that half century many and marked changes had taken place in the arrangement and constitution of the theatre. . . . In fact, the difference between the theatre as organized in the time of Shakespeare and as organized in the time of Molière is enormous and radical; whereas the difference between the theatre of Molière and of to-day is unessential and insignificant."

First Lesson in Philosophy.

(From "The Bourgeois Gentleman.")

Philosophy-Master. What have you a mind to learn?

M. Jourdain. Everything I can, for I have all the desire in the world to be a scholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me study all the sciences when I was young.

Master. That's a very reasonable feeling. *Nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and are acquainted with the Latin, of course?

M. Jour. Yes; but act as if I were not acquainted with it. Tell me what it means.

Master. It means that "without learning life is as it were an image of death."

M. Jour. That same Latin's in the right.

Master. Don't you know some principles, some rudiments of science?

M. Jour. Oh, yes! I can read and write. . . . But now I must confide a secret to you. I'm in love with a person of quality, and I should be glad if you would help me to write something to her in a short billet-doux, which I'll drop at her feet.

Master. Very well.

M. Jour. That will be gallant, won't it?

Master. Undoubtedly. Is it verse you wish to write to her?

M. Jour. No, no; none of your verse.

Master. You would only have prose?

M. Jour. No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

Master. It must be one or the other.

M. Jour. Why so?

Master. Because, sir, there's nothing to express oneself by but prose or verse.

M. Jour. Is there nothing, then, but verse or prose?

Master. No, sir; whatever is not prose is verse, and whatever is not verse is prose.

M. Jour. And when one talks what may that be, then?

Master. Prose.

M. Jour. How? When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my nightcap," is that prose?

Master. Yes, sir.

M. Jour. On my conscience, I have spoken prose above these forty years without knowing it; and I am hugely obliged to you for informing me of this.

M. Jour. (*to his wife*). I am ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what it is you now speak?

Mme. Jour. Yes, I know that what I speak is right, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

M. Jour. I don't talk of that. I ask you what the words are that you now speak?

Mme. Jour. They are words that have a good deal of sense in them, and your conduct is by no means such.

M. Jour. I don't talk of that, I tell you. I ask you what it is that I now speak to you, which I say this very moment?

Mme. Jour. Mere stuff.

M. Jour. Pshaw, no, it is not that. That which we both of us say, the language we speak this instant?

Mme. Jour. Well?

M. Jour. How is it called?

Mme. Jour. It's called just what you please to call it.

M. Jour. It's prose, you ignorant creature.

Mme. Jour. Prose?

M. Jour. Yes, prose. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse, is prose. Now, see what it is to study.

ALCESTE'S LOVE FOR CÉLIMÈNE.

(From "The Misanthrope," Act IV., Scene 3.)

Alceste. O Heaven! how can I control here my passion?
Célimène (*aside*). Ah! (*To Alceste*). What's this trouble which you clearly show?
And what's the meaning of those long-drawn sighs,
And those black looks which you direct on me?
Alceste. That all the horrid deeds one can conceive
Will not compare to your perfidious conduct;
That neither fate, nor hell, nor heaven in wrath
Has e'er produced a thing so false as you are.
Célimène. These pretty things I surely much admire.
Alceste. Ah! do not jest, this is no time for laughing.
Indeed, blush rather; for you've cause to do so!
And of your treachery I've the clearest proofs.
That's what the emotions of my heart forebode;
'Twas not in vain my love was seized with fear;
You thought it odious when I oft suspected
And sought that evil which my eyes have seen;
Spite all your care and your deceitful skill,
My star foretold me what I had to fear;
But don't imagine that, without revenge,
I'll bear the slight of being thus insulted.
I know we cannot rule our inclinations;
That love spontaneously springs everywhere;
That there's no entering a heart by force,
And that each soul may freely name its victor.
Thus I'd no reason to complain at all,
If you had spoken to me openly,
And had disdained my love when it sprang up;
My heart would then have only blamed its luck.
But to fan my affection by deceit,
Is such a treachery, such perfidy,
That nothing I can do is too severe;
And my resentment may do anything:
Yes, yes, dread everything for such an outrage.
I am beside myself; I'm mad with rage.
Pierced by the deadly blow which you have dealt me
My senses are no longer swayed by reason;

I yield to th' outbursts of a righteous wrath,
And do not answer what I may not do.

Célimène. Whence comes, I pray you, such a fit of passion?
Tell me, are all your senses wholly gone?

Alceste. Yes, yes, I lost them when I first beheld you,
And thus, to my misfortune, took the poison,
And when I thought to find sincerity
In those deceitful charms that have bewitched me.

Célimène. And of what treach'ry have you to complain?

Alceste (*aside*). Ah! what deceit! how well she can dissemble!
But, to confound her, I've the means at hand.
(*Aloud.*) Cast your eyes here, and recognize your writing
This picked-up note suffices to condemn you,
And such proof cannot lightly be refuted. . . .

Célimène. If this note to a woman be addressed,
How can it hurt you, and where is the guilt?

Alceste. Ah! this is good, the excuse is marvellous.
I must confess this turn is unexpected,
And now I am convinced, and wholly so.
Dare you employ such ordinary tricks?
And do you think me so bereft of sense?
Come, let us hear how far, and with what air,
You will support so palpable a falsehood;
And how you can apply to any woman
Those loving words found in this very note?
Explain away, to hide your broken vows,
What I will read. . . .

Célimène. It does not suit me now.
'Tis most ridiculous to lord it thus,
And to my face say what you dare to me!

Alceste. No, don't fly in a rage, but take some pains,
To justify the words which I see here.

Célimène. No, I shall not act thus; on this occasion
It matters nought to me what you believe.

Alceste. Pray, show me, and I shall be satisfied,
If this note can be meant for any woman.

Célimène. No, it was for Oronte; you may believe so;
All his attentions gladly I accept,
I admire what he says, I like him much;
And shall agree to whatever you please.
Do what you will; let nothing hinder you,
But let my thoughts be undisturbed by you.

Alceste (*aside*). O, Heavens! can aught more cruel be conceived?
Was e'er a heart treated in such a way?
What! with just anger I am moved against her,
I come to blame, and am myself attacked!
My grief and my suspicions are excited,
I credit all; she boasts of everything;
And yet my heart is cowardly enough
Not to tear off the bonds which hold it fast,
Not to put on a generous contempt
For the ungrateful object of its flame.
(*To Célimène.*) Ah, treacherous woman! but too well
you know
To take advantage of my utmost weakness,
And to employ the excessive, fatal love,
So wondrously born of your treach'rous eyes.
Defend yourself from this o'erwhelming crime,
And cease to feign that you are culpable.
Prove, if you're able, that this note is blameless;
My love consents to lend a helping hand.
Though without faith yet put its semblance on,
And I'll endeavor to believe you such.

Célimène. Bah! you are mad with all these jealous frenzies,
And don't deserve the love I have for you.
I should much like to know what could compel me
To stoop for you to such a base pretence;
Why, if my heart inclined towards another,
Should I not say so with sincerity?
What! I avow the love I feel for you,
Yet your suspicions are not all allayed!
They ought to have no weight, with such a warrant.
Does it not wrong me to attend to them?
And since we hardly dare confess our love,
And since our sex, hostile to lovers' passion,
To such avowals is so much opposed,
Should not a lover suffer who can doubt
When such an obstacle is overcome?
And is his guilt not clear, who is not sure
That we speak truth, at such a bitter cost?
Go! these suspicions well deserve my anger;
And you're not worthy I should care for you.
I wrong myself in my simplicity,
Still to preserve the smallest kindness for you;

I ought elsewhere to place all my affections,
And give you lawful cause for your complaints.

Alceste. Ah, traitress! strange the weakness you inspire;
Your sweet expressions are no doubt deceptive;
It matters not, I must accept my fate;
My very soul is wholly wrapt in you;
And to the very end I'll prove your heart,
And see if it be black enough to cheat me.

Célimène. No, you don't love me as you ought to love.

Alceste. Nothing can be compared to my deep love;
And, in its haste to show itself to all,
It e'en forms wishes 'gainst your lovely self.
Yes, I could wish no one to think you handsome,
That you were plunged in abject misery;
That Heaven had given you nothing, at your birth;
That you had had nor rank, nor birth, nor wealth;
So that the public proffer of my heart
Might make amends for so unjust a lot;
That I might then possess the joy and glory
To see you owe it all to my affection.

The Amenities of Authors.

(From "The Learned Ladies," Act III., scene 5.)

Trissotin (*introducing Vadius*). This is the man that is dying to see you. When I introduce him to you, I do not fear being blamed for having admitted a profane person to you, Madame; he may hold his place amongst the Beaux Ésprits.

Philaminte. The hand that introduces him is sufficient guarantee of his worth.

Tris. He has a perfect knowledge of the ancient authors, and understands Greek, Madam, as well as any man in France.

Phil. (*to Bélise*). Greek, oh, heavens! Greek. He understands Greek, sister.

Bélise (*to Armande*). Ah, niece, Greek.

Armande. Greek! How delightful!

Phil. What, does the gentleman understand Greek? Ah! pray let me embrace you, sir, for Greek's sake.

[*Vadius embraces both Bélise and Armande.*

Henriette (*to Vadius, who would embrace her likewise*). Excuse me, sir, I do not understand Greek. [*They sit down.*

Phil. I have a wonderful respect for Greek books.

Vad. I fear my intrusion, caused by the great desire I had to see you, madam, has disturbed some learned discourse.

Phil. Sir, with your Greek you can spoil nothing ——

Tris. He likewise does wonders in verse as well as prose, and could, if he would, show you something.

Vad. The fault of authors is to bore people by talking about their own works; to be at the palace, in courts, streets, or at table, indefatigable readers of their own tiresome verses. For my part I see nothing more ridiculous than an author who goes everywhere mumping for praise, and, seizing the ears of the first comers, makes them martyrs to his lucubrations. They never saw me such a conceited fool; and in this I am of the opinion of a certain Greek, who, by an express injunction, forbids all his wise men the unbecoming forwardness of reading their own works.

. . . . . .

Tris. (*to Vadius*). Have you seen a little sonnet upon the Princess Urania's fever?

Vad. Yes, it was read to me yesterday.

Tris. Do you know the author?

Vad. No; but I know very well that, not to flatter him, his sonnet's worth nothing.

Tris. A great many people, however, think it admirable.

Vad. That doesn't hinder it's being miserable; and if you had seen it you would be of my opinion.

Tris. I know I should not be so at all; and that few are capable of such a sonnet.

Vad. Heaven preserve us from making such!

Tris. I maintain that a better can't be made, and I ought to know, since I am the author.

Vad. You?

Tris. I.

Vad. I can't tell then how the thing was.

Tris. It was, that I was unfortunate enough not to be able to please you.

Vad. I could not have been paying attention when I heard it, or else the reader spoiled the sonnet. But let's leave this subject and see my ballad.

Tris. A ballad, in my opinion, is an insipid thing; it's no longer in fashion; it smells of antiquity.

Vad. A ballad, however, pleases a great many people.

Tris. That doesn't hinder its displeasing me.

Vad. It may be none the worse for that.

Tris. It has a wonderful charm for pedants.

Vad. And yet it does not please you.

Tris. You gratuitously assign your own faults to others.

[*They all rise.*

Vad. You very impertinently cast yours upon me.

Tris. Go, you school-boy paper-blotter.

Vad. Go, pitiful rhymer; disgrace to the profession!

Tris. Begone, verse-stealer, impudent plagiarist.

Vad. Begone, pedant——

Phil. O gentlemen, what do you mean?

Tris. (*to Vadius*). Go, go; restore the shameful thefts you have made from the Greeks and Latins.

Vad. Go, go, and do penance on Parnassus for having lamed Horace in your verses.

Tris. Remember your book, and the little stir it made.

Vad. Remember your publisher, reduced to the workhouse.

Tris. My reputation is established; in vain you endeavor to mangle it.

Vad. My pen shall teach you what sort of a man I am.

Tris. And mine shall make you know your master.

Vad. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek and Latin.

THE HYPOCRITE MAKES LOVE.

(From "Tartuffe," Act III.)

IN this act Tartuffe first appears upon the scene, but there has already been sufficient mention of him to enable the audience to understand his character. Damis is the son of Orgon, upon whose generosity Tartuffe has imposed, and Dorine is the faithful servant of the family.

Damis. May Heaven this moment crush me; may everybody take me forever for the greatest fool alive, if there is any respect or any power able to stop me, and if I do not——

Dorine. Pray moderate your anger; your father only just mentioned the matter; people do not always do what they propose, and it's a long way from the project to the execution.

Da. I will put a stop to the intrigues of that scoundrel, and will tell him in his ear a word or two which——

Dor. Gently, gently; allow your stepmother to act first upon him and your father. She has a certain power over Tartuffe. He is very amiable towards her, and may have a real affection for her. Would to Heaven it were possible! It would be a fine

thing! In short, she has sent for him on your account; she wants to sound him about this marriage, which makes you so furious, to know what he thinks, and to make him understand what unpleasantness it would cause in the family, if he encourages it at all. His servant says that he is at his prayers, so that I have not been able to see him; but he added that he will soon come down. Go, then, I beg of you, and leave me to wait for him.

Da. But I can be present at this interview.

Dor. No, no; better leave them alone.

Da. I should say nothing to him.

Dor. You think so; but we know what a state of anger you are put in at times; it is the surest way to spoil everything. You must go.

Da. No, I will listen without getting into a rage.

Dor. How tiresome you are! There he is coming. Go away. (*Damis hides himself.*) [*Enter Tartuffe.*

Tartuffe (*as soon as he sees Dorine speaks to his servant, who is inside*). Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge, and pray Heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If anybody comes to see me, say that I am gone to the prisons to distribute my alms.

Dor. (*aside.*) What boasting and affectation!

Tar. What is it you want?

Dor. To tell you ——

Tar. (*taking a handkerchief out of his pocket*). Ah! Heaven! Before you speak to me, take this handkerchief, pray.

Dor. What's the matter?

Tar. Cover your bosom, of which I cannot endure the sight. Such objects hurt the soul, and are conducive to sinful thoughts.

Dor. You are very susceptible to temptation, it seems, and the flesh makes great impression on you. I don't know why you should burn so quickly; but, as for me, I am not so easily moved, and were I to see your hide from top to toe, I know pretty well that I should in no way be tempted.

Tar. Put more modesty into your speech, or I will leave you at once.

Dor. You need not, for I shall soon leave you in peace, and all I have to say is, that my lady is coming in this room, and would be glad to have a moment's talk with you.

Tar. Alas! With all my heart.

Dor. (*aside*). How sweet we are! In good troth, I still abide by what I said.

Tar. Will she soon be here?

Dor. Directly. I hear her, I believe; yes, here she is. I leave you together. [*Exit. Enter Elmire.*

Tar. May Heaven, in its great goodness, ever bestow on you health of body and of mind, and shower blessings on your days, according to the prayer of the lowest of its servants.

Elmire. I am much obliged to you for this pious wish; but let us sit down a moment to talk more comfortably.

Tar. (*seated*). Have you quite recovered from your indisposition?

El. (*seated*). Quite. That fever soon left me.

Tar. My prayers have not merit sufficient to have obtained this favor from Heaven; but I have not offered up one petition in which you were not concerned.

El. Your anxious zeal is really too great.

Tar. We cannot have too great anxiety for your dear health; and to give you back the full enjoyment of it, I would have sacrificed my own.

El. You carry Christian charity very far, and I am under much obligation to you for all this kindness.

Tar. I do only what you deserve.

El. I wished to speak to you in private on a certain matter, and I am glad that nobody is here to hear us.

Tar. And I also am delighted. It is very sweet for me, madam, to find myself alone with you. —— I have often prayed Heaven to bestow this favor upon me, but till now it has been in vain.

El. For my part, all I want is, that you should speak frankly, and hide nothing from me. (*Damis, without being seen, half opens the door of the room to hear the conversation.*)

Tar. And my wish is also, that you will allow me the cherished favor of speaking openly to you, and of giving you my word of honor, that if I have said anything against the visits which are paid here to your charms, it has never been done out of hatred to you, but rather out of an ardent zeal which carries me away, and from a sincere feeling of ——

El. I quite understand it to be so, and I feel sure that it all proceeds from your anxiety for my good.

Tar. (*taking her hands and pressing them*). It is really so, madam, and my fervor is such ——

El. Ah! you press my hand too much.

Tar. It is through an excess of zeal. I never intended to hurt you, I had much rather —— (*He puts his hand on Elmire's knees.*)

El. Why do you put your hand there?

Tar. I was feeling your dress; the stuff is very soft.

El. I beg you to leave off, I am very ticklish.

(*Elmire draws back her chair, and Tartuffe follows her with his.*)

Tar. (*handling Elmire's collar*). Heaven! how marvelous this point lace is! The work done in our days is perfectly wonderful, and never has such perfection been attained in everything.

El. It is true. But let us speak of what brings me here. I have been told that my husband intends to break his word, and to give you his daughter in marriage. Is that true? Pray tell me.

Tar. He has merely alluded to it. But, madam, to tell you the truth, that is not the happiness for which my soul sighs; I find elsewhere the unspeakable attractions of the bliss which is the end of all my hopes.

El. That is because you care not for earthly things.

Tar. My bosom, madam, does not enclose a heart of flint.

El. I know, for my part, that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that you have no desire for anything here below.

Tar. Our love for the beauty which is eternal stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye, and which touch the heart; and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which He has reproduced Himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the Evil One; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learned, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my misery or bliss; and by your verdict I shall be forever happy, if you wish it; unhappy, if it pleases you.

El. Quite a gallant declaration. But you must acknowledge that it is rather surprising. It seems to me that you might have fortified your heart a little more carefully against temptation, and

have paused before such a design. A devotee like you, who is everywhere spoken of as ——

Tar. Ah! Although a devotee, I am no less a man. When your celestial attractions burst upon the sight, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange; but after all, madam, I am not an angel; and, if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything—fasting, prayers, and tears—and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me, and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvelous beauty, a devotion never to be equalled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. All those court gallants upon whom women dote, are noisy in their doings, boastful in their talk. Ever vain of their success, they never receive favors without divulging them; and their indiscreet tongues dishonor the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

El. I have listened to you, and your rhetoric expresses itself in terms strong enough. Are you not afraid that I might be disposed to tell my husband of this passionate declaration, and that its sudden disclosure might influence the friendship which he has towards you?

Tar. I know that your tender-heartedness is too great, and that you will excuse, because of human frailty, the violent transports of a love which offends you, and will consider, when you look at yourself, that people are not blind, and that flesh is weak.

El. Others might take all this differently; but I will endeavor to show my discretion. I will tell nothing to my husband of what has taken place; but, in return, I must require one thing of you, which is to forward honestly and sincerely the marriage which has been decided between Valère and Marianne, and re-

nounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another ——

Damis. (*coming out of concealment*). No, madam, no; all this must be made public. I was in that place and overheard everything. Heaven in its goodness seems to have directed my steps hither, to confound the pride of a wretch who wrongs me, and to guide me to a sure revenge for his hypocrisy and insolence. I will undeceive my father, and will show him in a clear, strong light the heart of the miscreant who dares to speak to you of love.

El. No, Damis, it is sufficient if he promises to amend, and endeavors to deserve the forgiveness I have spoken of. Since I have promised it, let me abide by my word. I have no wish for scandal. A woman should despise these follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

Da. You have your reasons for dealing thus with him, and I have mine for acting otherwise. It is a mockery to try to spare him. In the insolent pride of his canting bigotry he has already triumphed too much over my just wrath, and has caused too many troubles in our house. The impostor has governed my father but too long, and too long opposed my love and Valère's. It is right that my father's eyes should be opened to the perfidy of this villain. Heaven offers me an easy opportunity, and I am thankful for it. Were I not to seize it, I should deserve never to have another.

The Hypocrite Unmasked.

(From "Tartuffe," Act IV.)

Orgon. Ah! I am delighted to find you all here. (*To Marianne.*) In this contract I bring wherewith to please you. You know, do you not, what I mean?

Marianne (*at Orgon's feet*). Father! in the name of Heaven, which is a witness of my grief; in the name of all that can move your heart, forego the rights my birth gives you, and do not exact this obedience from me. Do not by such a harsh law compel me to complain to Heaven of my duty to you, and do not, alas! render most miserable the life I owe you. If, contrary to the sweet hopes which I had cherished, you now forbid me to belong to the man I love, I beseech you on my knees at least to save me from the wretchedness of belonging to him I abhor. Do not drive me to despair by making use of all your power over me.

Org. (*aside*). Stand firm, my heart! No human weakness!

Mar. I do not feel aggrieved by your tenderness for him; you

can act as your heart prompts you—give him all you possess, and join to it what is mine. I consent, and give it up to him with all my heart. But do not dispose in the same way of my person; suffer me to wear out the rest of my wretched life in the austere discipline of a convent.

Org. Ah, yes, you are, I see, one of those would-be nuns, because your father crosses your forbidden love. Stand up! The more your heart recoils from the match, the better it will be for your salvation. Mortify your senses by this marriage and trouble me no longer on the subject.

Dorine. But what ——

Org. Hold your tongue; speak to people of your own set. I forbid you once for all to say a word.

Cleante. If you will allow me to speak and advise ——

Org. Brother, your advice is of the best possible kind; it is full of truth and good sense, and I value it highly. You will, however, allow me not to avail myself of it.

Elmire (*to her husband*). I hardly know what to say in the face of all this, and I really admire you in your blindness. You must be bewitched with the man and altogether prepossessed in his favor for you to deny the truth of what we tell you took place to-day!

Org. I am your humble servant, but I judge by appearances. I know how lenient you are towards my rascal of a son, and see that you were afraid of disowning the trick he would have played on the poor fellow. In short, you took the matter too easily for me to believe you; you would have been more moved had the thing been true.

El. Is it necessary for our honor, to take up arms so furiously at a simple declaration of love? Is it not possible to give a fitting answer without anger in our eyes and invectives in our mouth? For my part, I listen with mere indifference to such talk, and I care not to make any ado about it. I prefer to show that virtue can be accompanied by gentleness, and I have no respect for those savage prudes who defend their honor with tooth and nail, and who at the slightest word are ready to tear a man's eyes out. Heaven preserve me from such discretion! I prefer a virtue with nothing of the tigress about it, for I believe that a quiet and cold rebuff is quite as efficient.

Org. In short, I know all about this business, and no words of yours can alter my conviction.

El. I wonder more and more at your strange weakness. But

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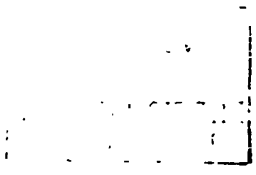
Tartuffe and Elmine.



what answer would your credulity give, if I made you see that we have told you the truth?

Org. See?

El. Yes.

Org. Rubbish.

El. But, still, suppose I find a way of showing it to you, so that you cannot mistake it?

Org. Moonshine.

El. What a strange man you are! Yet at least answer me. I do not ask you to believe us; but suppose we could find a place where you can see and hear all about what we have told you, what would you say then of your pious man?

Org. In that case, I should say that —— I should say nothing; for, in short, it is impossible.

El. Your error lasts too long, and you have taxed me too long with falsehood. You must, to satisfy me, without delay, be a witness of what I have said.

Org. Be it so; I take you at your word. We will see how far you can make your promise good.

El. (*to Dorine*). Get him to come in here. [*Exit Dorine.*

El. Now bring the table here, and get under it.

Org. Get under it?

El. It is important that you should be well concealed.

Org. But why under the table?

El. Ah! never mind; do what I tell you. I have my plan quite ready in my head, and you shall judge. Place yourself where I tell you, aud then be careful that you are neither seen nor heard.

Org. I must say that my condescension is very great. However, I will see you through your scheme. [*Gets under.*

El. You will have nothing to answer me. Mind! I'm going to speak on a strange subject, and you must not be shocked. I have a right to say whatever I choose, since it is to convince you, as I have promised to do. I will, by coaxing speeches, make the hypocrite drop his mask, will flatter the insolent desires of his love, and leave free room to his audacity. As it is only because of you, and the better to confound him, that I shall affect to return his love, I will cease as soon you feel convinced, and things need go no further than you please. It is for you to spare your wife, to stop his mad purpose when you think matters have been carried far enough, and to suffer me to be exposed to his insolence only as far as is necessary to disabuse you. This is your concern,

you can act when you like, and —— He is coming.—— Do not move, and be careful that you do not show yourself. [*Enter Tartuffe.*

Tar. I am told that you wish to speak with me here.

El. Yes, I have important things to reveal to you. But shut this door before I begin, and look everywhere to see if any one can overhear us (*Tartuffe shuts the door and returns*); it will never do to risk having over again such an affair as that of this morning. Never in my life was I so taken by surprise, and Damis put me in a terrible fright on your account. You saw how I tried all I could to baffle his design and to calm his anger. My confusion was so great, it is true, that the thought of denying his accusations never came to my mind. But, thank Heaven, it is all for the best, and things are through it on a much safer footing. The esteem in which you are held has dispersed the storm; and my husband can have no suspicion of you, for, in order to set at defiance ill-natured comments, he wishes us to be constantly together. I can therefore be locked up here alone with you without fear of incurring blame; and thus I feel authorized to open to you a heart too forward perhaps in answering your love.

Tar. This language, madam, is somewhat hard for me to understand, and you spoke but lately in a very different strain.

El. Ah! if such a refusal has offended you, how little you know the heart of woman, and how little you understand what we mean when we so feebly defend ourselves! At such times our modesty always struggles against any tender feelings a lover inspires. Whatever reasons we may find to justify the love that conquers us, there is always a certain shame attached to the avowal of it. At first we try to avoid this avowal, but from our manner it is easy to see that our heart surrenders; that, simply for the sake of honor, our lips refuse to give words to our wishes; and that, while refusing, we promise everything.—I feel that I am making a very free confession to you, and not sparing woman's modesty; but I have begun, and will continue.—Should I have been so anxious to restrain Damis; should I have listened, think you, with so much calmness to your declaration throughout, and have taken the thing as you know I did, if the offer of your heart had not been a pleasure to me? When I tried to make you renounce the match which had just been proposed, what could you infer from such an action, if it was not that I felt interested in you, and that I should have experienced great sorrow if by such a marriage you had divided that affection which I wanted wholly to be mine!

Tar. It is certainly, madam, an extreme delight to hear such words from the lips of one we love; and their honey diffuses through all my senses a soothing softness I never knew till now. To please you is the supreme study of my life, and to be sure of your love my greatest happiness. Yet, forgive me, madam, if my heart somewhat doubts its felicity, and fancies that these words may be a specious artifice to make me break off the marriage which is soon to take place; and, if I may speak openly to you, I shall not trust such sweet language unless some of the favors after which I sigh have assured me of their sincerity, and fix in my mind a sure belief in the enchanting goodness you bear for me.

El. (*after coughing*). What! would you proceed so fast, and from the first exhaust the tenderness of my heart? I do myself violence to make you a sweet declaration of love; yet this is not enough for you, and to satisfy you the affair must be pushed even to the last extreme.

Tar. The less we deserve a blessing, the less we dare to hope for it. Love cannot feel secure with words only. We easily suspect a lot brimful of happiness, and we must enjoy the possession of it, before we can believe in it. I feel myself so unworthy of your favors that I doubt the success of my boldness, and I will believe nothing, madam, before you give real proofs.

El. Alas! how tyrannical your passion is! How it bewilders my mind! With what fierce sway it takes possession of my heart! and with what violence it exacts what it desires! Is there no avoiding your pursuit? and will you not allow me time to breathe? Is it right that you should persist so peremptorily? Should you exact what you desire with such tenacity, and thus abuse by your pressing ardor the weakness that you see I have for you?

Tar. But if you receive my love with kindness, why refuse me convincing proof?

El. But how can I consent to what you ask without offending Heaven, of which you are always speaking?

Tar. If it is only Heaven you can oppose to my wishes, it is nothing for me to remove such an obstacle; and that ought not to be a restraint to your love.

El. But they make us so terribly afraid of the judgments of Heaven.

Tar. I can, madam, dissipate these ridiculous terrors, and I understand the art of allaying scruples. It is true that Heaven forbids certain gratifications, but there are means of compounding with it upon such matters, and of rectifying the evil of the act by

the purity of the intention. We shall be able to initiate you into all those secrets, madam; all you have to do is to suffer yourself to be led by me. Satisfy my wishes, and be without fear. I will be answerable for everything and take the sin upon myself. (*Elmire coughs louder.*) You cough very much, madam.

El. Yes, I am suffering torture.

Tar. Will you accept a piece of this liquorice?

El. It is an obstinate cold, and I see plainly that all the liquorice in the world will do no good in this case.

Tar. That is certainly very trying.

El. Yes, more than can be expressed.

Tar. In short, your scruples, madam, are easy to remove. You are sure of an inviolable secrecy with me, and it is only publicity which makes the wrong. The scandal is what constitutes the offence, and to sin in secret is not to sin at all.

El. (*coughing and knocking the table*). Well, I see that I have no alternative but to yield, that I must consent to grant you everything, and that unless I do so I must not expect to satisfy or to convince. It is surely very hard to come to this, and I give way much against my will; but since it seems a settled thing that I should be driven to it, since I cannot be believed without more convincing proofs, in spite of all I may say, I must perforce make up my mind to it and give satisfaction. If my thus consenting carries any offence with it, so much the worse for him who forces me to do this violence to myself. The fault certainly cannot be accounted mine.

Tar. No, madam, I take it entirely upon myself, and the thing in itself ——

El. Just open this door, I pray you, and see if my husband is not in the passage.

Tar. There is no need, madam, to trouble about him. Between ourselves, he is a man to be led by the nose. He is more likely to be proud of finding us together, and I have brought him to the point of seeing everything without believing in anything.

El. All the same, go for a moment and look everywhere very carefully, I beg of you.

Org. (*coming from under the table*). We have here, I acknowledge, an abominable scoundrel. I cannot get over it; I feel stunned.

El. What! you come out so soon! You are jesting. Go under the table again; it is not time yet; wait to see the end in order to feel quite sure, and don't trust to mere surmises.

Org. No, never did hell produce anything more wicked.

El. Nonsense! you should not believe things too lightly. Be sure that you feel quite convinced before you surrender, and be in no hurry, for fear of a mistake. (*She hides Orgon behind her.*)

Tar. (*returning*). Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul —— (*Tartuffe goes to embrace Elmire; she draws back and he sees Orgon.*)

Org. (*stopping Tartuffe*). Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! you saint, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! For a long time I doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

El. (*to Tartuffe*). It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tar. (*to Orgon*). What! can you believe ——

Or. Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tar. My intention ——

Org. Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

Tar. It is for you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [*Exit.*

El. What language is this? What does he mean?

Org. I am, in truth, all confused. This is no laughing matter.

El. How so?

Org. I perceive my mistake by what he says. The deed of gift troubles my mind.

El. The deed of gift!

Org. Yes. The thing is done. But something else disturbs me.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

LETTER-WRITING has been a noteworthy department of the literature of France. Among the illustrious examples of this art Madame de Sévigné holds a prominent place; she dwarfs all other letter-writers of her time. She was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, and was born at Paris in 1626, as Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. She was first cousin to the notorious Bussy Rabutin (1618–1693), who wrote the "Amorous History of the Gauls," and was exiled to his country-seat for sixteen years by Louis XIV. Having been early left an orphan, she was trained carefully by her uncle, Abbé de Coulanges, and at the age of eighteen was married to the Marquis de Sévigné. Her husband was a worthless roué, who squandered his money on Ninon de L'Enclos. When eventually he was killed in a duel, the widow devoted herself to the education of her two children, whom she loved with extravagant affection. She took delight in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but was saved by her satirical humor from becoming a *précieuse*. She was the idol of her circle in Paris, and was a frequent visitor at the court. In 1669 her daughter was married to the Count de Grignan, Governor of Provence. To her the mother wrote most of her delightful letters, which now afford to the world an incomparable insight into the gayeties and inner life of the Court of Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV. Her judgment was as correct in literary matters as in affairs of every-day life. She died in 1696 after a short illness, having retained her good looks and her cheerful disposition to the last.

THE GREAT COURT MARRIAGE.

Letter to M. de Coulanges.

PARIS, Monday, December 15, 1670.

I AM going to announce to you the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most astounding, the most unexampled, the most unique, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most great, the most small, the most rare, the most common, the most celebrated, the most secret till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable thing in the world; in short, a thing for which one finds only one precedent in past history, and that precedent does not apply; a thing we could not believe at Paris, and how will it be possible to believe it at Lyons? a thing that made everybody cry, "Mercy!" a thing which overjoys Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive: a thing, in short, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who see it will fancy something the matter with their eyes—a thing which is to take place on Sunday, and perhaps will not have taken place on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it. Guess! I will give you three trials. Do you give it up? Very well! then I must tell you.

M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre—guess whom? I will give you four trials, I will give you ten, I will give you a hundred. I hear Madame de Coulanges say: "What a difficult thing to guess! Why, it is Madame de la Vallière." Not at all, Madame. "Then it is Mademoiselle de Retz." Not at all; you are extremely provincial. "Really, how silly we are," say you; "it is Mademoiselle Colbert." Still less. "Of course, it is Mademoiselle de Crequi." You are out again. So I have to tell you after all: he marries . . . on Sunday . . . at the Louvre . . . with the king's permission . . . Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de . . . Mademoiselle . . . Guess! Why! he marries Mademoiselle—upon my word, upon my word, upon my sacred word—MADEMOISELLE, the great Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, the daughter of Monsieur that is dead, Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henri IV.,

Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin to the king, Mademoiselle, intended for the throne: Mademoiselle, the only match in France worthy of Monsieur.

Here is a fine topic for conversation. If you cry out, if you go out of your senses, if you charge us with lying, if you say it is false, that we are laughing at you, that it is a fine hoax, that it is a very dull invention; if, in short, you call us names, we shall say you are quite right, we have done the same as you. Farewell, the letters that arrive by this post will let you know whether we tell the truth or not.

The next Letter to M. de Coulanges.

PARIS, Friday, December 19, 1670.

WHAT is called falling from the clouds is what happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries; but I must take up matters a little further back. I left you at the joy, the transports, the ravishments of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday then that the thing was announced, as I told you. Tuesday was passed in talking, in astonishment, in compliments; Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a present to M. de Lauzun, with the view of conferring upon him the titles, names, and ornaments proper to be named in the marriage contract, which was drawn the same day. She gave him then, as a first instalment, four duchies: the first is the county of Eu, which is the first peerage of France, and confers the highest rank; the duchy of Montpensier, of which he carried the name all yesterday; the duchy of St. Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault: all these reckoned at twenty-two millions. Then the contract was drawn, in which he took the name of Montpensier.

On Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle hoped the king would sign the contract, as he had said; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and a number of graybeards made his Majesty understand that the affair would damage his reputation; so that, after sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, the king announced to them, before the prince, that he absolutely forbade them to dream of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received the command with

all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair which so great a fall demanded. As for Mademoiselle, giving way to her feelings, she burst into tears, cries, violent anguish, extravagant complaints, and all day she has kept her bed, and swallowed nothing but broth.

What a fine dream! What a fine subject for a romance, or a tragedy; but, above all, what a fine subject to discuss and talk about eternally, which is what we do day and night, evening and morning, without end or intermission, and we hope you will do the same.

The Blessings of Rheumatism.

(Madam De Sévigné dictates—her son writes.)

The Rocks, Monday, Feb. 3, 1676.

Guess, my dear child, what it is that comes the quickest, and goes off the slowest; that brings you nearest to health, and removes you the farthest from it; that throws you into the most agreeable situation imaginable, and, at the same time, hinders you from enjoying it; that flatters you with the most pleasing hopes, and keeps you the longest from the accomplishment of them. Can you not guess? Do you give it up? Why, it is the rheumatism. I have had it these three and twenty days; since the fourteenth day I have been free from fever and pain, and in this delightful situation, thinking myself strong enough to walk, which is the summit of my wishes, I find myself swelled all over—feet, legs, hands, arms; and this swelling, which they call my cure, and really is so, is the sole occasion of my present vexation; were I good for anything, I might gain myself some credit by it. However, I believe the enemy is conquered, and that in two days I shall be able to walk. Larméchin gives me great hope of this. I every day receive letters from our friends at Paris, congratulating me on my recovery. I have taken M. de Lorme's aperient powders, which have been of great service to me; I am going to take them again; they are a never-failing remedy in these cases. After this attack I am promised an eternal succession of health. God grant it. My first step will be to return to Paris. I desire you, therefore, my dear, to calm all your fears.

BISHOP BOSSUET.

FRANCE'S greatest pulpit orator was Jacques Benigne Bossuet (1627-1704), the son of a parliamentary advocate at Dijon. Before reaching his nineteenth year his fame for eloquence was established. But, becoming in 1657 a preacher before Louis XIV., he degenerated from true nobility of character into a servile flatterer of Le Grand Monarque. "Perhaps of all the writers of the seventeenth century," states Paul Albert, "Bossuet is the one who can least be separated from Louis XIV.;" and the relationship, as it existed, does not redound to the great orator's honor. His eagerness to take advantage of the king's disfavor towards Fénelon will stand to Bossuet's everlasting discredit. He must still be praised as a wonderful prince of eloquence, but he bartered his higher titles for the office of Bishop of Meaux. By this remark, however, it must not be thought that Bossuet was an insincere fawner on absolutism. As for his religious doctrines, he was a strict Roman Catholic —so much so that after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes he could exclaim: "I adore the designs of God, who desired to reveal by the divisions of our Protestants that mystery of iniquity, and to purge France of those monsters." In his "Discourse on Universal History," he subordinates all the facts of the world's history to the progress of Catholicism, yet his work almost foreshadowed, nevertheless, the modern philosophy of history. It was written for the instruction of the dauphin, and completed as far as the reign of Charlemagne. Equally celebrated is his great controversial work, "History of the Variations of Protestant Churches." But it is as a magnificent pulpit orator, especially of funeral panegyrics, that Bossuet lives in fame, and he has been not unjustly styled "the pride and model of Christian rhetoric."

On Death.

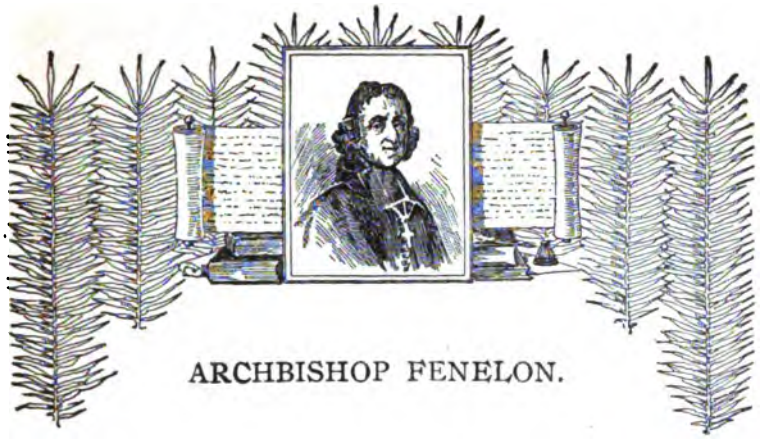
(From a Sermon delivered on a Friday in Lent, 1666.)

Dare I crave permission to open a grave before the court, and will not such fastidious eyes be averted from so gloomy a subject? I do not think, sirs, that Christians ought to refuse to gaze upon this sight with Jesus Christ, for it was to Him that it was said, "Lord, come and see;" see where the body is laid—He it was who bade move the stone; He in His turn bids us "Come and see."

Strange weakness of human nature, that death is never really present to it, although presented on every side and in every shape. . . . When their fellows die, men are in great haste to bury the inevitable thought of death, as to bury those that are dead. Yet among all earthly passions, one of the strongest is the craving for knowledge, and thanks to that craving, men exhaust themselves in striving to read the secrets of nature. . . . Therefore, Christians, I bid you "Come and see." Come and see what mortal life is, come and see what man is. You may marvel that I bid you gaze on death that you may learn what is life; but look into the tomb, and confess that there is no truer interpretation, no more faithful mirror of man's course. The construction of a complex object is never so clearly seen as by the separation of its parts; and truly the union of soul and body leads us to invest the body with more than it really has, and to take somewhat away from the soul; but when they part asunder, and the body returns to the earth, while the soul goes back to God from whence it came, we see what each really is in its simplicity. . . . Come, then, and behold humanity in the grave of Lazarus; behold alike the end of all your aims and the beginning of all your hopes; behold the dissolution and the renewal of your being; behold the triumph of life even when death seems victorious. "Come and see."

[Then turning to the king:] Sire, a monarch, even David, pondered these things on his throne: they are worthy of your hearing. "Behold, Thou hast made my days as a span long, and my age is even as nothing in respect of Thee." O

Eternal King of Ages, Who art ever the Same, Who changest not, illimitable, everlasting,—verily mine age is as nothing in Thy sight; all that has a limit is as nothing; for when that limit is reached one final instant causes it to be as though it had never been. Were your days prolonged like those venerable oaks beneath which our ancestors rested, and which yet overshadow us; or heap up what you will of honor, riches, pleasure; what matters it, since the faint, fluttering grasp of death will overthrow all your pomp in an instant. . . . Every vestige will be erased; your flesh will change its nature, your body will be called by another name, and, as Tertullian says, "even that of corpse will not long cleave to it; it will soon become a something which has no name in any tongue." What, of a truth, O great God, is my substance? I do but enter upon life to quit it; like my fellow-men, I appear only to disappear. Everything speaks to us of death. Nature herself, as though well-nigh envious of the gift she gave us, is for ever reminding us that the little heap of material clay she lends us is but for a brief season ours; that she will soon reclaim it—it is not to remain long in the same hands, she needs it for other forms. This perpetual renewing of the human race—the ever-rising generation who shove us aside and assert their turn—warns us how, even as we see one generation pass, another will see us pass, and they in like wise must do the same. My God, what are we? if I look before me, how fearful the infinity where I am not! if I look backward, how vast the space where equally I am not! and what a mere speck I fill in this boundless abyss of time! Nothing! That brief interval can scarcely separate me from nothingness. I was sent as one of many,—I was not needed, and the world's tragedy were no less played out had I never appeared upon its theatre! It is not even the compass of your whole life which divides you from this nothingness—it is never more than one brief moment. Now we possess that moment —as I speak it passes away, and with it we too should pass did we not unconsciously seize hold of the next, and so on, until at last a moment will come to which we cannot cleave, howsoever earnestly we reach forth, and then we fall. . . . Truly mine age is as nothing in respect of Thee!



ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

FOREVER endeared to fame as the saintly Fénelon, is François de Salignac de la Motte (1651–1715), who is best remembered by his work of instruction written for the young Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis XIV. This work, which he entitled "Les Aventures de Télémaque," The Adventures of Telemachus, forms a curious contrast to Machiavelli's "Prince" (Il Principe). Fénelon's prose epic was meant for his royal pupil (or pupils), and was published only through the faithlessness of a servant. In it the Archbishop of Cambrai undoubtedly sought to influence King Louis as well as his young scholar. A prudent counsellor of Madame de Maintenon, he speaks, in one of his letters to her, of their common political conduct as "the siege of the king."

"Télémaque" abounds in political allusions. As historian Martin declares: "Idomeneus, trained in ideas of pride and haughtiness; too much absorbed in the details of affairs; neglecting the cultivation of the land in order to give himself up to splendid architecture, is Louis XIV." The siren Calypso is said to represent Mme. de Montespan, the king's mistress before Mme. de Maintenon.

Ostensibly, however, this masterpiece of Fénelon's is simply a rehearsal in twenty-four books of the old Greek story of the wanderings of Telemachus in search of his long-missing father Odysseus (Ulysses). Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva, disguised as the aged sage Mentor. He is shipwrecked; made a shepherd in Egypt; imprisoned;

nearly falls a victim to the wrath of Pygmalion, King of Tyre; sees Amphitrite, goddess of the sea, riding in her chariot; arrives in Crete, where King Idomeneus has been expelled, and is offered the Cretan crown; is wrecked a second time, now on the isle of Ogygia, where dwells Calypso, the nymph with whom Ulysses had lingered for seven years. She persuades Telemachus to tell his story, which he does after the manner of Æneas, relating the burning of Troy and his subsequent wanderings to Queen Dido. Calypso then falls in love with the youth, and burns the ship built by Mentor; Mentor thereupon casts Telemachus from a crag into the sea. Being rescued, he hears that Ulysses is dead, and makes a descent into Hades. Learning that his sire is still alive, he returns to earth again, and is enabled to rejoin him in Ithaca.

Such is the bare outline which Fénelon graced with his noble philosophy and his beautiful style. The work has become a French classic, for Fénelon is to French prose what Racine is to French poetry. But despite the beauty and nobility of both Fénelon's style and character, this royal tutor was too bold a friend of humanity, and although an aristocrat by birth, lost the favor of the Grand Monarque. Bossuet, once his dear friend, turned on him as a mystic and heretic, and snapped at his heels. But Fénelon has left in this pure-hearted work, meant to make his young pupil "a new St. Louis," "a philosophic king," perhaps the most attractive monument of all the Frenchmen of his age. Fénelon for his sweet speech has been called "the Swan of Cambrai," in contra-distinction to his rival Bossuet, who from his grandeur was known as "the Eagle of Meaux."

Telemachus Welcomed by Calypso.

(From "Télémaque," Book I.)

Calypso could not console herself for the departure of Ulysses. She regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair. Her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence.

She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amid the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the memory of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walks. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and while her eyes were fixed on that part of the horizon, where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears.

Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck; broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; a rudder, a mast, and some cordage were floating near the shore. Soon after she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be aged, while in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses. The same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect; his stature was equally lofty, and his port equally majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso.

Calypso, however, rejoiced in the fortunate shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son. She advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him, she said: "How hast thou presumed to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?" By this menace she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance.

"Whoever thou art," replied Telemachus, "whether thou art indeed a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet mortal; canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a father, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks?" "Who then is thy father whom thou seekest?" inquired the goddess. "He is

one of the confederate kings," answered Telemachus, "who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes, and his name is Ulysses; a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. He is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests, which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude. His country seems to fly before him. Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca, of his return. I, though equally

destitute of hope, pursue him through all the perils that he has passed, and seek him upon every coast. I seek him; but, alas! perhaps the sea has already closed over him forever! O goddess, have compassion on our distress; and if thou knowest what the fates have wrought, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son!"

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention, but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said, "We will acquaint you, Telemachus, with the adventures of your father. But the story will be long: it is now time that you should repair

that strength by rest, which has been exhausted by labor. Come into my dwelling, where I will receive you as my son; come,—you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity."

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied in graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downwards.

When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble; no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues were to be seen; but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; aud the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the rivulets that with soothing murmurs wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths that were pure and transparent as crystal; the verdant carpet which nature had spread around the grotto was adorned with a thousand flowers. At a small distance

there was a wood of those trees that in every season unfolded new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable contrast of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the song of birds, or the sound of water, which, falling from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill. It commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid, sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore. At another view a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds. The streams which formed those islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness: some rolled along in translucent waves with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence with a motion that was scarcely perceptible; others, after a long circuit, turned back as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapors that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with strange forms that were equally pleasing and romantic. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons. Grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain, so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden of infinite variety and boundless extent.

Calypso having displayed this profusion of nature's beauty to Telemachus, said to him, "Go now and refresh yourself, and change your wet apparel. I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall affect your heart." She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most

secret recess of a grotto adjoining her own. Here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar, which perfumed the place, and had left change of apparel for the new guests.

Telemachus, perceiving that a tunic of the finest wool, and whiter than snow, and a purple robe embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with pleasure natural to a youth.

Mentor perceived his weakness and reproved it. "Are these then," said he, "O Telemachus, such thoughts as become the son of Ulysses? Be rather studious to appropriate the character of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of fortune. The youth who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to him only who can bear pain, and trample pleasure under his feet."

Telemachus answered with a sigh: "May the gods destroy me rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy. No; the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease. But how gracious is Heaven, to have directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!"

"Fear rather," replied Mentor, "lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin; fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate. The presumption of youth hopes all things from itself, and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event; it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtilty without suspicion. Beware of Calypso's seducing eloquence, which, like a serpent, glides beneath flowers; dread the concealed poison! Trust not thyself, but confide implicitly in my counsel."

They then returned to Calypso, who was waiting for them. Her nymphs, who were dressed in white, and had their hair braided, set before them a repast, which, though it was simple, and consisted only of such game as they had either taken with

their nets, or killed in the chase, was yet of exquisite taste, and served up with elegance. Wine, more richly flavored than nectar, was poured from large silver vases, and sparkled in cups of gold that were wreathed with flowers; and baskets were heaped with all the variety of fruit that is promised by spring and bestowed by autumn. In the mean time four of the attendant nymphs began to sing. Their first theme was the battle of the gods and Titans; then they celebrated the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta with Hippomenes, by whom she was conquered with golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides. The wars of Troy were reserved to the last; the prowess and the wisdom of Ulysses were extolled to the heavens. The principal nymph, whose name was Leucothoe, to the harmonious voices of the chorus joined the music of her lyre.

When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which stole down his cheeks added new lustre to his beauty. But Calypso, perceiving that he was too sensibly touched, and neglected to eat, made a signal to her nymphs. They immediately changed the subject to the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to bring back his Eurydice from hell.

The Farewell Counsels of Minerva.

(From "Télémaque," Book XVIII.)

Mentor then determined to bring the patience of Telemachus to another trial, yet more severe than any that were past. At the moment, therefore, when the hero was urging the mariners to set sail without delay, Mentor suddenly stopped him, and proposed that they should offer a solemn sacrifice to Minerva upon the beach. Telemachus consented without remonstrance or complaint. Two altars of turf were immediately prepared, the incense smoked, and the blood of the victims was shed. The youth looked up to heaven with a sigh of tenderness and devotion, and acknowledged the powerful protection of the goddess.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the darkest recess of a neighboring wood. Here he suddenly

perceived the countenance of his friend assumed a new form; the wrinkles disappeared as the shadows of the night vanish when the rosy fingers of Aurora throw back the portals of the east, and kindle the horizon with the beams of day; his eyes, which were keen and hollow, changed to a celestial blue, and sparkled with divine radiance; his beard, grizzled and neglected, totally vanished, and the sight of Telemachus was dazzled by new features, which were at once mild and awful, lovely and majestic. He beheld the countenance of a woman, soft and delicate as the leaves of a flower just opening to the sun, and blooming with the tints both of the lily and the rose; it was distinguished by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth, and the easy dignity of simple greatness. Her flowing hair filled the air with ambrosial odors; and her robes shone with a various and a vivid splendor, like the clouds of heaven, which the sun diversifies and irradiates with his earliest light. The divinity was no longer supported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which she floated like a bird in its flight. In her hand was the shining lance, at which nations tremble and Mars himself becomes sensible to fear. Her voice was sweet and placid, but penetrating and strong. Her words pierced the heart of Telemachus like shafts of fire, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain. Upon her helmet appeared the solitary bird of Athens, and her dreadful ægis glittered upon her breast. By these characteristics Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

"And is it thou thyself," said he, "O goddess, who, for the love that thou bearest to Ulysses, hast vouchsafed guidance and protection to his son?" . . . He would have said more, but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that rushed with impetuous tumult from his heart, his tongue labored in vain to express. He was overwhelmed by the presence of the divinity, like a man who is oppressed by the loss of breath in a dream, and who, although agonized with an effort to speak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddess addressed him in these words: "Hear me, O son of Ulysses, for the last time! I have hitherto favored no mortal with such instructions as I have vouchsafed to thee. In countries unknown, in shipwreck, in battle,

in every situation of danger and distress by which the heart of man can be tried, I have been thy protection. For thee I have illustrated by experiment all maxims of government, both false and true. I have improved not only thy misfortunes, but even thy faults into wisdom. Who can govern, that has never suffered? Who can avoid error, but by experience of its evil?

"Thou hast filled earth and ocean with disastrous adventures like thy father, and art now worthy to follow him to Ithaca, where he has this moment arrived, and whither thy passage is short and easy. In battle let thy station be at his side; obey him with implicit reverence, and let the meanest subject learn his duty from thy example. He will give Antiope to thy wishes; in this alliance thy object was rather merit than beauty, and it shall be happy.

"When thou shalt be invested with sovereign power, let it be thy only ambition to restore the golden age. Let thy ear be open to all, but let thy confidence be confined to few. Trust not implicitly to thy own virtue or thy own wisdom. Fear to deceive thyself, but fear not that others should know that thou hast been deceived.

"Love thy people; neglect nothing that may inspire them with love of thee. Those whom love cannot influence, must be ruled by fear; but this expedient, like a violent and dangerous remedy, should always be used with reluctance.

"Undertake nothing of which thou hast not considered the most remote consequences; look steadily at the future, whatever evils it may present; and know that true courage consists in the anticipation and contempt of necessary danger. He who will not voluntarily look danger in the face, will shrink from the sight when it is obtruded upon him; he only is wise and brave who willingly looks on all that can be seen, who shuns all that can be shunned, and meets that which is inevitable with equanimity.

"Avoid luxury, profusion, and pomp, and place thy glory in simplicity. Let thy virtues be the ornaments of thy person and thy palace; let these be the guards that surround thee; and let thy example teach the world in what honor consists.

"Let it be constantly present to thy mind, that kings reign not for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The virtues and the vices of kings entail happiness or misery upon mankind, to the remotest generations, and a bad reign sometimes produces calamity for an age.

"Above all, guard against thy humor: it is a bosom enemy, which every man is condemned to carry with him to the grave; it will enter into all thy councils; and, if indulged, will certainly pervert them. It will prevent thee from improving opportunities of advantage; it will prefer shadow to substance, and determine important affairs by petty considerations. It obscures talents, depresses courage, and renders a man feeble, inconstant, odious, and contemptible. Against this enemy, be continually upon thy guard.

"Let the fear of the gods, O Telemachus, be the ruling passion of thy heart: keep it sacred in thy bosom, as thy dearest treasure; for with this thou shalt possess wisdom and justice, tranquillity and joy, unpolluted pleasure, genuine freedom, peaceful affluence, and spotless glory.

"I now leave thee, O son of Ulysses! But, so long as thou shalt feel the want of my wisdom, my wisdom shall remain with thee. It is now time that thou shouldst walk by the light of thy own mind. I withdrew from thee in Egypt and at Salentum, that I might reconcile thee by degrees to the want of that assistance and comfort which I afforded as a mother weans an infant from the breast, when it is no longer necessary to feed it with milk, and it is able to subsist upon more solid food."

Such was the last counsel of Minerva to Telemachus; and while her voice yet vibrated on his ear, he perceived her rise slowly from the earth, and, a cloud of intermingled azure and gold surrounding her, she disappeared. Telemachus stood a moment astonished and entranced; then, sighing, prostrated himself upon the ground, and stretched out his hands towards heaven. After this homage was paid, he arose, awakened his companions, hastened their departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found his father under the friendly roof of his faithful Eumenes [called in Homer's Odyssey Eumæus].

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 1500–1650.

EVEN before Gutenberg's ever-memorable invention of printing with movable metal types, about 1454 A.D., there had been attempts to multiply books without the tedious labor of the pen. Blocks of wood, with a coarse drawing and some lettering explanatory or otherwise appropriate, were used in the Low Countries to make impressions on paper. The books, pamphlets, or single sheets, formed from these blocks, were chiefly devotional or religious, yet a fable or two and a "Dance of Death," thus made, have been preserved. Printing with metal types was employed at first in making copies of valuable books, already at hand, Latin Bibles and other standard works. But when several persons had learned the art, some imitated the block-books, retaining the wood-cuts, but using metal types for the text. Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff," Ship of Fools, and similar satires were thus illustrated. The increased facility of producing books greatly augmented the tendency to seek reform in Church and State. The restiveness and discontent of the middle classes under the oppression of feudalism and the corruption of the Church found a new manifestation.

Martin Luther, the son of a peasant, was a genuine representative of this tendency, while his education and literary genius enabled him to give forcible utterance to what had been imperfectly expressed by others. At first he was disposed to be submissive to authority, but his sense of duty to

God and his fellow-men led him to rebellion against unrighteousness. He claimed and achieved freedom of speech and writing for himself and others. The opinions of this champion were received by multitudes as laws. He became the director of princes, though he never abandoned the cause of the people. His early writings were in the Saxon dialect, but in making his translation of the Bible he wrought out a noble speech which has become the basis of modern High German. Jacob Grimm praises his style for its wonderful purity.

The poetry of the Middle Ages belonged to South Germany; the Minnesingers and romancists of chivalry frequented the courts of Austria and Thuringia. But the Reformation and Luther's translation of the Bible caused a new literature to flourish in the North, while that of the South has steadily declined. Yet even the example and success of Luther did not at once accomplish the formation of this new literature. Latin was still regarded as the only proper vehicle for dignified writing; the vernacular was suited only to vulgar purposes, and was treated with contempt. The leading Reformers changed their own names into Latin and Greek forms; thus Schwarzerd (Black-earth) became famous as Melanchthon, and Hausschein (House-light) as Œcolampadius. At a later period French came to occupy the most prominent place, and not till the close of the eighteenth century did the despised German throw off its shackles and emerge from the prison in which it was confined.

Among the contemporaries of Luther who used their mother-tongue in writing were the brave knight Ulrich von Hutten (1488–1523), who censured the nobles and defended the views of Luther, and Thomas Murner (1475–1536), who hotly opposed the Reformer. Murner, after writing some fifty sober religious books, which could not be sold, turned his hand to satirical rhymes against all classes, and gained a hearing. The humorous taste of the people was gratified with many popular fables.

Luther was a lover of music and art, and sought to encourage these in the service of the Church. His hymns and psalms were sung with enthusiasm, and became the favorites

of the people. Other hymn-writers sprang up, who ministered to the popular demands, but their products are incapable of fair translation into other languages. There were also popular preachers, such as Johann Mathesius, and mystical writers, such as Johann Arndt. But the most remarkable religious writer was the theosophist Jacob Böhme (often called Behmen), one of whose chief works was called "Aurora, the Morning-Redness in the East; or the Root and Mother of Philosophy, Astrology and Theology."

Towards the end of the sixteenth century flourished Johann Fischart, a satirist noted for his extravagant combinations of words and his imitation of Rabelais. His most popular production was a burlesque of the "Farmer's Almanacs," and bore the title "The Grandmother of All Almanacs." Another of his numerous works was an adaptation of Rabelais' "Gargantua." To this time also belongs the widely circulated "History of Doctor Faustus," first published in 1587.

The Thirty Years' War descended like a sirocco on Germany, blasting and devastating the country. Literature perished in the general destruction. Here and there a few choice spirits, stunted and twisted by their environment, preserved the seed for future crops.

SEBASTIAN BRANT.

AMONG the noted satirists of the fifteenth century was Sebastian Brant or Brandt. Born at Strassburg in 1458, he went to Basle to study law and the classics. When appointed to a professorship he soon became one of the most popular lecturers. He wrote Latin poems and treatises on law, and revised Treidank's "Bescheidenheit" (Discretion), and Hugo of Trimberg's "Renner." But the work by which Brant is best known is the "Narrenschiff," or Ship of Fools, published at Basle, in 1494. Through a Latin translation by Loeher, in 1497, this work became extensively known, and

was translated into almost every European language. The satire is often coarse, but there is a basis of sound sense and morality. The ideas had probably already found expression in the carnival festivals of the Upper and Lower Rhine. It was a practice of the time to publish picture-sheets in which human vices were personified and shown in fool's dress. These were accompanied by certain rhymes, which Brant collected and expanded into a poem, satirizing different types of human character. While Brant's ship is sailing past the Idlers' country and tending towards the Fools' Land, the author brings forward the fools one by one, and introduces them to the reader as the book-fool, the miser-fool, the fashion-fool, the fool with regard to children. Altogether a hundred and ten classes of fools are pictured and described. A wood-cut shows Venus with two fools and a monk in leash. The characters are made to speak for themselves, while the author adds various complaints and homilies. Brant died in 1521.

The Ship of Fools.

Alexander Barclay (1475–1552), who was probably a Scotchman by birth, but lived as monk and priest in England for many years, made a free rendering of Brant's "Ship of Fools," with numerous additions of his own. It was printed in 1509, and re-edited by T. H. Jamieson in 1874. From this version our extract is taken, the spelling being modernized.

Come to, companions; run, time it is to move,
  Our carack floats; the sea is large and wide
And deep enough; a pleasant wind doth blow;
  Prolong no time; our carack doth you bide,
  Our fellows tarry for you on every side.
Haste hither, I say, ye fools natural!
How oft shall I you unto my *navy* call? [*ship*

Ye have one comfort: ye shall not be alone;
  Your company almost is infinite:
For now alive are men but few or none,
  That of my ship can rid himself out quite.
  A fool in fellows hath pleasure and delight.
Here none can want, for our proclamation
Extendeth far, and to many a strange nation.

Both young and old, poor man and *estate,* [*noble*
The foolish mother, her daughter by her side,
Run to our Navy, fearing to come too late.
No manner of degree is in the world wide,
But that, for all their stateliness and pride,
As many as from the way of wisdom trip,
Shall have a room and place within my ship.

My foolish fellows, therefore I you exhort,
Hasten to our Navy, for time it is to row.
Now must we leave each simple haven and port,
And sail to that land where fools abound and flow;
For whether we arrive at London or Bristowe,
Or any other haven within this our land,
We fools enow shall find alway at hand.

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

ONE of the most active of Luther's supporters was the irrepressible Frankish knight Ulrich von Hutten, whose sword had already protected from bodily harm Reuchlin, famous as a lexicographer and Hebrew scholar, and uncle of Melanchthon. Hutten's pen was even more powerful than his sword. He wrote at first in Latin, but finally, in order to reach the common people, he wrote in German, and exerted considerable influence by the "Aufwecker der teutschen Nation" (Awakener of the German Nation). His writings came thick and fast in the form of speeches, invectives, dispatches and dialogues, all of which are remarkable for their chivalrous and animated style. In 1517, at Augsburg, he was made poet-laureate of Germany by the Emperor Maximilian, and from that time onward wrote in dialogue-form, which fixed the style of the controversial literature of the Reformation. In one of his dialogues a Papal Bull is represented as fighting with German Liberty; both sides are supported by numerous allies; in the end the bull explodes, and emits a hideous progeny of superstition, avarice, deception and hypocrisy. Hutten was an enthusiastic humanist or advocate of classical culture, and found fuel to fire his patriotic emotions in the praise bestowed by Tacitus on Arminius (Hermann), the German tribal chief, and in the account of the annihilation of the Roman legions as told by Velleius. Out of these grew his dialogue of "Arminius," which was published in 1529, and is noticeable as introducing Hermann-worship into German poetry. From the impetuosity and vigor of his satires, Hutten has been called the "German Juvenal." He ended his romantic and stormy life in Switzerland in 1523.

COMPLAINT ADDRESSED TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

I, ULRICH VON HUTTEN, poet and orator, address this my complaint, and present my humble respects to all classes of the German people, to men in every station, to princes, noblemen and citizens, and to the whole body of the people. Kind masters and friends, you know that at various times, moved by a love of Christian truth, and earnest desires for the welfare of our nation, I have written and spoken things which have brought on me the enmity of all who are in alliance with Rome. . . . I have been repeatedly warned that such measures are now taken against me that my life is no longer safe in my own country. When I came to Brabant, I waited there for some days at the court of our most gracious sovereign Charles; but here I was told by good friends that if I would preserve my life, I must flee from this place without delay, as dangerous foes were watching my movements. At first, being conscious of innocence, I treated this warning lightly; but afterwards, when all my friends conspired to move me, I followed their advice, and fled from the place with all possible speed. I cannot say who were my enemies there. When I asked my friends, they told me to be on my guard against all persons in the service of Rome and this warning was soon confirmed; for, as I journeyed up the Rhine, certain persons who had lately returned from Italy met me, and assured me that it was a common report in Rome that Leo was bitterly displeased with me, and had issued orders that I should be punished with the utmost severity. Then I came to Mentz, and here my friends and patrons received me with great joy and kindness, and expressed their wonder to see me again alive; for they had heard that I had fallen into the hands of my enemies. When I arrived at Frankfort, I received letters and messages from friends, informing me that letters had been sent by the Pope to several German princes, instructing them to send me as a prisoner to Rome, and threatening that, if they refused to obey this command, they would no longer be regarded as the friends of Leo. I had scarcely heard this news, when tiding came also from the Netherlands, telling

me that there certain Roman emissaries were waiting for me, armed with full authority to employ against me the secular power. . . . To these dangers I am exposed on account of my endeavors for the welfare of our Fatherland, and for true faith and religion, endeavors which all who love the truth must approve. And now I have to beg for my life, that I may live and continue the work in which I have been engaged. I pray you all, my countrymen, to give me help, counsel, and defence against my foes. To whom shall I flee if not to you? Gracious masters and kind friends, fellow-Germans all! I appeal to *you*. Will you allow one who has done good service to his country, to be driven out of it like a criminal? Will you stand by quietly, and see an innocent man punished? That be far from you! Never let it be said that the Germans, who have always been hospitable and kind to foreigners, were unmerciful to one of their own kindred! Where is the honor, the virtue, of our nation in these times? Where is the manliness for which they have been celebrated? Countrymen! let all unite to protect even *one*, if that one has done good service for all. I might have enjoyed the favor of Rome at this time, if I had not desired, above all other things, the welfare of my country. For this I have labored and suffered. For this I have endured so many misfortunes, long journeys by day and night, so much want and care, and such shameful poverty; and all this in the prime of my life—in the best, blooming years of youth! Surely for all my good intentions I have some claim on your assistance. . . . If I cannot move you by my own case, be moved with pity for my friends and relatives. My poor and aged father and mother, my younger brother, who is in great trouble about me, all my relatives, and many who love and respect me, besides several learned men, and some noblemen; all these join in my petition. If I have added something to the honor of our Fatherland by my writing—if I have endeavored to serve my country—help me now! Must I be torn away from you, my brethren; from this earth, which has supported me from infancy; from my native air; from all the friendly and familiar faces of the people; from my parental dwelling; from my German home and altar; and must I be hurried away, not to spend my life,

however miserable, abroad, but to cruel tortures and a shameful death? Germans all! my brethren! help me now! Stand by the persecuted man, and do not suffer me to be torn away from you.

MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546) is justly honored as the Father of Modern High German Language and Literature. In literature not less than in religion he was the commanding spirit of the age,—the giant of his day. It would be aside from our purpose to enter here into the Titanic story of this great reformer's life-work: how the slate-cutter's son became a monk only to half-dethrone the Pope; how he nailed his ninety-five theses against John Tetzel and the sale of indulgences on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg (1517), and afterwards, when excommunicated, publicly burned the Pope's bull (1520); how he was judged and outlawed by the Emperor Charles V. at the famous Diet of Worms, but rescued and protected by the Elector Frederick of Saxony in the castle of Wartburg; how he returned to Wittenburg and married Catharina von Bora, who had once been a nun; and finally how, after a life of spiritual warfare, he died in peace in 1546. It is for us simply to note his unwearying work with his pen over his translation of the Bible, his work on tracts and sermons (130 tracts being written in a single year), and his writing of German Protestant hymns. "The leader of the Reformation was also the first evangelical hymnist," exclaims Julian. To Luther belongs the extraordinary merit of having given to the German people, in their own tongue, the Bible, the Catechism, and the hymn-book. His translation of the Bible is a precious legacy to the entire German nation, for it gave a common speech in place of a bewildering multiplicity of dialects; and, as has been said, "Its absolute simplicity brings it to the level of a child's understanding; its strength and grace give it an enduring place as a work of art." The

charm of this scriptural translation is also to be beheld in the best of his letters, and in the hymns which he began writing in 1523, after the completion of his translation of the New Testament. A racy, idiomatic style, and a forcible, clear expression are his conspicuous characteristics; but he had also a strongly poetic element within his nature. "My husk may be hard," he himself said, "but the kernel is soft and sweet." Away from the violence and dogmatism of his tracts and sermons, we find a refreshing spirit in his hymns. Luther was a musician, and composed tunes to his best hymns. He was also a great lover of poetry and song. This is seen in his naive little tribute to "Frau Musika,"—a German title scarcely capable of English translation. Luther wrote thirty-seven hymns, of which the most triumphant was his grand battle-hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" (A Tower of Refuge is our God). This hymn was the war-song of the Reformation, and has even been called the National Hymn of Germany. "A battle-hymn was this defiant song," declares Heinrich Heine, "with which Luther and his comrades entered Worms (April 16, 1521). The old cathedral trembled at these new notes, and the ravens were startled in their hidden nests in the tower. This hymn, the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation, has preserved its potent spell even to our days, and we may yet soon use again in similar conflicts the old mailed words." Singularly felicitous is that description of "mailed words."

D'Aubigné differs with Heine, however, as to the date of this hymn, and declares that Luther first sang it during the diet of Augsburg in his own noble accents. It was not only sung there, but in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains often revived and inspirited the most dejected hearts. It is probable that Luther really first sang it at the diet of Spires (1529), where the German princes won the generic name of Protestants. Gustavus Adolphus caused it to be sung before his whole army, ere the battle of Leipzig, (1631), and his soldiers sang it—thousands as one voice—on the fatal field of Lützen. Carlyle has given this hymn its most noble English form. Luther found his inspiration for this battle lyric in the Forty-sixth Psalm, "Deus noster

refugium et virtus." The imagery, however, is Luther's own, and the German resounds with mighty effects. Two other of Luther's hymns which call for special mention, are his "Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir" (Out of deep need I cry to Thee), founded on Psalm cxxx.; and "Ach Gott vom Himmel sich dareir," based on Psalm xii. Luther has been entitled the Ambrose of German hymnody. The characteristic of his hymns is simplicity and strength, and they breathe the bold, confident, joyful spirit of justified faith, which was the beating heart of his theology and piety. He possessed the extraordinary faculty of expressing the profoundest thought in the clearest language. "In this gift," exclaims one admirer, "he is not surpassed by any uninspired writer."

Hans Sachs' song, to "The Wittenberg Nightingale," gave fine utterance to the reverence of the Lutherans for their chief. Luther's great choral has been used by Meyerbeer most incongruously in "The Huguenots;" by Mendelssohn in his "Reformation Symphony;" and by Wagner in the "Kaisersmarsch," which he wrote for Emperor William's return from the Franco-Prussian war.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour:
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden.
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son:
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er
  And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
  Not they can overpower us.
    And let the Prince of Ill
    Look grim as e'er he will,
    He harms us not a whit:
    For why? His doom is writ,
  A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
  One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course:
  'Tis written by His finger.
    And though they take our life,
    Goods, honor, children, wife,
    Yet is their profit small:
    These things shall vanish all,
  The City of God remaineth.

WRITERS AND TEACHERS.

(From a "Discourse on the Advantage of Schools.")

THERE are some that deem the office of a writer to be an easy and trivial office; but to ride in armor, to endure heat, cold, dust, thirst and other inconvenience, they think to be laborious. Yea! that is the old, vulgar, daily tune; that no one sees where the shoe pinches another. Every one feels only his own troubles, and stares at the ease of others. True it is, it would be difficult for me to ride in armor; but then, on the other hand, I would like to see the rider who should sit still the whole day long and look into a book, though he were not compelled to care for aught, to invent or think or read. Ask a chancery-clerk, a preacher or an orator, what kind of work writing and haranguing is? Ask a schoolmaster what kind of work is teaching and bringing up of boys? The pen is light, it is true, and among all trades no tool so easily furnished as that of the writing-trade, for it needeth only a goose's feather, of which one shall everywhere find a sufficiency, *gratis*. Nevertheless, in this employment, the best piece in the human body (the head), and the noblest

member (the tongue), and the highest work (speech) must take part and labor most; while, in others, either the fist or the feet or the back, or members of that class, alone work; and they that pursue them may sing merrily the while, and jest freely, which a writer cannot do. Three fingers do the work (so they say of writers), but the whole body and soul must co-operate.

I have heard of the worthy and beloved Emperor Maximilian, how, when the great boobies complained that he employed so many writers for missions and other purposes, he is reported to have said: "What shall I do? They will not suffer themselves to be used in this way, therefore I must employ writers." And further: "Knights I can create, but doctors I cannot create." So have I likewise heard of a fine nobleman, that said, "I will let my son study. It is no great art to hang two legs over a steed and be a rider; he will soon learn that; and he shall be fine and well-spoken."

They say, and it is true, the pope was once a pupil too. Therefore despise me not the boys who say "*panem propter Deum*" [Bread for God's sake] before the doors and sing the bread-song. Thou hearest, as this psalm says, great princes and lords sing. I too have been one of these boys, and have received bread at the houses, especially at Eisenach, my native city. Although afterward my dear father maintained me, with all love and faith, in the high-school at Erfurt, and, by his sore sweat and labor, has helped me to what I have become,—still I have been a beggar at the doors of the rich, and, according to this psalm, have attained so far by means of the pen, that, now, I would not bargain with the Turkish Emperor, to have his wealth and forego my art. Yea, I would not take for it the wealth of the world many times multiplied; and yet, without doubt, I had never attained to it, had I not chanced upon a school and the writers' trade.

Therefore let thy son study, nothing doubting, and though he should beg his bread the while, yet shalt thou give to our Lord God a fine piece of wood out of which he can whittle thee a lord. And be not disturbed that vulgar niggards contemn the art so disdainfully, and say: Aha! if my son can write German and read and cipher, he knows enough; I will

have him a merchant. They shall soon become so tame that they will be fain to dig with their fingers, ten yards deep in the earth, for a scholar. For the merchant will not be a merchant long, when law and preaching fail. That know I for certain; we theologians and lawyers must remain, or all must go down with us together. It cannot be otherwise. When theologians go, then goes the word of God, and remains nothing but the heathen, yea! mere devils. When jurists go, then goes justice together with peace, and remains only murder, robbery, outrage, force, yea! mere wild beasts. But what the merchant shall earn and win, when peace is gone, I will leave it to his books to inform him. And how much profit all his wealth shall be to him when preaching fails, his conscience, I trow, shall declare to him.

I will say briefly of a diligent pious school-teacher or magistrate, or of whomsoever it is, that faithfully brings up boys and instructs them, that such a one can never be sufficiently recompensed or paid with money; as also the heathen Aristotle says. Yet is this calling so shamefully despised among us, as though it were altogether nought. And we call ourselves Christians!

And if I must or could relinquish the office of preacher and other matters, there is no office I would more willingly have than that of school-master or teacher of boys. For I know that this work, next to the office of preacher, is the most profitable, the greatest and the best. Besides, I know not even which is the best of the two. For it is hard to make old dogs tame and old rogues upright; at which task, nevertheless, the preacher's office labors, and often labors in vain. But young trees be more easily bent and trained, even though some should break in the effort. Beloved! count it one of the highest virtues upon earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.

His Preface to Æsop's Fables.

This book of fables has been esteemed as a famous production even by the wisest men in the world, especially among the heathen. And with regard to maxims for our practical

conduct, I will venture to say that, always excepting the Sacred Writings, I know no book superior to Æsop in wisdom and utility. For here we have, in a dress of very plain words, and under the disguise of amusing fables, excellent warnings and doctrines on household management and other affairs of life, teaching a man how he must conduct himself toward his superiors and his inferiors, so that he may live prudently and peaceably even among bad people in this present evil world. With regard to the supposed author, the dwarf and jester, I reject all that has been said and written about him as merely fabulous; for in all probability no such man as Æsop ever lived. I believe that these fables were invented by several wise men who lived in various times, and that they gradually received many additions, until some persons collected them in a volume. In the same way the tales and fables which have long been current among our German people might be now collected. I do not believe that all the wise men in the world at this time (not to speak of any single man) could produce such a set of fables as we have here under the title of Æsop. Among these, some are probably very old; others are of a later date; and perhaps a few were added when the book was compiled. However, I dare say the authors of the old story about Æsop had a good intention in their fiction, and wished to recommend the book to the notice of the common people by representing the author as a professed fool and jester. In the same way we find now that children and young people especially relish a joke or a droll story when recited by some actor in a comic dress and mask (such as are used in our Shrove-Tuesday plays), so as to excite laughter. And this trick of dressing up truth in a clown's motley might suit not only children, but also upgrown people; for many of these will listen to good maxims dropped from the mouth of a jester, while they will turn away from the serious admonitions of a wise man. For nothing is more unwelcome to the world than truth, especially when it is practically applied.

So we may imagine that the wise men who wrote these fables said to themselves, "Well! what must be done in this case—when the world will not listen to plain truth, and yet must not be left quite without truth? We must garnish the

truth with the semblance of a lie. We will put our doctrines into the mouths of animals; for the people will listen to bears, wolves, and foxes, rather than to philosophers. Our four-footed wolves and foxes may give some homely advice to their two-footed friends. Though such men will not hear their vices reproved by preachers, or friends, or foes, our fabulous Fox may read such a lecture to the true fox in human shape as will make his cheeks burn, while he wishes that old Æsop had been burned as a heretic." The fable-writers have said that Æsop, after all the pains he had taken to disguise his doctrine, was put to death at last for speaking the truth too plainly. This agrees with what I have said, and I repeat it—Truth is the most intolerable thing in the world.

Therefore, as it must be presented in disguise, I have undertaken the revision of this book, and have dressed it in a better style than before. In doing this, I have especially cared for young people, that they may receive instruction in a style suitable to their age, which is naturally fond of plays and all kinds of fictions; and I have wished to gratify this natural taste without indulging anything that is bad. For we have seen what an objectionable book some writers have made, and sent into the world under the title of "The German Æsop," in which the original fables are mixed with such scandalous tales, as call for punishment of their authors; tales written to please the lowest characters, and to be recited in disorderly ale-houses and taverns. Æsop endeavored to introduce wisdom under an appearance of folly; but these perverters of Æsop would drown all wisdom in folly and coarse laughter. These fables were not written to serve the purposes of these debased characters. They are swine, and they will remain swine, so we must not cast our pearls before them. But we request all pious and well-meaning men to endeavor to abolish utterly that scandalous old "German Æsop," and to substitute in its place the book now presented to the public—a book which may be used safely and freely in every family—a book which a father may spread open upon a table in the midst of his children.

LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON JOHN.

GRACE and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums and wheat-plums;—they sing and jump and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were? And he said, They are the children that love to pray and to learn and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too, his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: Ah! dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

Thy dear Father, MARTINUS LUTHER.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

DEAR KATE:—We arrived here, at Halle, about eight o'clock; but have not ventured to go on to Eisleben, for we have been stopped by a great anabaptist (I mean a flood), which has covered the roads here, and has threatened us with no mere "sprinkling," but with "immersion," against our will. For another reason we cannot turn back; so here we have to lie at Halle between the waters. However, you may comfort yourself by being assured that we are not drinking water, but have plenty of good beer and Rhenish wine, with which we cheer ourselves in spite of the overflowing river. Even our driver was timid; so we would not venture to try a passage over the flooded country, as we have a proper respect for the evil demon who dwells in the water floods, and we do not wish by our watery death to make a festival for the Pope and all his friends. I never supposed that the river here could be so insolent as to cover all the paths in this style. Well, no more now; pray for us, and be pious. I believe, if you had been with us, you would have advised us to do just as we are doing, and I am sure we should have taken your advice.

HALLE, *January* 25, 1546.

THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

SIMON DACH (1605–1659) was both scholar and poet in a quiet, meditative way. His merit procured for him the professorship of poetry in the University of Königsberg. In early life, when his lady-love had proved untrue to him, he composed, in the Low German dialect, the sweetly sentimental song, "Anke von Tharaw." It is hard to believe that he meant it ironically, as is related. At any rate the simple-minded public cheerfully accepted its ostensible meaning. In later life the tender-hearted professor is said to have expressed regret for the piece by which he is best known. But why?

ANNIE OF THARAW.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,
Thou art my lambkin, my chick and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household,—thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

CHRISTOPH VON GRIMMELSHAUSEN.

THIS author is worthy of remembrance for the sake of his picturesque romance, "Simplicissimus," which—although written on the Spanish plan of adventures so familiar through Gil Blas—perpetuates a realistic picture of the state of Germany during the Thirty Years' War. He was born in 1625 and died in 1676. He depicts the horrors and the barbarities of that period when endless strife was carried on by hordes of adventurers whose sole object was plunder. The Thirty Years' War had a disastrous effect on German national life. Whole towns were reduced to ashes, entire districts laid waste, and the population of twenty millions was decimated. So wretched were some of the peasants that cannibalism was not unknown. Such is the direful background against which Grimmelshausen's vagabond hero pursued his adventures, and they were in keeping with the age. Simplicissimus was really

named Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim, but he was found as an infant by a herdsman and reared among the cattle. The village was burned down by the soldiers, whereupon Simplex, or Simplicissimus (so styled owing to his naïveté), found refuge with a hermit. The troops captured him later, however, and he was brought before the Swedish governor, who proved to be his grandfather just as the hermit turned out to be his father. The unhappy youth in his moment of new-found joy fell into the hands of the Croats. He got among thieves, and, like Gil Blas, became a rascal himself. He even committed murder. He enlisted, grew rich, squandered his fortune, turned beggar in the Rhineland, became freebooter, and at last ended up as a hermit, like his father. The lack of unity of the story is somewhat compensated for by its strightforward march and its vivacious humor. It is sprinkled with songs and episodes, and descriptions of cruel war. "Simplicissimus" presents the frightful culmination of German romance in the seventeenth century. Grimmelshausen also wrote "Springinsfeld," the assumed biography of a soldier, freebooter and beggar, with a marvelous juggler's bag.

The Raid on the Parson's Kitchen.

At one time we soldiers had been vainly hoping for some wagons with provisions to come into our way at the Castle of Recklinghausen, and the pangs of hunger were upon us. And when I and my comrade, a student just run away from school, were leaning out of one of the windows, and hungrily gazing out into the country, my companion sighed after the barley-soup of his dear mother, and said: "Ah, brother, isn't it a shame to think that, after having studied all the arts, I should not be able to supply food for myself? Brother, I know for certain, if I were only allowed to visit the parson in yonder village—you can see the church steeple just beyond the poplars—I should find a most excellent feast."

After a short parley the captain gave us permission; I exchanged my clothes with those of another, and the student and I betook ourselves to the village on a very roundabout way. The reverend gentleman received us civilly. When

my companion had greeted him in Latin, accompanying his words with a profound bow, and briskly conjuring up a fine array of lies how the soldiers had robbed him, a poor student, of all his provisions, the parson gave him bread and butter and a drink of beer. I passed myself off as a painter's apprentice, and acting as if my companion and I had never met before, I told them both I should go down the village street to the inn for refreshment, and would then call for him, as we seemed to be going the same way. So I went away in search of anything that might be worth the trouble of coming for the following night, and I was so fortunate as to meet a peasant who was plastering up an earthen oven in which large loaves of brown bread were to lie and bake for twenty-four hours. I thought, "Go ahead; plaster away! I'll find you a customer for these delicious viands." I made but a short stay at the inn, knowing this cheaper way of getting bread, and returned to my companion, who had eaten his fill, and had told the parson that I was on my way to Holland to perfect myself in my art.

The parson asked me to go and see the church with him, as he would like to show me some paintings that were in need of restoration. As it would not do to spoil the game, I consented. He conducted us through the kitchen, and when he opened the night-lock on the strong oaken door which led to the churchyard, I saw a wonderful sight. From the black heavens of this kitchen hung violins, flutes, and cymbals—in reality they were hams, sausages, and slices of bacon. I looked at them with happy forebodings, and they seemed to smile provokingly upon me. I wished them in the castle to my comrades, but in vain; they were obstinate, and remained hanging where they were. I mused on ways and means of bringing them under my plan regarding the peasant's loaves of bread; but there were serious difficulties in the way, as the yard of the parsonage was surrounded by a stone wall, and all the windows were well protected with iron bars. Moreover, there were two large dogs in the yard that certainly would object to having that stolen the remnants of which was, in the course of time, to be the reward due to their watchfulness.

Once in church, it appeared that the parson generously intended to entrust me with the restoration of his old pictures. As I was exerting myself to find some plausible subterfuge, the sexton turned to me and said: "Fellow, you look more like a disreputable soldier-lad than like a painter." I was no longer accustomed to such speeches, and yet there was nothing for it but to swallow the taunt. I shook my head softly and replied, "O you knave! give me a brush and colors, and I will paint a fool in a twinkling who shall resemble you throughout." The parson made a joke of the matter, and reminded both of us that it is not meet to tell each other unsavory truths in so holy a spot. Then he gave us another drink, and we departed. But I left my heart with the sausages.

Returning to our people, I picked out six reliable fellows to help me carry home the bread. About midnight we entered the village and quietly took the bread out of the oven, and as we were about to pass the parsonage I could not bring myself to go on without the bacon. I stood still and looked up and down to discover some way into the parson's kitchen, but there was no opening except the chimney. We stored our guns and our treasured booty of bread in the charnel-house of the churchyard, managed to get a ladder and rope out of the barn, and I and my crony Springinsfeld climbed up on the tiled roof. I twisted my long hair into a top-knot, and let myself down by the rope to the objects of my desire. Once there, I did not delay, and tied ham after ham, and sausage after sausage to the rope. Springinsfeld fished everything out skillfully from his post on the roof and handed it down to the others. But, alack-a-day! just as I was going to give myself a holiday and come out, the pole that I was standing on gave way, and poor Simplicissimus was suddenly precipitated, and found himself in as bad a fix as need be—in fact, it was like a regular man-trap. Springinsfeld tried to help me by letting down the rope, but that also broke. I said to myself, "Now, huntsman, you are in for a chase in which there will be small mercy for your hide."

Sure enough, my fall had waked up the parson, and he called up his cook and bade her strike a light. She appeared in night attire, her petticoat around her shoulders, and stood

close beside me. She seized a coal from the hearth, held her candle up close to it, and began to blow. At the same time I blew much stronger than she, which frightened the poor body so that she dropped both candle and coal, and retreated near her master. Now the parson himself struck a light, while the woman was telling him there was a horrible two-headed ghost crouching in the kitchen; she had probably mistaken my top-knot for a second head. When I heard this I quickly rubbed my face and hands with ashes and soot, until I doubtless bore small resemblance to the angel I had figured for at the nunnery. And if the sexton could have seen me thus occupied, he would have certainly have given me credit for being a rapid painter. Thereupon I began to make as much noise as I possibly could, throwing pans and kettles about. I hung the ring of the large kettle about my neck, and took the poker in my hand, to have a weapon in case of need. All this did not put out the pious parson, who approached as if he were heading a procession, his cook behind him, carrying two wax tapers and a stoup. He was attired in his surplice, and had a book in one hand and his holy-water sprinkle in the other. He read some ritual of exorcism aloud before me, and then asked me who I was, and what was my business here. Seeing that he was laboring under the impression that I was the Evil One, I thought it but fair that I should act in accordance with my new role, and I answered him as I had once answered the robbers in the woods, "I am the devil, and I have come to twist your neck, and your servant's as well." He thereupon tried his most potent charm, "All good spirits, praise the Lord! I conjure thee, return from whence thou

camest!" I replied that this was impossible, happy though I should be to comply with his request.

Meanwhile my boon companion Springinsfeld was indulging in spectral revelries upon the roof. When he heard what was going on in the kitchen below, and how I was passing myself off for the devil, he began hooting like an owl, then barking like a dog, neighing like a horse, bleating like a sheep, braying like a donkey, cackling down the chimney like a hen about to lay an egg, and then again giving forth unearthly music like a hundred serenading cats; for this fellow was clever in imitating the voices of animals, and could howl as naturally as if a pack of wolves were standing about the house.

During the consternation of the parson and his charming feminine choir-boy I had time to look about me, and, to my joy, I made the discovery that the night-lock had not been put on the back door. Quick as a flash I pushed back the bolt, slipped out into the churchyard, where my companions were standing with triggers drawn, and left the parson to conjure devils as long as he pleased. And when Springinsfeld came down from the roof, bringing my hat along, and we had packed our spoils upon our shoulders, we returned to our party, not having anything more to do in the village, though I admit that we might have returned the borrowed ladder and rope.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

BEFORE Lessing the German Drama needs little special chronicling. It boasts, however, of including the first dramas written after the Romans. Roswitha (or Hrotswitha), of Gandersheim (920–968), was not only the first German poetess, but also the first European dramatist. She was a nun, and yet not only wrote dramas, but wrote them with almost the boldness of a modern realist. One of her plays, "Abraham," depicts the touching scene wherein an old hermit in disguise discovers his runaway and fallen daughter in a brothel. Another play, "Dulcitius," has been described as a sacred farce; it shows us a Roman general deluded into embracing the pots and kettles in a prison kitchen in mistake for the sweet young

Christian virgins. He is blackened all over by his imaginary sweethearts. "That is right," comments one of the maids (Roswitha speaking through her lips); "it is the color of Satan, who possesses him." Roswitha wrote six comedies in Latin prose on the model of Terence. Her pictures of vice aimed, as we see, at the teaching of virtue.

Long after this enthusiastic nun's realistic plays followed such mediæval mysteries and moralities as are familiar in the dramatic annals of all European countries. Like the English plays these sacred themes were treated in naïve fashion, and quaint contemporary personages and practices were introduced. Thus, Judas tests his thirty pennies; and a vender of quack medicines seeks to unload his ointments on the mourners going to the grave of Jesus with the singing of dirges. The human and secular element came prominently to the fore in the Shrove Tuesday, or Carnival, plays, which flourished particularly at Nuremberg and many of which were written by the cobbler poet, Hans Sachs. The Shrove-Tuesday plays were merely dialogues setting forth some scene or other of noisy fun or quarrel, and were recited in inns and before the great men's doors. Besides Hans Sachs, a barber named Hans Folz was noted for such plays. Jacob Ayrer (died 1569) invented the Singspiel, the germ of the German national opera.

With the seventeenth century the established stage was given over to vapid pomp, to the blood-curdling and bombastic tragedies of Andreas Gryphius (1616–64) and his contemporaries. Gryphius was a man of genius, of almost Shakespearean fibre at bottom, but the terrible events of the Thirty Years' War had exaggerated his naturally gloomy temperament. He grew to love the horrible. And yet he remains as one of the greatest dramatists before Goethe. He had the courage, moreover, to attack contemporary history, and in his "Charles Stuart of England" he depicts that ill-fated monarch as a martyr. This tragedy followed close on the actual execution. Gryphius was the first German to divide his tragedies into five acts. But it is only in his comedies that he became natural and unstilted. In "Peter Squentz" he adapted the familiar interlude of Shakespeare's "Midsum-

mer Night's Dream" into a caricature of German bourgeoisie. Bottom the weaver transmuted into Pickelhæring, the court fool, and his comrades comprise a spool-maker, village blacksmith, carpenter and weaver among them. In "Horribilicribrifax," an overdrawn comedy, he shows the swaggering, swearing soldiery of the Thirty Years' War. In "Die Geliebte Dornrose" (The Beloved Briar-Rose), he tells of a village Romeo and Juliet—with happy ending, however. This comedy depicts Silesian village life (in the Silesian dialect).

Petty German village life—already with its military officialism encroaching upon the domestic government—is also the background of "Bauerischer Machiavellus" (Village Machiavel), of Christian Weise (1642–1708). Amusing, indeed, is his portrayal of the scheming schoolmaster, the *Gerichtsschulze* and the *Landschœppe*, and the timid aldermen of Querlequitsch.

Despite Gryphius' acquaintance with Shakespeare, the pedant Gottsched and his school (1700–66) enforced the French rules and denounced the Elizabethan dramatists as barbarians. But Wieland translated Shakespeare's drama; Johann Gottfried Herder, the great linguist and discoverer of the Volkslied, praised Shakespeare and Ossian together in his "Leaves on German Literature and Art;" and Lessing arose to reform by example the German stage.

THE LOST CHILD.

THE earliest known dramatic attempt by a German was by Roswitha (or Hrosvitha), a learned nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century. It is indeed the earliest in all modern European literature. There was in her day some revival of interest in the Latin classics, in which even the cloistered nuns appear to have shared. To amuse their leisure Roswitha composed some dramatic dialogues which exhibit keen observation of human nature. In one of these a hermit Abraham learns that his adopted daughter, who had eloped with an adventurer, is reduced to the lowest depths of sin and misery. He finds her in a house of ill-fame. He gains access in disguise, but when he meets his daughter, makes himself known.

Abraham. O daughter of my adoption! part of my soul, Maria! do you not recognize the old man who brought you up? Did I not train you with a father's tenderness for the service of the Son

of God Almighty? Did I not lead you to the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd?

Maria. O God! Woe is me! It is my father Abraham! It is my teacher whose voice I hear.

Abraham. What say you?

Maria. Oh, woe! Oh, misery!

Abraham. Alas! where is that sweet angelic voice which used to sing sweet hymns?

Maria. Gone! Forever gone!

Abraham. Where is your girlish modesty? Where is your virgin purity?

Maria. Lost! Forever lost!

Abraham. Oh! what judgment is before you, unless you, my child, repent! Have you not leaped from the height of heaven to the depth of hell?

Maria. Oh! I am lost!

Abraham. Why did you flee from me? Why did you hide your misery from your father? I would have prayed for you. I would have done penance for your sin.

Maria. Ah, no! After I yielded myself to sin, I did not dare to approach you.

Abraham. O my child! To sin is human, to persist in sin is devilish. One who falls may repent. Not he who stumbles and falls deserves our blame; but one who neglects to rise quickly must be blamed.

Maria (*casting herself down*). Ah, woe is me! I am lost! Lost!

Abraham. Why do you cast yourself down? Why do you lie prostrate and motionless? Arise! Listen to my words.

Maria. I am stricken with terror; I cannot support the weight of your fatherly remonstrance.

Abraham. Think, my daughter, of my tender care of you, and cease to fear.

Maria. I cannot.

Abraham. Is it not for your sake that I have left so pious a calling, and one famed for its submission to regular discipline? Was it not for you that I, hermit as I am, have made myself the boon companion of degraded men? I, so long vowed to silence, have joined in jovial talk, to escape recognition. Why cast your eyes down on the ground? Why refuse to answer and tell me thy thoughts?

Maria. The knowledge of my guilt overwhelms me. I dare not look up.

DUTCH LITERATURE.

HOLLAND'S greatest contribution to the literature of the world was made by Erasmus, yet that genius stands apart, as he discarded the vernacular even in his name and embalmed his learning and wit in racy Latin. By his own acts and wish he practically belonged to the whole of Europe in the sixteenth century. Dutch literature, as commonly understood, presents little of interest before the rise of the picturesque *Kamers van Rhetorica* (Chambers of Rhetoric) in the fifteenth century. A few names are here enrolled without further treatment. Willem the Minstrel sang of the Fox (Reinecke Fuchs) in Flemish (1250); John I., Duke of Brabant, enriched folksong with his Minneliede; Jakob van Maerlant, the first original Dutch writer (*circa* 1225–1291), gave forth his "Flowers of Nature," a collection of moral and satirical addresses, his celebrated Rijmbijbel (Rhyming Bible), and his masterpiece, "De Spieghel Historiel" (Mirror of History); Jan van Boendale (1280–1365) wrote a rhyming history of his country; Jan van Heelu indited epic poems on the Battle of Woeronc and the War of Grimbergen; Dirk Potter projected a vast love poem, "Boc der Minnen Loep;" Jean Baptista Houwaert (1533–1599) won fame as the "Homer of Brabant" by his didactic "Pegasides Pleyn" (Palace of Maidens), sixteen books of poetry on earthly love; and the victorious Reformers known as "the Beggars" (Geuzen) gave the world in their volume of battle-songs—"Geuzen Lieden

Boecxken" (1588)—the rough but stirring ballad of Egmont and Horn, the song of the storming of Leyden and the ballad of Heiligula.

Modern Dutch literature practically begins, however, with Anna Byns, who was famous in her day as "the Sappho of Brabant." She was a lay nun, a Catholic schoolmistress of Antwerp about 1500. In both prose and verse she strove to impugn the faith and character of Luther. Then, according to Edmund W. Gosse, "the Dutch language, oscillating before her time between French and German, formless, corrupt, invertebrate, took the shape and comeliness, which none of the male pedants could give it, from the impassioned hands of a woman."

In contrast to this Catholic Sappho may be mentioned Filipo van Marnix, lord of St. Aldegonde (1538–1598), who used both sword and pen for the Calvinists, was a friend of William of Orange, and wrote the Wilhelmuslied (1568), the national hymn of Dutch, as Luther's "Ein' feste Burg" is virtually the national hymn of German liberty and Protestantism.

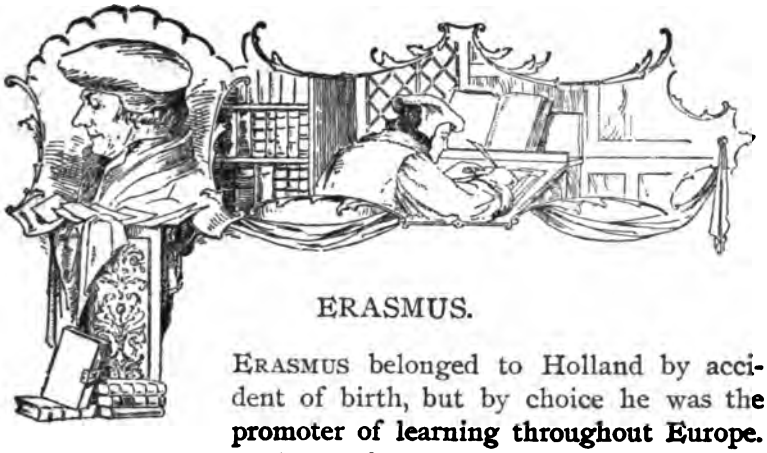
Meanwhile there flourished throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Chambers of Rhetoric, mediæval literary guilds of burgher condition, adorned with such flowery and mystical titles as the "Marigold," "Alpha and Omega," "Violet Book," "Blossoming in Love," "White Lavender," "Fig Tree," "Corn Flower," "Blue Columbine," and even "Holy Ghost" (Bruges), "Garland of Mary," "Jesus with Balsam" (Ghent). The chief of all came to be the "Eglantine" of Amsterdam. These Kamers held "tournaments of rhetoric," and sixty-six such festivals occurred between 1426 and 1620, the most brilliant being that at Atwerp in 1561, when that town presented a ton of gold for distribution among 1893 rhetoricians. The burgher element predominated in these guilds, for the Northern burgher life had early begun that vigorous growth which led to the town aristocracy of the seventeenth century. Dutch trade and business flourished with the Dutch arms and liberty.

Amsterdam stood at the head of the United Provinces, and there Roemer Pieterssen Visscher (1545–1620), extravagantly

eulogized as the Dutch Martial, presided over a salon, of which his two daughters, Anna and Tesselschade (the latter one of the finest poetesses of Holland), were the muses. From this salon rose Hooft, Vondel, Brederode, and Huygens.

Gerbrand Adriæncz Brederode (1585–1618) was Holland's greatest comedian. The son of a shoemaker, he was all along hopelessly in love with Tesselschade, to whom he dedicated his dramas and for whom he sighed out a whole cycle of love songs. But this unlettered son of genius was at his best in comedy, for which he had a style of humor somewhat akin to that of his great English contemporary, Ben Jonson. One of his best pieces is styled "The Farce of the Cow," while his masterpiece is "Jerolimo, the Spanish Brabanter," a satire on the exiles from the South.

Sir Constantijn Huygens (1596–1687) was the elegant poet, Pieter Cornelis Hooft (1581–1647), the sweetly lyrical singer, and Joost van den Vondel (1587–1679) the sublime bard of Holland's great trio of poesy. Each in his own domain still stands unrivalled among the Dutch. The homely didactic style of verse, so characteristically national, was furnished for this generation by Jakob Cats, familiarly remembered as Father Cats, who sang of maiden's troth and wedlock. Hooft's masterpiece, however, is in prose, his "History of Holland." Motley praises him as one of the greatest of European historians.



ERASMUS.

ERASMUS belonged to Holland by accident of birth, but by choice he was the promoter of learning throughout Europe. As a student he was a lover of peace and quiet and refused to become a revolutionist in either Church or State, however keenly he recognized the need of reform. Holland was a highly commercial country, as well as a home of art and learning. All the considerable cities of the Netherlands were important commercial and industrial centres. The people were enthusiastic in the cause of liberty and boldly asserted what rights they knew belonged to them.

Desiderius Erasmus is the assumed name of the great scholar, who was originally plain Gerhard. All three names mean "desired" or "beloved," the first in Latin, the second in Greek, the last in vulgar Dutch. Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467. His father was a man of distinction, his mother was a physician's daughter. His parents having died when he was of tender years, he was committed to careless guardians and consigned to institutions of which he speaks with bitterness and scorn in after life. Yet he learned enough to become secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, who recognizing his abilities, furnished him with the means of attending the university of Paris. There his wit, his poetry and his fascinating personality made him welcome in all circles. Among his private pupils were several of high social rank, notably, Lord Mountjoy, who remained his friend through life. On the invitation of Mountjoy he visited England, and was introduced to Thomas More, then a youth of twenty, Dean Colet, of St. Paul's, Warham of Canterbury, and others. He had left Paris in financial difficulties, but these having been

removed by the aid of his English friends, he returned to the gay capital. His first book was the "Adagia," a compilation from his journal, comprising quotations, epigrams, popular sayings, anecdotes, and almost anything likely to create amusement or interest. The reception of this work was most enthusiastic, especially among English friends. Warham, prospective Archbishop of Canterbury, sent the author a present of money, and offered him a benefice; but, notwithstanding his straitened circumstances, Erasmus declined the offer, for he could not bear the restraints of the church. The "Adagia" had been successful beyond expectation, but still Erasmus could not adapt his expenditure to the limits of his income. It seemed to be a necessity of his existence that he should live in a certain style. He could have found abundant patronage if he would accept a benefice, or office under some great man, but he wished to be free. He also wished to benefit the world by his learning, and therefore determined to issue a new edition of the Bible in the original languages.

The "Encomium Moriæ," or Praise of Folly, was suggested by Sir Thomas More, and the title is a play upon the knight's surname. In the allegory, Moria or Folly speaks for herself; she is the offspring of Jupiter and Youth, brought up in the Fortunate Islands by Drink and Ignorance. Her companions are Self-love, Indolence and Pleasure. The whole world is her temple, and each of her worshipers is an image of her. By and by comes a diatribe against the divines. They have a bodyguard of definitions, propositions, conclusions and corollaries; they can tell how the world was created, and where sin crept in. The sins of the laity are lightly passed over, but courtiers and courts receive the lash, and the worldliness of bishops, popes and cardinals is held up to derision and contrasted with the simplicity of Christ and his apostles. Notwithstanding the forcible and pointed expressions in this work, the "Encomium Moriæ" is considered polite and delicate compared with the "Epistolæ Obscurorum" of Von Hutten.

One of the noblest features in the life of Erasmus was the fact, that he never relaxed his industry. Under the disadvantages of ill health, dishonest servants, furious monks, and an income not equal to his expenditure, he toiled on, studied the

Greek authors, searched libraries, conferred with princes and politicians, and emulated the efforts of his English friends in Greek composition.

He undertook an edition of St. Jerome's works, and while that was in the press he employed his leisure hours on the "Educational Institute," which was intended for Prince Charles. "Jerome" at last appeared with the pope's name on the title-page. Leo had already sanctioned the edition of the New Testament, so that Erasmus felt himself fairly under papal protection, and his enemies might snarl at will. Another little work which stirred a nest of hornets was a "Paraphrase of the New Testament," a series of explanations, throwing light on the Gospel narrative, which had been obscured rather than illumined by the ordinary interpretation. A more original work was next prepared by this restless, dauntless man, harassed and hated, and often anxious for his life, correcting and extending his publications as they continually issued from the press, passing to and fro from city to city, visiting palace and village pot-house. Whatever the troubles of his life may have been, there is no trace of them in his "Colloquies;" spite and malice do not appear in the clear and amusing panorama of the world in which he had been living and moving. His characters are a motley group of Churchmen and charlatans, Lords and Commons, French grisettes and soldiers of fortune, tavern-keepers and treasure-seekers, all pictured to the very life in their several stations. In this more than in any of his other works, Erasmus shows the hand of the true artist.

Among the best of his minor works is the "Enchiridion," or Christian Knight's Manual, which grew out of a visit to the Lady de Vere, wife of his former pupil, Lord de Vere, a rather profligate character. This lady, Anna Bersala, patroness of deserving genius, had asked Erasmus to write something which would bring her husband to a proper sense of his position, and the "Knight's Manual" was the response. The "Apology" was written in defence of Reuchlin, who introduced the study of Greek and Hebrew into Germany. A hue and cry had been raised against the Jews, and a demand that all the Hebrew books except the Bible should be burned.

Reuchlin dissuaded the Emperor Maximilian from acceding to a demand so absurd, and thus brought on himself the wrath of the Dominicans. It is to the credit of Erasmus that he took the side of Ulrich Von Hutten and Young Germany in favor of Reuchlin, and wrote the "Apology" at the risk of his life. To the works already mentioned may be added a corrected and annotated edition of St. Augustine's works; also the "Spongia," written against Hutten, who could not understand Erasmus's hesitation and tried by satire to prick him into taking his place on the side of Luther. His passage of arms with the Reformer was expressed in the "De Arbitrio Libero," which was promptly replied to by Luther's "De Arbitrio Servo," and this again evoked from Erasmus the "Hyperaspistes," which was very much praised by Sir Thomas More, but soon ran its course.

In August, 1535, Erasmus wrote to the bishop of Cracow, telling him among other things that the pope had proposed to make him a cardinal, and had offered him other dignities which he could not accept. "I am pleased by the pope's letter," he says, "but the ox is not fit for the saddle." His health gradually declined, and on the 12th of July, 1536, he died at Basle, and was buried in the Cathedral there.

The Sham Knight.

(From the "Colloquies.")

Harpalus. If you could help me out now, I am not a man to forget a courtesy.

Nestorius. It shall be your own fault if I do not make you what you would be.

Har. But it is not in our power to be born noble.

Nes. What you want in blood you must supply with virtue, and lay the foundation of your own nobility.

Har. That's such a devilish long way about.

Nes. Away, away; you may have it at court for a trifle.

Har. But the people are so apt to laugh at a man who buys his honor.

Nes. Well! And if it be so ridiculous, why would you so fain be a knight?

Har. Oh, I could show you twenty reasons for that; if you

could only put me in a way to make myself honorable in the opinion of the world.

Nes. Why, then, I'll tell you; you must first remove yourself to some place where you are not known, and then get yourself into company of men of quality. People will be apt to judge you by the company you keep. But then you must have nothing about you that's vulgar. I speak of your clothes. It would be better if they were silk; but if you cannot go to the price of silk, I would rather have them canvas than cloth. Don't let there be a single ungashed shred about you. Let your hat be slashed, your doublet be slashed, your breeches be slashsd, your shoes be slashed; nay, if you could manage to slash your very nails I would by all means advise you to do so. You must make a point always to speak in a lofty and dashing style. Thus, should you happen to fall in with a gentleman from Spain, ask him how matters are standing at present between the emperor and the pope; how your cousin, the Prince of Nassau, is getting on; and how, in like manner, all the other grandees, your old friends and cronies. You must, moreover, sport a ring with a fine stone bearing your arms.

Har. You do not ask if my purse will bear the expense.

Nes. Oh, as for that, a ring of gilt copper with a mock gem will cost you next to nothing. Do you happen to have any little scrap of an estate whose name might serve you for a title?

Har. Not an inch of ground in the world.

Nes. You were born, perhaps, in some eminent city?

Har. No; in a most despicable and paltry little hamlet. When in quest of a remedy we must not tell lies to the physician.

Nes. I approve of your maxim; but in the neighborhood of this hamlet of yours is there such a thing as a mountain or hill?

Har. There is, indeed.

Nes. I have it; you must henceforth cause yourself to be designated as "Sir Harpalus, Knight of the Golden Rock." One excellent way of throwing dust in people's eyes is to write sham letters to yourself, purporting to come from persouages of great rank, in which you will be addressed with such titles as, "Most Illustrious Sir," and let them be filled up with matters of importance and splendor: estates, chateaus, high posts of government, enormous sums of money and rich marriages. Contrive to throw these letters in the way of people, dropping them as if by chance, or pretending to forget them behind you. Leave them in the pockets or in the lining when you send your clothes to the tailor's

to be mended. The tailors will be sure to read them, and will puff you in all quarters. When folk in general are confirmed in the idea of your rank, you will find plenty of fools to lend you their money, and some people will be ashamed, and others afraid, to refuse you. If a friend has given you some money to keep for him, display it as if it were your own. Always let money be seen with you. For this purpose borrow occasionally and pay back immediately; and swell out your purse with copper, putting a couple of gold pieces on the top. You must contrive to hook an heiress. Circulate lying reports as to the mighty favors awaiting you at court. Women love, above all things, to marry grandees and high officials.

Har. May I perish if your advice does not charm me most amazingly.

The French Inn.

Bertulphus. What's the reason, I wonder, that people will never be got to quit Lyons under two or three days' stay there? For when I am once upon the way myself, I can never be quiet till I come to my journey's end.

Guilielmus. Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten thence at all, because it is the very place where the Sirens charmed Ulysses and his mates; or, at least, it is the moral of that fable. When a man is there at his inn, he is as well as if he were in his own house. The women are very handsome there, and the table is never without one of them to season the entertainment, and with ingenious and innocent raillery they keep the guests in good humor. For instance, first came the landlady of the house and bade us welcome; and next came her daughter, a woman of very fine wit and fashion—one of those who make you feel that you can not be sad as long as she is in the company. Besides, you are not received as strangers, but just as if you were familiar friends and old acquaintances, the first minute you see one another.

Bert. Oh! I know the French way of civility very well.

Guil. Now, because they could not be with us in respect of business and other lodgers, when the daughter left us we had to supply her place till she could return. She was a lass so well instructed in the knack of repartees that she had a word for everybody, and no conceit came amiss to her. The mother, you must know, was somewhat in years.

Bert. But how were you treated all this while? For stories fill no bellies.

Guil. Truly, so splendidly and so cheap, that I was amazed at it. And then, after dinner, we chatted away the time so merrily that I thought I was still at home.

Bert. And how went matters in your chambers?

Guil. Why, there we had the girls about us again, giggling and toying with a thousand ape-tricks, and their main business was to know what linen we had to wash. In one word, they were all females that we saw there, except in the stables; and we had them there too, sometimes. Upon our coming away they could not have shown more affection and tenderness, if they had been our own brothers.

THE WELL-PRESERVED OLD MAN.

Polygamus. How long may it be since we four were at boarding-school together in Paris?

Eusebius. I take it to be a matter of two and forty years.

Rampyrus. And were not we four much of an age then?

Eus. Very near the same.

Ram. But what a difference there seems to be at present. Here's Glycion, who has nothing of an old man about him; and for Polygamus there, any one would take him for his grandfather.

Eus. But what should be the reason of it?

Ram. Why, either the one stopped in his course, or the other made more haste than good speed.

Pol. But tell me, Glycion, how many years thou hast upon thy back?

Glycion. More than ducats in my pocket.

Eus. Why, thou wilt never be old!

Pol. Well, by what arts hast thou preserved thyself in health and youth so long without either gray hairs or wrinkles. There's fire and spirit in your eyes; your teeth are white and even; you have a fresh color and a smooth plump habit of body.

Gly. Upon condition that you tell me how you became so old so soon, I will tell you how I kept myself young so long.

I went directly into my own country after I left Paris; and by the time I had been at home about a year, I began to think of something towards my future peace. I tried many things; some succeeded, some miscarried. I did not accomplish all by mother wit; the course I took was this: First of all I found out a person

most famed for reputation, gravity, wisdom, and experience, and one who I thought was the happiest of men.

I made *him* my friend and counsellor, and by his advice I married a wife. She had a fortune proportionate to my own, and just sufficient for my business. I was a happy man, just two and twenty years of age. They say it is the practice of the world to love before you judge; but I judged before I loved; but nevertheless, for the eight years that we lived together, never a happier couple lived under the sun. But I lost her. We had four children —two boys and two girls. God be praised for that.

Now I have a public commission which secures me from contempt, and frees me from vexatious attendances. I have something for myself and upon occasion can spare something for my friend. You say, "He that has no enemies has no friends." Well, that is true, if you live in a splendid pompous state of felicity; but in a state of mediocrity, a man is quiet and safe. I have made it a study never to raise any advantages for myself from the miseries of others. As near as I can, I would not disoblige one man to help another. In case of a misunderstanding, I do what I can to excuse and soften it, or, if possible, take no notice of it whatever. When there is no other alternative, I rather lose my money than my friend. I carry a cheerful countenance to all. I salute and re-salute with heart and good-will. That which I would keep secret I tell to no mortal. If anything private comes to my knowledge with regard to other men, I never blab it. Of the absent, if I speak at all, I speak with kindness and respect. I have made it a rule never to provoke differences, nor to heed them; but as far as in me lay to moderate or extinguish them. The sharpest affliction that ever befell me was the death of my wife. I passionately wished that we might grow old together, and live in the enjoyment of the common blessing of our children. But it was otherwise determined, and both duty and religion told me that God's way was the best. As I married for the hopes of children, so for the sake of these children I resolved never to marry again. The nights were not tedious; nothing is hard for a willing mind. And now I have brought myself to such a point of indifference as never to be transported with any violent inclinations or aversions, and this secures me from insolence on the one hand, and from despondence on the other.

As soon as I find the first motion of any disorder in my mind, whether it be from the sense of an indignity or affront, I cast it immediately out of my thoughts, and though there may be some

offences and provocations for the purpose that would anger a saint, they never stay long enough with me to make an impression. Briefly, if anything troubles me, I never carry the thoughts of it to bed with me. You think you see a vigorous body under the government of a virtuous mind: well, gentlemen, I have kept this guard on myself, not to do anything that would reflect on my own honor, or that of my family; and I never lay my head upon my pillow until I have by repentance reconciled myself to God for the transgressions of the day. I know I must die, and to live in fear of death might shorten my life, but can never lengthen it; therefore my whole care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence.

No man can live happily who does not live well. There is pleasure and variety in traveling; but I am for the safer way of compassing the world in a map, and I can find out more in printed travels than ever Ulysses saw in all his twenty years' ramble. I was never bled in all my life, and whenever I feel indisposed, a change of air, or a spare diet sets me right. I study sometimes, but I do not make a toil of a pleasure, nor do I study for ostentation, but for the love of it, and for the bettering of my life and manners. I never plod at my book above an hour at a time. Then I ruminate on what I have read, or, if I have a good companion I give him part of it. About the infirmities of old age? Well, my sleeps are not so sound, nor is my memory so strong as it has been. But now I have told you to a syllable the secret that has kept me young so long.

JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

JOHN THE SECOND, as Johann Everts (1511–1536) styled himself, is famous for his "Basia" (Kisses), a series of amatory poems in Latin. This young Dutch poet was born, at the Hague, of an ancient and honorable family of the Netherlands, and his father stood high in the favor of Emperor Charles V. In his twenty-third year Johann himself accompanied the emperor to the siege of Tunis, and after serving as secretary to both the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Bishop of Utrecht, was chosen private Latin secretary to Charles. It was while hastening to Italy to fill this post that he fell a victim to fever. Thus untimely perished this brilliant son of Holland, who as a poet revealed a wealth of

luxuriant and elegant Latinity. His "Kisses" remain a curious monument to his peculiar genius. They seem to have been inspired by certain odes of Catullus; at least therein lies their hint.

CUPID AND NEÆRA.

TH' Idalian boy, to pierce Neæra's heart,
Had bent his bow, had chose his fatal dart;
But when the child, in wonder lost, surveyed
That brow, o'er which your sunny tresses played,
Those cheeks, that blushed the rose's warmest dye,
That streamy languish of your lucid eye,
That bosom too with matchless beauty bright,
(Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white)
The mischief seized him first to wound my fair,
Yet partial fondness urged him now to spare.
But doubting still, he lingered to decide;
At length resolved, he flung the shaft aside,
Then sudden rushed impetuous to thy arms,
And hung voluptuous on thy heavenly charms;
There as the boy in wanton folds was laid,
His lips on thine in varied kisses played;
With every kiss he tried a thousand wiles,
A thousand gestures and a thousand smiles.
Your inmost breast with Cyprian odors filled,
And all the myrtle's luscious scent instilled.
Lastly, he swore by every power above,
By Venus' self, the perfect Queen of Love,
That you, blest nymph, forever should remain
Exempt from am'rous care, from am'rous pain.
What wonder then such balmy sweets should flow
In every grateful kiss your lips bestow?
What wonder then, obdurate maid, you prove
Averse to all the tenderness of love?

ONE LITTLE KISS.

"ONE little kiss, sweet maid!" I cry—
And round my neck your arms you twine!
Your luscious lips of crimson dye
With rapturous haste encounter mine.

But quick those lips my lips forsake
With wanton tantalizing jest.
So starts some rustic from the snake
Beneath his heedless footstep pressed.

Is this to grant the wished-for kiss?—
Ah, no! my love, 'tis but to fire
The bosom with a transient bliss
Inflaming unallayed desire.

NEÆRA'S KISSES.

IN such a color as the morning rose
Doth, watered with the tears of night, disclose
The blushing kisses of Neæra shine,
When they the humid print retain of mine;
Round which the beauties of her face are set,
As when some white hand crops a violet;
As flowers with cherries, that together wear
The spring and summer's livery, appear.
Unhappy! why now when thy kind lip warms
My soul, am I constrained to quit thy arms?
This crimson treasure, ah! reserve for me,
Till night return and bring me back to thee,
But if meantime they any other seek,
May they become far paler than my cheek.

HUGO GROTIUS.

HUGO GROTIUS (1583–1645), baptized as Dutch Huig van Groot, is celebrated as one of Holland's illustrious scholars—the finest ware that Delft ever turned out. Versatile genius as he was, he was in particular a profound jurist, and in his legal treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis" (Rights of War and Peace), published in Paris in 1625, he founded the modern science of the law of nature and nations. This magnificent treatise was based upon an original draft drawn up by this precocious prodigy of learning at the age of twenty-one. "The elegance of its diction," states Bluntschli, "the pearls from classical antiquity with which he adorned his pages, the temper of humanity which pervaded his argument, his efforts

to mitigate the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of which he wrote, and the warmth of his general sympathy for a moral as opposed to a material order, enlisted men's hearts on the side of his reasoning."

This lawyer's son played a great part in the history of the Netherlands of his day. He possessed the religious sentiment which Erasmus (whom he otherwise recalls) lacked; and he sought to become a mediating influence between the Remonstrants (Arminians) and the Calvinists. But when Stadtholder Maurice of Nassau executed Barneveldt in 1618, he condemned Grotius to prison. This great scholar thus found himself confronted at the age of thirty-six with life-long imprisonment. He resigned himself to the consolation of the classics, but his brave-hearted wife (another Fidelio) came to share his imprisonment at the fortress of Lovestein, and in three years managed to effect his escape from captivity. At her advice he smuggled himself out in the chest of books and soiled linen, which it was the custom to wash at a stream outside. Thence, disguised as a mason, with trowel and hod, he fled to Paris, where he had to endure first the pangs of poverty, and latterly the dislike of Richelieu. But here we pass over his early and late political and diplomatic life, and will only recall that he was Scaliger's protegé, Vondel's worshipped friend, and Isaac Casaubon's adored correspondent; that he was a gentle humanist, a Latin poet who sang the siege of Ostend, and a Latin tragedian who wrote the "Adam in Exile," which preceded both Vondel and Milton. In the days of his Dutch career he was chosen by the United Provinces to be the historiographer of their struggle with Spain, and he did write a legal treatise to defend the Netherlands.

JUSTICE IN WAR.

So far is it from being proper to admit, as some choose to say, that in war all rights cease; that war is never to be undertaken, except to assert rights; and when undertaken, is never to be carried on except within the limits of rights and of good faith. Demosthenes well said, that war was the mode of dealing with those who could not be kept in order

by judicial proceedings. For judicial proceedings are of force against those who feel themselves to be the weaker party: but against those who make themselves or think themselves equals, war is the proceeding; yet this too, in order to be justifiable, is to be carried on in a no less scrupulous manner than judicial proceedings are.

Be it so, then, that, in the conflict of arms laws must be silent; but let this be understood of laws civil, judicial, proper to peace; not of those laws which are perpetual and accommodated to all time. For it is excellently said by Dio Prusæensis, that between enemies written laws—that is, civil laws—are not in force; but that unwritten laws are, namely, those which nature dictates, or the consent of nations institutes. We may learn this from the old formula of the Romans: "I decide that those things may be sought by a pure and pious war." The same old Romans, as Varro remarked, undertook war tardily, and without allowing themselves any license, because they thought that no war, except a pious one, ought to be undertaken. Camillus said that wars were to be carried on no less justly than bravely. Africanus said that the Romans began just wars and ended them. Again, in Livy we read: "War has its laws no less than peace." And Seneca admires Fabricius as a great man, and, what is most difficult, a man innocent even in war, and one who thought that there were wrongs even towards an enemy.

How great the power of the conscience of justice is, the writers of histories everywhere show, often ascribing victory to this cause mainly. Hence have arisen these proverbs: that it is the Cause which makes the soldier brave or base; that he rarely comes safe back who goes out on the bad side; that Hope is the ally of the good cause; and others to the same effect. Nor ought any persons to be moved by the occasional success of unjust designs; for it is enough if the equity of the cause has an efficacy, and that a great one, in action; even though this efficacy, as happens in human affairs, is often prevented from taking effect, being counteracted by other causes. And further: in conciliating friendships, which nations, as well as individuals, need on many accounts, a great effect must be assigned to an opinion that we do not

hastily or unjustly undertake war, and that we carry it on religiously. For no one readily joins himself to those whom he believes to think lightly of right laws and good faith.

To Holland.

Receive not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! let this live, though I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I've loved thee through all change,—thy good and evil days,—
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou mayest a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think, "Alas! 'twas made—'twas made at Louvesteijn."

DUTCH BALLADS.

Our previous specimens of Dutch literature, though composed by natives of Holland, were actually written in Latin, the universal tongue of the learned in their day. The following examples are taken from the vernacular. The old popular ballads, anonymous and dateless, belong as far back as the fourteenth century. Many are religious, Christmas carols, Easter hymns, and songs of the Virgin, as "Salve Regina," and "Ave Maria." But besides these there were romantic ballads, which resemble those of other European countries at the same period.

The Hunter from Greece.

A hunter went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman, who never feared a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms, and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side:

The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low.
Two sucklings dead, one turning upon a spit, he saw:
"And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you, then, from Greece?—for my husband is a Greek;—
And tell me of your parents,—perchance I know them—speak!"
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown:—
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret, his consort,—my mother, too, is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians—a comely man and gay;—
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green?—
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,
And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,—
I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind;
I'll lend it to you slyly;—go, seek—the maiden find.'
Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad:
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
"Oh, had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have called me—you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the tree in fury with a club-stick which she took,
Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

The Fettered Nightingale.

"Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,—
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells.
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love:
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove."

"The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, but I a mean man meet."
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
From evening to the morning, till broke the gay daylight.
"And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear;
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear,
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above."
"We'll chain the nightingale,—his head unto his feet,—
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet."
"I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound."

JACOB CATS.

In his lifetime Jacob Cats (1577–1660) was a prominent official of Holland, reaching even the post of grand pensionary. Since his death his fame rests on his fables and allegories, which endeared him to the popular heart, so that he is referred to as "Father Cats." All his poems are of a simple style, yet adorned by rich fancy.

The Statue of Memnon.

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around:
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
Or evening shades its face concealed,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old. And even now
The man who lives in Fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
In town and country, court and college;
And all assert *nem. con.*, whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever.

But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
And all his praise like vapor flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

PIETER C. HOOFT.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT (1581–1647) was well versed in the ancient classics, and took them as his models in both history and poetry. While his works are highly esteemed by his countrymen, they have not obtained general recognition. He introduced tragedy into Holland, but is better known by his histories of the Netherlands, and the Medici. His lyrics are worth recalling.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

THREE long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness:
Sorrow be banished,—for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me,—
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes,—then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth,—all the flowers spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if, in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

Oh, how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances,—
Kindling and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies,—
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,—
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
Oh, no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul—ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips,—thy sweet lips,—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And, sure, never triumph was purer;
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind, too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

HOLLAND'S greatest lyricist and tragedian, Joost van den Vondel, has most attracted the attention of English readers by reason of the claim made for his "Lucifer" (1654) that Milton borrowed—or, at least, received hints—from it for his majestic epic of "Paradise Lost." Milton was then totally blind, but was still valiantly fighting his Salmasian foes.

He did not begin his "Paradise Lost" in earnest until 1658; but eighteen years before he had intended to treat the theme dramatically. Few British critics to-day willingly acknowledge any debt of Milton toward Vondel, and if there was any, Milton certainly transmuted Dutch silver to English gold.

Joost van den Vondel was born in 1587, and died in 1679. As E. W. Gosse has asserted, Vondel represents the Dutch intelligence and imagination at its highest. His poetic ideals are, in fact, those of the burgherdom to which he belonged, and he could not soar higher. With heroic Scriptural scenes and a lyrical beauty, he may be styled a sort of Dutch Racine. He wrote five-act dramas, in Alexandrines, with choral interludes. In his day he had the new-risen greatness of Holland to inspire him. William of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, Zutphen, Dunkirk—these were among his legacy of national pride and glory. He did not become really famous until, at the age of forty-one, he wrote "Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence," in which, under a thin disguise, all Holland recognized the sad story of John Barneveldt, who had been executed about eight years before.

Of Vondel's historical dramas, one dealt with "Mary Stuart" (1646). Vondel was a poet of a bourgeois nation. He lived on the income from a hosiery shop almost all his life, until in his old age his son's folly threw him upon a government clerkship and pension. He lived to be ninety-two years old and died of longevity.

The exact Dutch name of Vondel's master work was "Luisevaer's Tragedy." For dramatic purposes the Dutch poet treated his theme in a more human fashion than Milton was to do in his epic, but as George Edmundson (whose "Milton and Vondel" is the best inquiry into the subject) has stated: "The character of Vondel's Lucifer, though cast in a less stupendous mould than that of the Miltonic Satan, displays the same traits. Haughty pride, ambition, inflexible

will, implacable resentment, unyielding resolve are the marked qualities which distinguish alike either impersonation." Vondel's Beelzebub is like Milton's, second only to Satan, and in both poems the narrative of the rebellion of the wicked angels and their overthrow by Michael forms only a narrated episode of the whole. Milton, like Vondel, adopted the Ptolemaic nine spheres, with a slight adaptation to Copernican astronomy. The year before Vondel's "Lucifer" appeared, one hundred brother rhetoricians had crowned him with the laurels of Apollo at the Feast of St. Luke; and it would be perfectly natural that Vondel's poetry was among that Dutch literature read by Roger Williams (founder of the State of Rhode Island) to the blind Milton. Vondel wrote ten years later a sequel to Lucifer in "Adam in Ballingschap" (Adam in Banishment), just as Grotius had written an "Adam in Exile." In 1660 Vondel published a tragedy, "Samson, of de Heilige Wraak" (Samson, or the Divine Vengeance), which preceded Milton's "Samson Agonistes." Indeed, Mr. Edmundson goes so far as to assert that "not only the language and the imagery of the 'Lucifer' exercised a powerful and abiding influence on the mind of Milton, and have left indelible traces upon the pages of 'Paradise Lost,' but that other writings of Vondel can be shown to have affected in no slight or inconsiderable degree all the great poems of Milton's later life."

As Vondel had been persecuted by political enemies and the "Saints of Dort" for his "Palamedes," so he was plagued by the extreme Calvinists for his "Lucifer." Like Milton's Satan, Vondel's fallen archangel has been taken to be a type of Cromwell. In a poem addressed "To the Regicides," Vondel tells how "Dissembling Lucifer made Parliament his tool."

LUCIFER'S SOLILOQUY.

(From "Adam in Banishment.")

"I ONCE excelling in the realms of Light,
And now from Light eterne exiled in gloom,
Come thundering up from out the sulphurous lake
Below, and, not overstepping thus the bounds
Of my confinement, haunt the regions here

Above; for though the Foe did make my form
Abhorred and hideous, yet was I allowed,
With you, my Hellish mates, here met in flight,
To stretch our sway o'er sea and earth and air.
The Prince of this World finds it suits his state
To shun the day. His splendor grows by dusk,
Wherefore he chooses night for this attempt.
Though darkness now begins to leave the fields,
Still may the foe of light in shadow plunge,
By cave, hedge, covert, thicket, brake and wood.
Where am I now? The clear-toned nightingale
Is herald to the sun and radiant dawn.
I hear with morning-coolness life revive
And joyous chirping midst the leaves and trees.
The rippling of four streams strikes on the ear,
Which, from one hillside source, spread far and wide.
This tells sufficiently what Earth we tread.
Here flows Euphrates' stream; here Eden blooms,
The realm, the charge of Adam and his spouse.
Here with my follower I needs must hide
Among the trees, in park or myrtle walk,
Then spy before, behind, on either side,
And scheme how best to hatch some evil plot.
For, alien from good, this curséd doom
I hate, and in His creatures seek to spoil
And ravish Him whose essence nought can hurt.
To this end did I found my Hellish realm,
Which shall endure for aye. No plan too bold
For me, who shrank not from the assault of Heaven,
So Vengeance seize the world within her teeth
And drag the Universe from its fixed seat,
That once more by my might Heaven's axis crash.
I wish henceforth to give Him constant work,
And, though His bolts have driven me from my throne,
To let Him see what I can do, though fallen.
What if our force should fail to reach above?
The upper Powers must see that force enough
Remains to cross His will in all His works.
The name Almighty is a title, and no more,
An impotent, vainglorious boast. Did He know how
To utterly destroy one being that exists,
'Twere o'er with me! I should cease to be,

Or cease at least to rule these realms below.
His might's too weak, when mine to leeward lies.
It cannot reach the ship that keeps the wind.
We shall with canvas spread sail round the cape,
And enter the rich port whereto we steer."

LUCIFER'S REVENGE.

(From "The Lucifer.")

THE contest o'er, he called the scattered host
Together, first his chiefs, each filled with hate,
And placed himself within a hollow cloud
To shun the light of the All-seeing Eye,
A dismal den of fogs, wherein no fire
Save in their glances gleamed; and 'midst the ring
Of his infernal council seated, he
Rose from his throne in Hell, as God adored.
"Ye powers, who for our righteous cause so bold
This hurt endured, now is the time to take
For our calamity revenge, with hate
Irreconcilable to persecute,
With guile and force alike, the Heavenly Foe
In His own chosen image. . . . .
My aim is Adam and his race to spoil.
I know through trespass of the primal law
How such a stain indelible on him
To rub, that he with all his progeny,
In soul and body poisoned, never shall
Attain the seat whereout we have been thrust. . . .
E'en Nature's self shall, by this blow abused,
Well-nigh consume, and seek to nothingness
And chaos to return. I see mankind,
After the image of the Godhead formed,
From God's similitude debased, estranged,
In will and memory and thought obscured,
Their native light bedimmed and overcast,
And all, on mother's breast, in sorrow born,
A prey to death's inexorable jaws.
Boldly I mean to play the tyrant's part,
And you, my sons, adored as deities
On altars numberless, on many a shrine
Of towering structure to propitiate

With victims, frankincense, and gold;
Also a throng of men, whose multitude
No tongue can name, all Adam's line to bring
To everlasting ruin, and, in God's despite,
To perpetrate abominable deeds.
My crown and his high feast shall cost him dear."

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

THE loveliness of woman, which on earth
All else surpasseth, nor heart nor eye
E'er fills with surfeit, which kindles to flame
The very lions, here its living charms
Unveils, fair as becomes God's handiwork,
That man might taste the exuberant delights
Of sensuous passion, which of growth eterne,
In contemplation of the Deity,
Had until now, its sole fruition found.
The aspect and delight, rich source of bliss
Of female loveliness, hath thousands plunged
Headlong in woe and shipwreck of their state,
Health, life, and weal. The wisest, strongest men
Are drawn along and fettered, like her slaves,
By shackles of bright flowing hair. No beast
Thus raves, bewitched by elfish sprite,
Like man misguided, blind, his every wish
And lust indulges, God and name and fame
And honor throws aside, that he with love
In some false charmer's amorous flames may melt
Like ice or waxen bust in heat of fire.
To this may lead the dissolute misuse
Of Beauty, and thus dearly purchases
A foolish man this fleeting bliss, the which
But scarce enjoyed, remorse in secret comes,
And follows each abuse of heavenly gifts
Close on the heels. Unhappy was he then
Who fell into her snares, caught, overcome,
For one glance of her eyes; as in a dream,
The joy, like mist, is gone. What purpose then
Doth beauty fill, and what the end and aim
Of God in forming thus this image fair,
Which lures souls to their hurt? Doth God design

To bind man's heart by wedded vows, and teach
Him in this fair to find a fairer still,
A yearning, which the soul in God alone
Can satisfy, in plentitude divine
Of beauty and delight? This song of ours
Should woman with still lovelier attributes
Invest, but that we fear her siren charms
Would even saints seduce, if winning grace,
Virtue, discernment, softness, should descend
From heaven, and hover round her comely form
Of faultless symmetry.

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

GERBRAND BREDERODE (1585–1618) was of humble birth and devoted his talents to the amusement of the common people. For them he depicted in his comedies their own life with its homely joys and sorrows. His numerous poems were collected after his death in volumes bearing the names, "The Facetious Song-Book," "The Meditative Song-Book," and "The Great Fountain of Love."

LAMENT FOR LOST LOVE.

(From "The Great Fountain of Love.")

CANST thou so soon unkindly sever
My long, long suit from memory,—
The precious time now lost forever,
The vanished moments passed with thee,
In friendliness, in love's caress,
In happiness, and converse free from guile,
From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile?

A father's rage and friends' derision
For thee I've borne, when thou wert kind;
But they fled by me as a vision
That fades and leaves no trace behind.
Oh, thus I deemed, when fondly beamed,
And purely gleamed, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
Hath made me linger near thee through the day!

How oft those tender hands I've taken,
And drawn them to my breast, whose flame

Seemed, at their gentle touch, to waken
To feelings I dared scarcely name!
I wished to wear a lattice there,
Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
Thou might'st behold what tongue could never tell.

Oh, could the heart within me glowing
E'er from its cell have been removed,
I had not shrunk,—that heart bestowing
On thee, whom I so warmly loved,
So longed to wed, so cherishéd!
Ah! who could dread that thou wouldst wanton be,
And so inconstant in thy love to me?

Another youth has stolen my treasure,
And placed himself upon the throne
Where late I reigned, supreme in pleasure,
And weakly thought it all my own.
What causes now that chilling brow?
Or where didst thou such evil counsel gain,
As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
When thou surveyest each true-love token,
And think'st of joys together shared,—
Of vows we made beneath the shade,
And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
And given back with murmured sigh to mine!

Bethink thee of those hours of wooing,—
Of words that seemed the breath of truth,—
The Eden thou hast made a ruin,—
My withered hopes and blighted youth!
It wonders me that thou shouldst be
So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
Within the heart where love to malice turns.

Away,—away,—accursed deceiver!
With tears delude the eyes and brain
Of him, the fond, the weak believer,
Who follows now thy fickle train.
That senseless hind (to whom thou'rt kind,
Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
Disturbs me not. Farewell! we meet no more!

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL,
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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. PART I. 1660–1700.

POETRY and the drama continued to flourish in England through the reign of James I., though not with the vigor and spontaneity which had marked the palmy days of Queen Elizabeth. The national life had grown cool, and the feelings of the poets were also cool. Yet from the great exemplars of the past they had learned much about the art of poetry, the rules and methods practiced unconsciously by men of the highest genius. But they also imitated the faults of their predecessors, and sought by far-fetched conceits and fanciful expressions to excite the same results which had once been produced by ardent feelings. To such extravagance was this pedantic style carried that a school of poets arose which is called the "metaphysical." The name refers to their searching for ingenious analogies between things seen and things unseen, between what is natural and tangible and what is apprehended only by the spirit. The fashion indeed was not confined to England; it prevailed also in France and Spain, and was a reflex of the later classics of antiquity and of their Italian imitators.

Meantime powerful social forces had begun to operate to the detriment of literature, and their effects became manifest during the reign of Charles I. Questions of government and reform in Church and State usurped public attention. Religious and political controversy overwhelmed the land. When the Civil War broke out, there was little leisure for cultivating the Muses, save in occasional songs. Even the transcendent

genius of the self-consecrated Milton was withdrawn for many years from its chosen and predestined work. Yet when the power of the new Commonwealth was lodged in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, his heroic figure called forth tributes of praise from several poets who afterwards excused their panegyrics as faults of youth. Cowley, Marvell and Dryden were conspicuous instances of this class.

The apparently great change in English life and manners, which came with the Restoration of the Stuarts, was not due merely to the personal tastes and prepossessions of Charles II., though undoubtedly fostered by these. The English Royalists who had shared his exile in France had acquired a liking for the pleasures and fashions of that country. When they returned to court, eager to compensate themselves for past sufferings and privations by new enjoyments, they found verse-makers and play-wrights ready to minister to their wishes by imitating French models. The theatre underwent a marked change; elaborate costumes and varied scenery were introduced. Rhymed heroic plays were produced on the model of Corneille; and comedies of intrigue were presented in which the coarser English spirit transgressed the limits of decorum observed by the light-hearted French.

Of the poets who adhered more closely to the Elizabethan traditions the most noted was Abraham Cowley, who translated Pindar and wrote Pindaric odes with considerable ability. His learning was also shown in Latin verse in imitation of Virgil, Horace and Catullus. His lighter verses and admirable prose essays are more esteemed in our day. Though Milton produced his greatest works after the Restoration, he belonged in spirit to the earlier period and has been considered in connection with it. But Dryden was in full accord with the change of the times, though his mighty genius was degraded in trying to conform to it. He had been among the eulogists of Cromwell, but hailed the return of Charles in heroic verse, wrote rhymed heroic plays full of rant to please his audience, and even boldly recast Shakespeare and turned Milton's sublime epic into a lyrical drama. But his real greatness was displayed in his severe satires on his inferior rivals, who had badgered him, and on the politicians who

opposed the accession of the Catholic Duke of York to the throne. Dryden's attempts to instruct his countrymen are seen in his argumentative "Religio Laici," and in "The Hind and the Panther," an allegory to vindicate the Church of Rome, whose communion he had joined. In his old age his genius still bore fruit in able versions of Chaucer and Boccaccio.

It might have been expected that Samuel Butler's burlesque satire of the Presbyterians in "Hudibras" would be handsomely rewarded by the "Merry Monarch," but though the king quoted its couplets, and the book was most in fashion, as Pepys declares, neither king nor court did anything for the author, who died in 1680, almost starved.

The Puritans, though banished from conspicuous positions, still exerted a powerful influence throughout the land. The various sects of the Dissenters, in spite of severe persecution, remained steadfast in their faith. Richard Baxter and others of this class did much to support their views by writings. George Fox and William Penn defended the views of Quakers in books still read. But far above these shines the name of John Bunyan, the Baptist preacher of Bedford. While imprisoned, this homely genius, inspired by fervent belief in Scripture truth, wrote what has become the favorite religious book of the English common people, "The Pilgrim's Progress." This picturesque allegory of the Christian life and its battles with sin, temptation and sorrow, and its final triumph and reward, has made the author's name immortal. The Established Church had also its great preachers and religious writers of considerable ability. The most eminent was Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose "Holy Living and Dying" is still a favorite book of devotions. Among the others were two archbishops, Tillotson and Leighton. Several noblemen of Charles' court displayed some literary ability. The most distinguished was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1627–1688), who, in "The Rehearsal" (1671), forcibly satirized Dryden and his plays, but was himself attacked by the poet as Zimri in "Absalom and Achitophel." The other noblemen who may be mentioned only were Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1637–1706); Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Ros-

common (1633–1686), who imitated Boileau in his "Essay on Translated Verse;" and John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649–1721), who wrote poetic essays on "Satire" and "Poetry."

To this period belong the two entertaining diarists, the gossipy Samuel Pepys and the pious and gentlemanly John Evelyn, who give faithful pictures of the daily life of the times. Lady Rachel Russell's "Letters" show the culture and affection of an English noblewoman, but are of less importance historically. "Clarendon's History of the Civil Wars," begun in 1641, was not published till after his death. Though carefully written, it belongs rather to the class of memoirs than to the great histories of the language. Less meritorious, though useful to students, is Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Times."

THOMAS FULLER.

ANY praise from Coleridge places its subject upon a pedestal the best writers may envy. It may surprise many, to whom Fuller is no more than a name, to learn that Coleridge writes of him, "Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotions of the marvellous." His versatility and quaint turns of humorous fancy justify the estimate, independently of the solid worth of his many books.

Fuller, like Dryden, was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, in 1608. He became a popular Church of England divine and author. He was a firm but moderate royalist during the stormy years of the Civil War, and once had to fly from popular resentment of a sermon satirizing the Church reformers. His "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" was issued in the besieged city of Exeter, in 1645, to cheer the Cavaliers.

Other fugitive publications came out from time to time, while he was leading a fugitive life, glad to find his dinners at tables of patrons who enjoyed his sprightly wit as an equivalent. On the Restoration of Charles II. Fuller also regained his offices of emolument, and became chaplain to the king. He died in 1661, aged fifty-four. All of his writings abound in wit well applied. In the best sense of the term Fuller was a man of the world, presented a well-rounded nature to the jostlings of adversity, and he never lost his cheerfulness. His reading was larger than his learning, varied though that was. His two greatest works—and it is not too much to call them great—are the "Church History" and "The Worthies of England." After these come "The Holy State," and the "Good Thoughts," already referred to. Whether as biographies, or sketches of character-types, Fuller's pages glistened with wit and wisdom; they lend themselves, as those of few authors do, to casual reading, and every point is illustrated with some charming conceit, which sinks into the mind with the crispness of a proverb.

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more neccessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which, in some places, they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.

Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skillful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrics thereof may say: God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God moldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (save some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their masters whip them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterward prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterward as the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself,

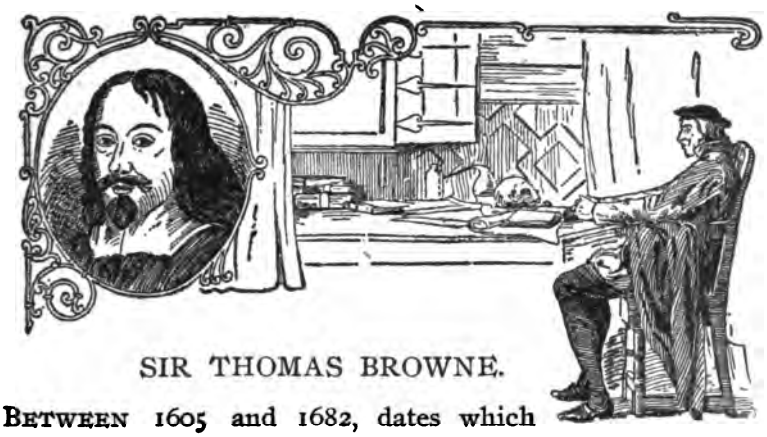
who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teachings; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom, in some places, of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*,—rather tearing the scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shape of fiends and furies. Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence, and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.



SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BETWEEN 1605 and 1682, dates which mark the birth and death of this most singular doctor of medicine and meditative Diogenes, England was racked with conflicts of intellect, interests, and armies in the field. Every man of passion and wisdom found himself whirled by the elements to this side or that, every man except this cool-witted country physician-philosopher. He passed through Oxford with credit, traveled a little, studied medicine at the School of Padua, read omnivorously, and ultimately settled down to practice in Norwich in 1637. He won success by his skill in doctoring and in marrying well. Browne argued against marriage, but his record of eleven children born during his forty-one years of wedlock sufficiently refutes his theoretical objections. He was averse to taking sides in questions of Church or State, but showed his royalist bias when neutrality was out of question. While country was convulsed with violent passions Browne busied himself with pondering every conceivable question that could arise out of a given conception. His prying mind roams over the whole range of possible existence. But for an undercurrent of humor Browne's rambling contemplations might seem like vague metaphysical searchings for the unexpected. Whatever the immediate topic may be, he pursues it with a wealth of lore, of fancy, of subtle speculation, of metaphor and of ingenious words, until we are mystified as to which is poetry and which prose, or whether the writer is philosophizing or joking. In the "Religio Medici" he unclothes his mind of the trappings gotten in the schools and gives it free course to find safe footing, if it can, in the middle ground

between Catholicism and Protestantism, faith and unfaith, realism and mystery. This came out in 1643, and set men thinking. It was followed in 1646 by the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors," in which he treats of witchery and superstition with considerable boldness for one who yet could not dismiss a few pet absurdities of his own. Other works of a whimsical kind followed, but the best of all is the exquisite "Hydriotaphia," 1658, urging the now popular substitution of cremation for burial. In this treatise on "Urn Burial," Browne's style rises to a pitch of sustained grandeur which, not less than its learning, originality, and boldness, ensures it a place among the immortal writings.

IMMORTALITY.

(From the "Hydriotaphia, or Urn-burial.")

OBLIVION is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death [sleep] daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To

* The Roman goddess who assisted in child-birth.

weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the mind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts, whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives [telescopes] begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot

destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustrations; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

ANDREW MARVELL.

MARVELL was privileged with the friendship of Milton, was courted by Charles II., and his pen won the admiration of Swift. His multifarious life is notable for its high level of ability and sterling honesty. He was born in a parsonage in 1621. After five years at Cambridge, he served with the embassy at Constantinople. His sympathies were always with the monarchy, but he accepted the Commonwealth loyally, and was for five years assistant to Milton, when he was Latin secretary to Cromwell. Marvell was elected to Parliament in 1660, and served as member for Hull until he died, suddenly, in 1678.

His diversified satires are usually clumsy, and sometimes coarse, but his prose is distinguished by dignity, purity and wit. In the year of his death he published anonymously a powerful attack upon the king, whom he had heretofore treated with banter. A reward was offered for the author's name, at which Marvell laughed. He was never above the necessity of accepting modest wages from his constituency, with presents of ale and salmon. His incorruptibility, in the face of many strong temptations, was unchallenged, and his personal character shone with rare whiteness amid his mottled surroundings. His "Whimsical Satire on Holland"

preceded "Hudibras," which, in some ways, resembles it. Among his minor poems are not a few true gems, enough to make it cause for regret that his circumstances or tastes forbade his cultivation of the gentler muse. The extract which follows is supposed to be the song of the Puritan exiles, driven from England to America by Charles I. It is conjectured by some to have suggested the idea and measure of Moore's "Canadian Boat Song."

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat they rowed along,
The list'ning winds received their song,
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
That left the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;

And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh, let our voice His praise exalt,
Till we arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay."
Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor, fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
Transferring into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forcéd ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *mare liberum*;*
A daily deluge over them does boil;
And earth and water play at level-coyl;†

*A free ocean, for which the Dutch jurists were then contending with the English.

†An old indoor game, in which the players contended for a seat.

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau;*
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled Heeren† changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake:
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings;
For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drownèd he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

COWLEY, the favorite poet after the Restoration, scarcely deserves the oblivion that has overtaken him. He was born in 1618, the son of a rich shopkeeper. On leaving Oxford, after having passed through Cambridge, he took to deep studies and the writing of verse. After the battle of Marston Moor he identified himself with the royalists, and accompanied Queen Henrietta to France, remaining for twelve years as the queen's secretary. In 1656 he endeavored to live quietly, as belonging to neither party, and published a volume of poems. When Cromwell died, two years later, Cowley fled

* Fresh cod, boiled. † Gentlemen.

to France again, and stayed until the restoration of Charles II., by whom he was pensioned. When he died in 1667 his fame as a poet was at its height, as shown by his interment with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. His "Anacreontics" comprise some of the most spirited of his lines. His "Love Verses" are very artificial, the "Pindaric Odes" contain many choice passages, as does the "Davideis," an ambitious epic on the life of David. Some of his elegies are worthy of his gifts. His prose style is usually admirable in force, clearness, and frequent racy touches. He ranks among the earliest writers of excellent prose. His comedy, "The Cutter of Coleman Street," enjoyed popularity when played. The essay on Cromwell, allowing for the point of view, is a good specimen of Cowley's prose at its best. It is entitled "A Vision Concerning His Late Pretended Highness, Cromwell the Wicked." Cowley died aged fifty, a man of great gifts and qualities, who fell short of greatness as a poet.

The Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

Cowley represents himself as having seen on the day of Cromwell's funeral an apparition of the Protector which spoke as follows. The author afterwards confutes these statements.

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to

serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

A Lover's Chronicle.

Margarita first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
  Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
  Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
  Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
  To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
  Fundamental laws she broke,

And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free.
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:

Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast;
  Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
  (Numberless, nameless mysteries!),

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
  I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
  Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
  A higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first of the name;
  Whom God grant long to reign!

DAVID'S ADDRESS TO HIS LYRE.

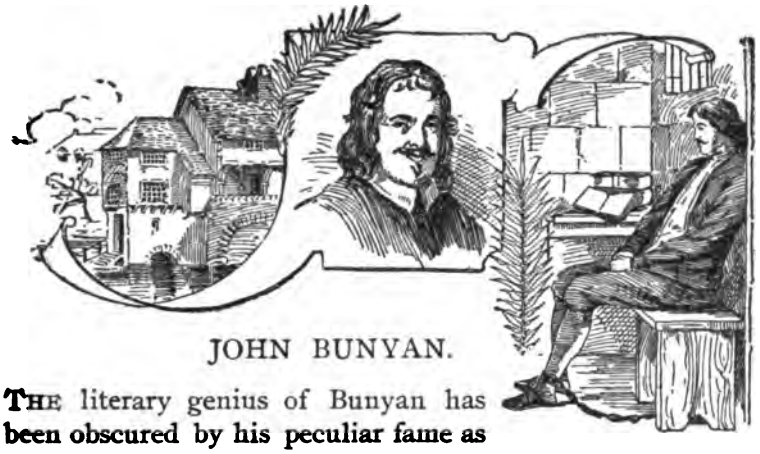
IN the following lyric, from the "Davideis," David tells his love for Saul's daughter.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony!

Hark! how the strings awake!
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make:
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound;
And she to wound, but not to cure:
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie;
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master die!



JOHN BUNYAN.

THE literary genius of Bunyan has been obscured by his peculiar fame as a religious writer. His character is largely misunderstood to-day, even by his readers, though the "Pilgrim's Progress" is said to circulate in larger numbers than any book next after the Bible. He was not a tinker, nor a reprobate in youth, nor a fanatical pietist, nor twelve years in prison as we understand it, nor did he originate the religious allegory. Bunyan was born in 1628, the son of a plumber, established in a prosperous business, which John carried on for many years in the town of Bedford with marked success. Under religious conviction he took to earnest preaching of Baptist doctrines, against the law suppressing Dissenters. His fervor and homely wit gained him popularity, which was not lessened by the spice of persecution. After five years of this illegal course, he was sentenced for contumacy, yet the agents of the law used every means of persuasion to induce their distinguished prisoner to liberate himself by a simple promise to abstain from preaching.

Bunyan rather chose the jail, in which for twelve years, off and on, he dwelt as a prisoner on parole, preaching regularly to his fellow-prisoners, attending to his business and family affairs, and finding leisure to cultivate literature as it came to him in the form of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," sundry romances of the period, as "Sir Bevis of Hampton," and perhaps versions of allegories like the "Faery Queen." The mediæval French production of Guillaume de Guileville, "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," is thought by some literary investigators to have suggested the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan regained full freedom under the act of Charles II., of 1671, annulling the penal statutes against Catholics and non-conformists, on which he printed his thanks to the king for the return to toleration. The "Pilgrim's Progress," written mostly in jail, was not printed until 1678, and the second part in 1684, though other of his sixty separate publications had appeared as early as 1650, being mostly sermon-pamphlets. His secular and racy "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," interspersed with preaching, published in 1680, shows his power of laying bare the heart of a debased man of the world, and his perfect acquaintance with the tricks of trade. He combined the duties of a stated ministry with itinerancy during his last years, without neglecting his town business, and died in 1688, leaving his affairs prosperous and well-ordered.

Bunyan's mastery of "the well of English undefiled," is his sure title to fame, quite independently of his theme. Few great writers approach him in clearness, strength, simplicity and humorous suggestion. He knew human nature through and through. His "Pilgrim's Progress" is a portrait gallery in which each character labels itself in the frankest manner, and in words so clear-cut that they are grasped at once by the least literate of any generation or nationality. He did not write the doggerel lines which were so long credited to him. His verse is homely, but true and direct. He has no superior in the use of English at its best, rich because unadorned.

The Pilgrims at Vanity Fair.

They presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long: it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are;

and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity; and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain-row, the French-row, the Italian-row, the Spanish-row, the German-row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair: only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town: yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities:

but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons; for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world: so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, said, We buy the truth. At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more, some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them

asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let [hinder] them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them, and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the object of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the Great One of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But, the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm: and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak

in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

EDMUND WALLER.

THOUGH Waller ranks among the poets, his importance is mainly derived from the singular combination of circumstances which gave him a prominence he would scarcely have earned. He was born rich, in 1605, and was nursed, as Clarendon expressed it, in Parliament, in which he sat before he was seventeen. His mother was a Royalist, but was related to Hampden and Cromwell. Waller took the Parliamentary side, but was caught in a plot to help the king, and was therefore imprisoned and fined £10,000. The next eleven years he spent in Paris in luxury, issuing his first volume of poems meanwhile. Cromwell, becoming Protector, allowed him to return to England in 1654, on which Waller published a gushing "Panegyric on the Lord Protector," and another on Cromwell's death. When Charles II. came to the throne Waller was to the fore with an equally gushing ode "Upon His Majesty's Happy Return." On Charles' remarking that it was not as good as the ode to Cromwell, the courtier had the wit to reply, "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth." He entered Parliament, and soon became the funny man of the House. At his death, in 1687, in his eighty-third year, Waller was regarded as a really good poet, if not a great one. The truth is, he was a master of the art of versification. He set the fashion of polished phraseology, making much showy verse out of small subjects and thin ideas. Occasionally a fine figure dignifies the piece, as this one, from the "Divine Poems:"

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Waller dedicated his amatory poems to his "Saccharissa," Lady Sydney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he courted ardently, but in vain. His influence on verse-making, in the direction of polish and dignity, was admitted by Dryden and Pope. The musical flow of his lines is their principal charm.

Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired.
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time thy share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Old Age and Death.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes,
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Panegyric on Cromwell.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

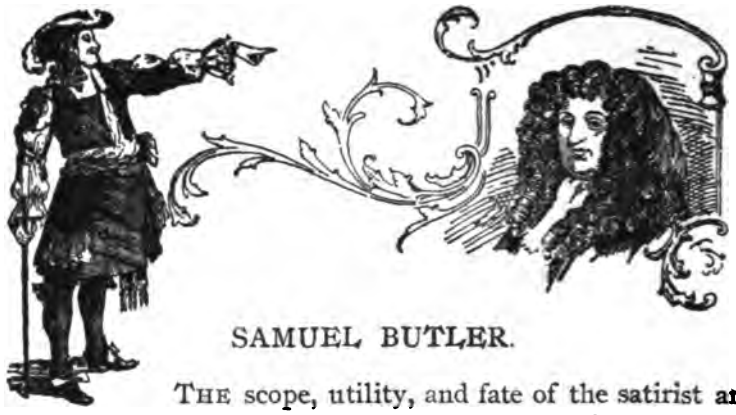
Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you is made a glorious state,
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe;
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.



SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE scope, utility, and fate of the satirist are well illustrated in the story of the author of "Hudibras." He was born in 1612, and after gaining an ordinary education he spent thirty years, first in the service of a lawyer, afterwards as secretary and companion in the mansions of the Countess of Kent and Sir Samuel Luke. The latter was a prominent Puritan and Parliament man, and served as model for the ludicrous figure of Hudibras, painted in undying colors by his disloyal servitor, who was an ardent royalist. Butler was in his fiftieth year when his satire was published. Whether the king rewarded the ridiculer of Puritanism with a gift of £300 and a political post, as is asserted, or whether it be true that Butler was allowed to pine in neglect is not clearly established. Certain it is that his wife's modest fortune was lost in bad investments, and that from the appearance of the first part of "Hudibras," in 1662, until his death, in 1680, two years after the issue of the third part, Butler lived in poverty, embittered by the pangs of hope deferred.

Satirists make few friends. Butler wrote from experience when he suggested that

> Poets by their sufferings grow,
> As if there were no more to do
> To make a poet excellent,
> But only want and discontent.

"Hudibras" is a burlesque of Don Quixote, as the work of Cervantes burlesques the old romances. Butler's purpose is to heap ridicule on the Puritans by fair means and foul, to make their doctrine ugly and their practice contemptible for

its hypocrisy. The story relates the misadventures of Sir Hudibras and his squire as they set out to wage war against the amusements of the people. As a scathingly witty exposure of religious and political quackery the poem has remarkable strength. If its fun is elephantine in its movements, the quick play of fancy in the endless conceits which embody now profound sense, and now brilliant wit, intermingled with the quaintest bits of outlandish learning, redeems the poem as a whole from flatness, though it is impossible to read it as a whole. A larger proportion of the couplets in "Hudibras" has been absorbed in the common speech than from any other single composition. Its proverbial wit and wisdom are familiar to the multitude who never had the poem in their hands. Here and there occurs a fine thought, worthily expressed, but there is little poetry in the interminable string of ingenious and often whimsically forced rhymes. The poet employs the eight-syllabled line of the old rhymed romances. Butler survives in quotations, and as a gloomy figure, unhappy in his loneliness, the result of his misuse of high talents to vex instead of allaying the passions of those times, still troubled after the storm had passed. His prose writings include several masterly studies of public characters.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;

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That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.
(So some rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And, therefore, bore it not about;
Unless on holydays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted,
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints—whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

The apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.

HUDIBRAS PUT IN THE STOCKS.

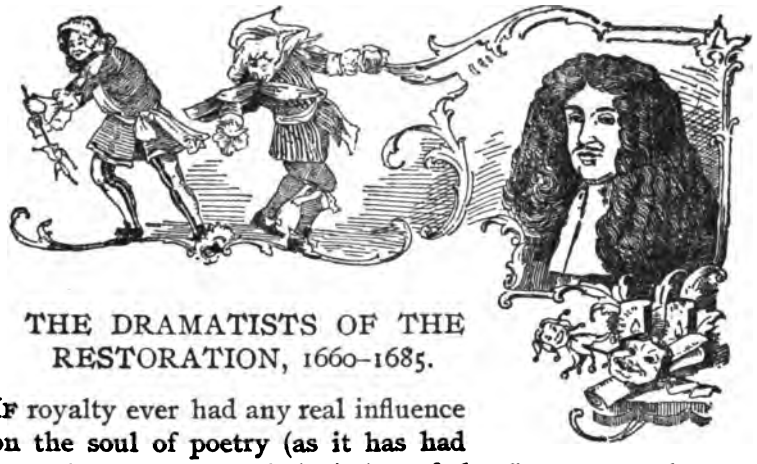
HUDIBRAS and his squire Ralpho having set out to reform the world, encounter an assemblage of rustics amused by a fiddler and a dancing bear. They rout the clowns and carry the fiddler to the stocks. But the crowd gather again and renew the fight, which has various turns until the maid Trulla appears, who vanquishes the knight. She decides that Hudibras and Ralpho must be punished in the stocks.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet;
Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French we conquered once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Arrayed and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, erst
In hurry of the fight dispersed,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honor and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfied;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower;
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandished o'er her head his sword,
And vowed they should not break her word:

Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;
Where to the hard and ruthless stones
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopped their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
The Knight and Squire then they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid;
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho pressed,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle [the stocks],
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquered foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears
Or pageants borne before Lord Mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived
In order, soldier-like contrived;
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanced, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skillful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort;
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all entered at;

And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut:

Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confined and conjured into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanced, they marched away.
But Hudibras who scorned to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.



THE DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION, 1660–1685.

If royalty ever had any real influence on the soul of poetry (as it has had upon its form and mission) that of the Stuarts was depressing, as was the effect of Puritanism. The latter, in some instances, attempted to shift it upon a new and higher line, as the noble strains of Milton show. The transition period after the death of Shakespeare was marked with the contrasts inevitable in all such developments, especially when a forcing process has been at work. The decline of the Shakespearean school was partly due to natural causes and partly to changes in public taste, and to the grim phase which politics assumed. The people grew weary of plays which stirred horror and loathing rather than pleasure. Even the harmless masques in court and castle lost their power to amuse. The so-called "metaphysical school" of poets catered with some success to the sober fancy of the time. George Herbert and others of his kind did their best to enshrine pious aspirations and reflections in verse not wholly destitute of poetry. The broader-minded Puritans thus strove to reconcile culture with simplicity, no easy task when bigotry was making sure of getting the upper hand, with the aid of well-meaning ignorance. Herrick kept the lamp of true lyric poetry flickering in his remote Pagan parsonage; yet if his dainty trifles were known at all to the masses, their only influence was to embitter the feeling against all who used their gifts, as was believed, in the devil's service.

When the political and religious strife was at white heat a thunderbomb was fired that recoiled on its Puritanical author and temporarily revived the drama. This was the famous

book, "Histrio-Mastix; the Player's Scourge or Actor's Tragedie," by William Prynne, an able constitutional lawyer, but a rancorous foe to the stage, and, logically, to the right of merrymaking in any guise. He furiously denounced actors as ministers of Satan, theatres as his chapels, and upbraided people who hunted, played cards, danced, enjoyed music, or hung their houses with holly at Christmas, as idolaters and worse. It was perhaps this atrocious assault on liberty that inspired Milton, Selden and others, to write their masques in defiance of the bigots. The king was not content to let the thing find its level in public contempt. The persecuting spirit was quite as active on the worldlings' side. Prynne was arrested and condemned by the Star Chamber to pay £5,000 fine, to stand twice in the pillory and lose his ears while his book was publicly burned. This was in 1633, and Milton's "Comus" appeared in the year following. The reaction in favor of the drama did not last long. Milton himself merged the serene gaiety of his masque in the grand gravity of his Puritan verse and militant prose. The dramatists and poets in the wake of Shakespeare produced then no commanding works.

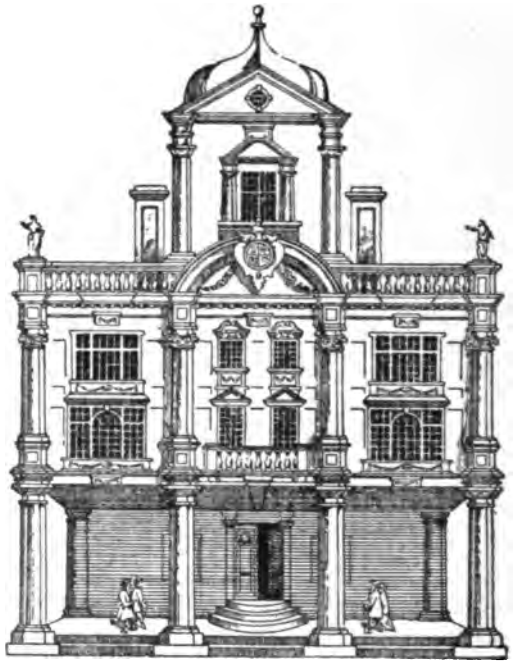
Parliament, in September, 1642, ordered the closing of theatres "as a becoming measure during the season of public calamity and impending civil war." Six years later it was decreed that all theatres were to be dismantled, and all dramatic entertainments were forbidden. This severity was not relaxed until 1656, but its failure in complete suppression was inevitable. Licentious literature began to be surreptitiously circulated, and coarse farces, played at country fairs during these years, contributed not a little to the outburst under the new king.

When the theatres resumed in 1660 the native plays that had last been in fashion, those of Shakespeare and his successors proved to be stale and heavy. Charles and his courtiers had come home from France imbued with its gayer spirit, and the high poetry and penetrating philosophy of the great dramas made too severe demands on their intellectual powers. They had brilliant gifts of their own, which had not been dulled by contact with the versatile-witted French, but the

ponderous gaiety of English writers was to them intolerable. They had been under the spell of Molière. That supreme master of comedy had created a model which every dramatist since has followed, but has come far short of equalling. His delineation of character, his tender grace alternating with scathing satire, his portrayal of manners and unfailing natural humor were destined to influence all future stagework, and that of England in particular, through the accident of the Restoration. If, on the one hand, the advent of the second Charles marked an impressive advance in philosophic, scientific and social views, which made for the future welfare of the race through the nation, on the other it produced an outbreak of corrupt humors which did not eradicate the mischief within. Stiff and slow as the flow of English fancy had been in poetry and drama during the beclouded days, it was at least genuinely English. Now came a French invasion of poetical forms and fancies, spiced with the prurient suggestiveness in which that people delight. The new fashion, imported under royal auspices, was bound to be adopted and heightened in the imitation, if possible; but the clumsier English manner only stripped the vulgarity of the airy wit which made it at all tolerable. We may listen to the French critic, Taine, on this: "Debauchery in a Frenchman is only half disgusting (*i.e.*, to a Frenchman); with them, if the animal breaks loose it is without abandoning itself to excess. The foundation is not, as with the Englishman, coarse and powerful. . . . The Frenchman is mild, naturally refined, little inclined to great or gross sensuality, affecting a sober style of talk, easily armed against filthy manners by his delicacy and good taste. . . . It is quite the contrary in England. When we scratch the covering of an Englishman's morality, the brute appears in its violence and deformity." Restoration comedy, destitute of poetry and romance, gave the English "an exact picture of ordinary life . . . Comedy will give him the same entertainment as real life, he will wallow equally well there in vulgarity and lewdness . . . filthy words will make him laugh through sympathy, shameless scenes will divert him by appealing to his recollections. . . . By representing nothing but vice, it authorized their vices. . . . Rochester

and Charles II. could quit the theatre edified in their hearts, more convinced than ever that virtue was only a pretence, the pretence of clever rascals who wanted to sell themselves dear."

The helpless state into which English drama had fallen is effectively illustrated by the absurd tinkering with the great plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, to make them presentable to Restoration audiences. Dryden was a true poet, the greatest in his day, and must



THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

have scorned public taste and his own humiliating prostration before it, as he condescended to make coarse and clumsy travesties of plays like "The Tempest" and poems like "Paradise Lost," which latter he actually degraded into an acting opera, entitled "The State of Innocence." Wycherley and other dramatists followed suit in mutilating and infecting noble English plays in the French manner. Tragedies were in more or less demand, but they had to be made of fustian to suit theatres that were schools of gallantry for coarse

minds. "Antony and Cleopatra" was another Shakespeare play which Dryden made over, and patched up into a new piece of his own.

The restoration of the drama under Charles II. was largely due to the skillful devices of Sir William Davenant (1605–1669), who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate. He wrote a large number of plays, poems and masques, but his success is most marked as the reviver of the theatre. Four years before this form of entertainment was re-legalized he boldly produced his own play, "The Siege of Rhodes," as a spectacular opera, a technical evasion of the law. Soon after the arrival of the king two theatrical companies were granted patents under the management of Davenant and Killigrew. New theatres were built, elaborate stage costumes introduced, and actresses fully employed, as had never been done in Shakespeare's time. For the next thirty years or more the actor's art flourished, and clever plays were written, but the licentious drama of the period, artificially captivating for a considerable time, was finally banished from the stage.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

WYCHERLEY lived longer, wrote more, and wrote more viciously, than any of his fellow-dramatists of the Restoration of whom he is the accepted representative. His merit, and that of his class, consists in the brilliance of dialogue and witty repartee, not in subtleness of plot, and still less in loftiness of purpose. Born in 1640, near Shrewsbury, he was schooled in France, where he exchanged Protestantism for the Catholic faith. On returning to England he returned to his national church, which he once more renounced under the patronage of James II. In 1672 his play, "Love in a Wood," was produced in London, in outrageous defiance of public decency. A rhymed account of a sea fight between the English and Dutch in which the author took part, serves to show that Wycherley followed the fashion by enlisting for a spell of patriotic service. "The Country Wife," played in 1675, and "The Plain-Dealer" are his cleverest productions, but both are condemned for indecency. Students of contemporary

manners find them mirroring much which cannot be treated in general terms, and their other value lies in their literary smartness, which influenced subsequent comedy-writers down to the present. After saying this much, little remains but disgust at foulness introduced without in any way contributing to either the plot or entertainment. Pope in his youth sought Wycherley's company and was permitted to touch up some of his plays, but found the task too arduous. The brief friendship between the ardent poet and the battered rake ended in mutual estrangement. The success of one of his plays led to Wycherley's unfortunate marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, whose jealous watching of her inconstant and debauched spouse ruined his peace, until she died and left him a fortune. So he supposed, but the title was faulty, which caused his arrest for debt and detention in jail for seven long years. At last the king bought him out. In his seventy-fifth year Wycherley married a young adventuress to spite his nephew and died embarrassed in 1715.

As Wycherley is the typical Restoration dramatist, and drew, as did the rest of his compeers, liberally upon the French for inspiration, it is fitting to turn once more to M. Taine for a Frenchman's estimate of his soiled genius. The French critic says, "His nature, genuinely English, that is to say, energetic and sombre, rebelled against the easy and amiable carelessness which enables one to take life as a pleasure-party. His style is labored and troublesome to read. His tone is virulent and bitter. He forces his comedy to get at spiteful satire. . . . We find in him no poetry of expression, no glimpse of the ideal, no system of morality which could console, raise, or purify men. He shuts them up in their waywardness and uncleanness, and settles himself along with them. . . . He expects them to breathe this atmosphere . . . as if it were their natural element. . . . I can understand that an author may dare much in a novel. It is a psychological study, akin to criticism or history, having almost equal license, because it contributes almost equally to explain the anatomy of the heart. . . . But transport it to the stage . . . is it possible that a public, a select public, could come and listen to such scenes?"

Widow Blackacre and Her Suitors.

(From "The Plain-Dealer," Act II., Scene I.)

Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags.

Widow. 'Tis an arrant sea-ruffian; but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, major; for the last service was not good in law. Boy, duck, Jerry, where is my paper of memorandums? Give me, child: so. Where is my cousin Olivia now, my kind relation?

Freeman. Here is one that would be your kind relation, madam.

Wid. What mean you, sir?

Free. Why, faith (to be short), to marry you, widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain Manly's?

Jerry. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What would you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ah, faith; for I am a younger brother, and you are a widow.

Wid. And you are an impertinent person; go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business a-nights, widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have. For a-nights, I assure you, I am a man of great business; for the business—

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle fellow.

Free. Try me but, widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and industry.

Oldfox. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. ———, she is a person of quality—a person that is no person—

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a widow. Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her squire, to arm her to her lawyer's chambers: but I will be impudent and bawdy; for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy familiar Jack! Gad forgive me! nowadays every idle, young, hectoring, roaring companion, with a pair of turned red breeches, and a broad back, thinks to carry away any widow of the best degree. But I'd have you to

know, sir, all widows are not got, like places at court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man, and not fit—

Free. For a widow? yes sure, old man, the fitter.

Old. Go to; if others had not laid in their claims before you—

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, sir? sure I am a much more proportionable match for her than you, sir; I, who am an elder brother, of a comfortable fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that, you unmannerly person? I'd have you to know, I was born in *Ann' undec' Caroli prim'*. [Eleventh year of Charles I.]

Old. Your pardon, lady, your pardon: be not offended with your very humble servant.—But I say, sir, you are a beggarly younger brother, twenty years younger than her, without any land or stock, but your great stock of impudence: therefore what pretension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me: first, because I am a younger brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient plea to a relict? how appears it, sir? by what foolish custom?

Free. By custom time out of mind only. Then, sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me in her widow's law or equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in Chancery, that I'll stand to her equity and decree between us. Come, lady, pray snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him. Give him a city widow's answer, that is, with all the ill-breeding imaginable.—[*Aside to the Widow.*] Come, madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more: first, for you, major—

Old. You declare in my favor, then?

Free. What, direct the court! come, young lawyer, thou shalt be a counsel for me. [*To Jerry.*

Jer Gad, I shall betray your cause then, as well as an older lawyer; never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, major, my walking hospital of an ancient foundation; thou bag of mummy, that wouldst fall asunder, if 'twere not for cerecloths—

Old. How, lady!

Free. Ha! ha!—

Jer. Hey, brave mother! use all suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou withered, hobbling, distorted cripple; nay, thou art a cripple all over: wouldst thou make me the staff of thy age, the crutch of thy decrepitness? me—

Free. Well said, widow! Faith, thou wouldst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytic, impotent, fumbling, frigid nincompoop!

Jer. Hey, brave mother, for calling of names, i'fac'!

Wid. Wouldst thou make a caudle-maker, a nurse of me? can't you be bedrid without a bedfellow? won't your swan-skins, furs, flannels, and the scorched trencher, keep you warm there?

Old. O heavens!

Free. I told you I should be thought the fitter man, major.

Jer. Ay, you old fobus, and you would have been my guardian, would you, to have taken care of my estate, that half of 't should never come to me, by letting long leases at pepper-corn rents?

Wid. If I would have married an old man, 'tis well known I might have married an earl, nay, what's more, a judge, and been covered the winter nights with the lamb-skins, which I prefer to the ermines of nobles. And dost thou think I would wrong my poor minor there for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor, God bless him!

[*Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your minor may be a major of horse or foot, for his bigness; and it seems you will have the cheating of your minor to yourself.

Wid. Pray, sir, bear witness:—cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I would bear false witness for thee now, widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, sir, 'tis my minor's case, more than my own; and I must do him justice now on you.

Free. How!

Old. So then.

Wid. You are, first (I warrant), some renegado from the inns of court and the law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the law, that is, be hanged.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, madam—

Old. Hear the court.

Wid. Thou art some debauched, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming companion, and wantest some widow's old gold to nick upon; but I thank you, sir, that's for my lawyers.

Free. Faith, we should ne'er quarrel about that; for guineas* would serve my turn. But, widow—

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouthed boaster of thy lust, a mere bragadochio of thy strength for wine and women, and wilt belie thyself more than thou dost women, and art every way a base deceiver of women; and would deceive me too, would you?

Free. Nay, faith, widow, this is judging without seeing the evidence.

Wid. You are a cheating, cozening spendthrift; and, having sold your own annuity, would waste my jointure.

Jer. And make havoc of our estate personal, and all our gilt plate; I should soon be picking up all our mortgaged apostle-spoons, bowls, and beakers, out of most of the ale-houses betwixt Hercules-pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping; nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling watchmen at midnight; would you so, bully?

Free. Nay, prithee, widow, hear me.

Wid. No, sir; I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-backed fellow, if I would have married a young man, 'tis well known I could have had any young heir in Norfolk, nay, the hopefullest young man this day at the King's-bench bar; I that am a relict and executrix of known plentiful assets and parts, who understand myself and the law. And would you have me under covert-baron again? No, sir, no covert-baron for me.

Free. But, dear widow, hear me. I value you only, not your jointure.

Wid. Nay, sir, hold there; I know your love to a widow is covetousness of her jointure: and a widow, a little stricken in years, with a good jointure, is like an old mansion-house in a good purchase, never valued, but take one, take t'other; and, perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs or expenses upon 't.

Free. No, widow, one would be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's lease by dilapidation.

* Guineas were then new coins, made of gold brought from Guinea.

Wid. Fy! fy! I neglect my business with this foolish discourse of love. Jerry, child, let me see the list of the jury: I'm sure my cousin Olivia has some relations amongst them. But where is she?

Free. Nay, widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, sir, no more, pray. I will no more hearken to your foolish love-motions, than to offers of arbitration.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

It was no slight honor for this English playwright to receive a visit of homage from the brilliant Voltaire, to whom he offensively said, "I am not a literary man, I am a gentleman." This incident throws light on the social status of the man of genius then as compared with that of the man of rank. The possibility of being both could scarcely have occurred to superfine danglers on the court, but they did not foresee how "Time, Life's fool," would play topsy-turvy with their misconception as to which was the gentleman. Congreve is entitled to precedence as a literary man over all his contemporary countrymen in his particular line, for he was not too grand to drive bargains in the vulgar market-place.

Where the wittiest of comedy writers was born is not certain, but the date was 1670, and he was educated in Kilkenny and Dublin. Dryden helped to get his first play, "The Old Bachelor," performed in 1693, which was at once hailed as equal to Etherege's best piece, which had outshone the best of Wycherley's popular but gross comedies. This won him patronage at court. "The Double-Dealer" came next, which Dryden warmly defended against adverse criticism, and a year later came a master-piece, "Love for Love," a sparkling play, overflowing with genuine wit and comedy spirit, though soiled by the inevitable vulgarity. His attempt at tragedy in "The Mourning Bride," showed more versatility than power, but won high praise from Dr. Johnson. Then in defiance of the severe but reasonable censures of the nonjuror bishop, Jeremy Collier, on the vicious drama of the time, Congreve issued his master-piece, "The Way of the World," which stands at the head of all English comedies by sterling literary quality and absolute insight into human nature. Still,

on the stage it was a comparative failure, and it ended his dramatic career when he was only thirty. From then until his death, in 1729, Congreve published only a volume of poems. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Scandal and Literature in High Life.

(From "The Double-Dealer.")

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called "heaven's charioteer."

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. (*Pulls out a paper.*) Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. (*Reads.*)

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F. (*Reads.*)

> And when at night his labor's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Aye, charioteer does better—

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;
> There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
> His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk* (I know it's a good rhyme)—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our John was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if John was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes; though to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, "John was formerly a hackney coachman."

Lady F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honor, let me perish!

Lord F. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Aye, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F. Foh!

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynthia (*aside*). Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that pants so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk!

Brisk. Her, egad! so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. (*sings*).

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one.
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

THOMAS OTWAY.

HERE is a brief life flickering against the clouded horizon of the Restoration like a candle in an April gale. Otway left his father's village rectory, after his training for the Church in Winchester and Oxford, to become an actor in London. He was only twenty, having been born in 1651, and his acting was a failure. He went back to the university, but after three years' further study he refused holy orders and enlisted in the army. Within a year he sold out and began his literary

vagabondage in London. In 1675 a play of his was produced, and being a disciple of Dryden, he needs must follow with a rhymed tragedy in the master's most robustious manner. This was "Don Carlos," which made a great hit, though poor stuff indeed as literature. To this succeeded a licentious comedy taken from Molière and a drama from Racine. After a wild turn at soldiering with the army in Flanders Otway came back and wrote "The Soldier's Fortune." Next year, 1680, he wrote "The Orphan," and for the first time it was seen that a true genius and great poet was wearing his heart out in battling with evil fate. His supremacy in natural and profound pathos was heightened by his own deep draughts of the bitter cup. All was not gold, nor golden illusion, in the glitter of city life. Whether his was the temperament that impatiently flies to worse ills to drown those of the moment, or the desponding sort that shuns the crowd to brood in concealed despair over unconquerable impediments to success, we cannot know. He was in utter poverty, that is certain, and kindred miseries flocked around him. He was thirty-one when his "Venice Preserved" asserted itself as one of the great master-pieces of the poetical drama. In it the best gifts of a much-troubled mind took wing above the fogs of London into the clear expanse of poetry. The tragedy was broken with episodes of licentious comedy to meet the theatre demand, but since these have been eliminated it has commanded, and will long command, the enthusiasm of lovers of the sublime in pure pathetic verse. Otway's greatness here is discounted by his mediocrity as a depicter of character for dramatic purposes, and his humorous attempts are ghastly. His life was made up of hollow gaieties and a gnawing core of remorse that turned all to gloom. Tender-hearted beyond most his home letters show him to have been, and the one woman whose reciprocal love might have transformed everything for good refused it and spurned him. She was one who acted in his plays. After the "Venice," by which he profited little or nothing, he wrote nothing worthy of his talent, but sank lower and lower, from actual privation, perhaps because of weak-spiritedness, and perished in some undecided miserable way on Tower Hill, April 14, 1685, aged thirty-four.

JAFFIER AND BELVIDERA.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone and leave me!
Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?
Pri. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you,
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practiced to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh! Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you; your unskillful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat

You made for safety: entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still!
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grand-sire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness and want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers
I once was happy!

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.

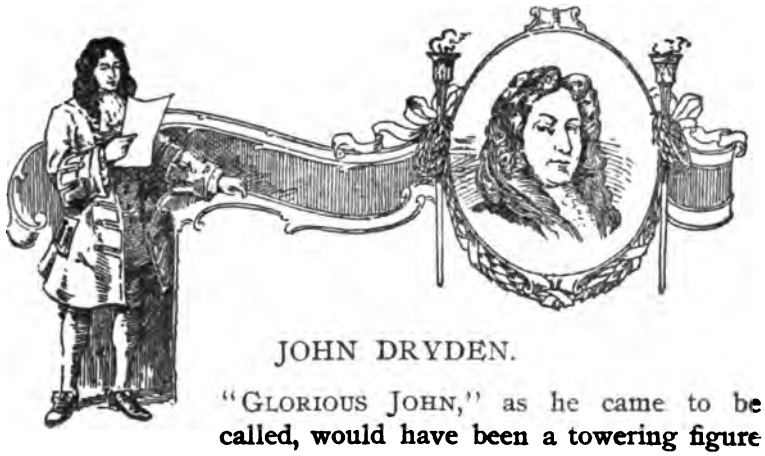
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do 't.
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years have passed since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature),
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say! [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart; home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—

And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. [*Enter Belvidera.*
Belvidera. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbor?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.
Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre friend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad

(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succor, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,—
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And as thou sighing, liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world:
Busy rebellion ne'er would let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.



JOHN DRYDEN.

"GLORIOUS JOHN," as he came to be called, would have been a towering figure in any historical period. His was a strong intellect, affected in the direction of weakness by the tremendous currents of those strange times. If he could have kept the poet clear of the politician, or the dramatist distinct from the theological controversialist, he might have scaled the heights to the summit, instead of alighting on the lesser peaks to show how easily he might soar if he chose. John Dryden (1631–1700) was the grandson of a Puritan baronet, and though he turned Catholic in later life he kept his Puritan mode of thought and fondness for religious discussion to the last. His advent as a poet dates from his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell," of genuine power and beauty, according to the stilted fashion that prevailed. His hero-worship of the Protector changed two years later into an equally gracious panegyric, welcoming the king, in which he protested his disgust with the "rebels." For this poem, "Astræa Redux," and another in the year following "To His Sacred Majesty," Dryden, then twenty-nine, received a royal grant.

After other literary work, some of it drudgery, he took to writing plays, in compliance with the prevailing fashion. The first was a comedy, "The Wild Gallant," its partial success leading to his agreement to furnish three plays a year to the King's Company. Twenty-seven were thus concocted. Dryden confesses that his taste and talent did not go in that direction. "To the stage my genius never much inclined me." He had to live, and as long as the public demanded this sort of work he would do it. "I know I am

not so fitted by nature to write comedy; I want that gaiety of humor which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit; reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." He joined Sir Robert Howard in producing a tragedy in heroic verse, "The Indian Queen," which took the town by storm, and may be regarded as the first of the spectacular melodramas with battles, flying spirits, real Oriental costumes and scenic effects, which are still popular. His other plays were cast in the supposed heroic vein in rhyme, the propriety of which form he had to defend against the advocates of blank verse. To touch the sublime was not only beyond his reach as an artist in expression, but he had not the conception. Hence the inflated verbiage, the ranting, roaring, imitation of passion, and the falsetto of his pathos in these dramas. His "Conquest of Granada," though not without good points, provoked the Duke of Buckingham to voice the literary judgment of the day in his racy burlesque "The Rehearsal," which ridiculed Dryden in the character of Bayes, the poet. His next play, "Aurungzebe," was his last in rhyme. When he was fifty-seven he set himself to write "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," to prove the superiority of his interpretation of the story of Antony and Cleopatra over Shakespeare's. Apart from its purpose to improve upon the master by restricting the interest to the dominion of passion alone, Dryden's play is a noble work. Meanwhile several of his comedies were suppressed or failed because of their obscenity, yet in his own conduct the author was strictly moral.

In 1681 Dryden showed his great gifts as a satirist in his poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," directed against Lord Shaftesbury, then under arrest for treason for conspiring to exclude the Duke of York from the throne as a papist. This was the first great English satire. In it the Duke of Monmouth, the rebel, who was really a natural son of the king, appears as Absalom, Charles as the Hebrew King, Shaftesbury as the tricky Achitophel, who inspired the revolt. Dryden lashed the hated Shaftesbury, and his personal enemy, Buckingham of "The Rehearsal," called Zimri in the satire,

with all the force of genius, and nine editions were sold in a year. While he admitted and condemned the "Popish Plot," Dryden was out of sympathy with those who would again have plunged the country into civil war. The "Religio Laici," written soon after this, indicated his revulsion from the Puritanism which seemed to encourage unrest. But his final religious change is shown in "The Hind and Panther," which is a strong poetical argument, in the form of fable, for Catholicism. It was written after he joined the Roman communion. A quatrain from this poem has twofold interest, first as being an expression of his feelings on making the change, and also, as a literary singularity, in its close resemblance of spirit and structure to a stanza in Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn "Lead, Kindly Light:"

> "My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
> My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
> Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
> My pride struck out new sparkles of her own."

When the Revolution of 1688 came, Dryden lost his laureateship and other sources of emolument. Again he turned to the stage and miscellaneous literary work. He published translations of the classical poets, from Homer to Virgil. In his sixty-seventh year he wrote the noble ode on St. Cecilia's day, known as "Alexander's Feast;" still later came his versions of tales from Boccaccio and Chaucer, published as "Fables." Despite his versatility, industry, and popularity, Dryden had to struggle for bread to the end. The devotion of his disciple, Alexander Pope, greatly contributed to the growth of his posthumous fame. He died in 1700, the acknowledged head of literary England, if not among the elect poets, still a mighty wielder of verse in serious satire, and capable of poetical flight as lofty as in the ode. Yet his enviable epitaph is found in the tribute of a great modern writer, who says: "It was by no mere figure that the group (of his fellow-authors) called itself a republic of letters, and honored in Dryden the chosen chief of their republic. He had done more than any man to create a literary class. It was his resolve to live by his pen, that first raised literature into a profession."

ABSALOM.

IN this portrait is delineated the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., who was the chosen leader of the Protestant party that wished to exclude James, the Duke of York, from the throne. He actually headed a rebellion in 1685.

Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon:
Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a specious name
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.

ACHITOPHEL.

THIS character is intended for the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was charged with instigating the Duke of Monmouth to rebellion.

Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin [judge]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

ZIMRI.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the Duke of Buckingham, is here wittily satirized. He criticized Dryden and was the enemy of Clarendon.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

MILTON.

(Lines printed under the engraved portrait of Milton, in Tonson's folio edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1688.)

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

THIS ode, in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, had for its secondary title "The Power of Music." The last four or more lines of each stanza were repeated as a chorus.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musicians sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed!
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL,
MADISON AVE. & 70th ST.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee,
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

THE story of Cymon and Iphigenia is taken from Boccaccio. The oldest son of Aristippus, a wealthy lord of Cyprus, though tall and comely, was stupid, so that people called him Cymon, which is said to mean "beast." Finding he could be taught nothing, his father sent him to a farm to live with slaves. Cymon, walking through the woods, found, near a spring, a maiden asleep and attended by two women and a man-servant. The sight of her beauty awakened love in the idiot's heart, and also a resolve to become worthy of her. Returning to his father's court, he applied himself diligently to his studies and made astonishing progress. At length he sued for the maiden's hand, but found she was already promised to Pasimond of Rhodes. Determined still to win her and tell her what she had done for him, he fitted out a vessel and captured her, while sailing to her future husband's home. Scarcely had he taken her when a storm arose and drove his vessel out of its course. The ship was stranded on the shore of Rhodes close by the ship of Pasimond. The latter, after a fight, recovered Iphigenia, and Cymon was cast into prison. But there Lysimachus, the ruler of Rhodes, made friends with Cymon, and they plotted to recapture Iphigenia. Lysimachus was in love with Cassandra, the promised bride of Pasimond's younger brother, who was to be married on the same day as Pasimond. In the midst of the feast Lysimachus and Cymon enter the hall; Cymon, having killed Pasimond and his brother, fled with Iphigenia in a vessel which was waiting for them. Together with Lysimachus and Cassandra they sailed to Candia, where both pairs of lovers were married and lived till peace was made with the friends of the slain. Then they settled in their respective homes.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every Grace and all the Loves resort;

Where either sex is formed of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There lived a Cyprian lord above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excelled the rest in shape and outward show.
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion joined,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground
He looked like Nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece designed,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were joined.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair;
The more informed, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorned of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus changed his name,
And Cymon called,—which signifies a brute:
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employed that answered not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loathed to see what nature made him love.
So to his country farm the fool confined;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went.
It happened on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood shade he took his way.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
The deep recesses of the grove he gained;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid,
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,

Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom only to the view was bare:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and feared offense.
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound,
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.

What not his father's care nor tutor's art
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
He would have waked her, but restrained his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;
For such she seemed by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fixed as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night for fear to stray.
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair

(So was the beauty called who caused his care)
Unclosed her eyes and double day revealed,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were sealed.
The slavering cudden, propped upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill-sorted with his face.)
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fixed regard on her new opened eyes,
And in his breast received the envenomed dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and feared his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essayed,
With proffered service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.
The father wondered at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his altered will.
Nor was he long delayed: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dressed,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorned, he next designed
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorred.
Thus the man-child advanced, and learned so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpassed:

His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashioned, and his tongue he filed;
In every exercise of all admired,
He seemed, nor only seemed, but was inspired,
Inspired by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenced, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

LORD CLARENDON.

CLARENDON'S "History of the Rebellion" has the honor of being the first English example of the best kind of historical writing, that which elucidates causes as it chronicles results, and portrays the characteristics of the men who made history. This is the chief title of Clarendon to literary immortality. The historical literature of the seventeenth century largely consists of records of events deeply tinged with partisan feeling on both sides, so that to arrive at the truth it is necessary to read both sides.

Edward Hyde, who became the first Earl of Clarendon, was born in 1608. He was educated at Oxford for the Church, and studied law under his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, who was afterwards chief justice. Entering Parliament in 1640, he acted at first with the popular party, but soon espoused the royalist cause and became a confidential adviser of the king. He was the author of able state papers issued by the king at the beginning of the civil war. He accompanied the Prince of Wales in his flight and remained in exile until the Restoration. He had already been made Lord Chancellor by Charles II., and now became prime minister. In 1661 the value of his services was acknowledged by his being made Earl of Clarendon. Still further honor awaited him, for by his daughter's marriage to James, Duke of York, he became grandfather of two future queens, Mary and Anne. For some time no minister was ever possessed of more absolute authority, yet his power was of short duration. His long exile had unfitted him for the chief direction of affairs. "His virtues and vices alike contributed to his ruin." In 1667 he was deprived of the great seal and impeached by the

Commons. Before the case was decided he retired to France, but Parliament doomed him to perpetual exile. He died at Rouen in December, 1674. In the controversies of the age he was a staunch adherent of the Church of England and of the royal prerogatives. In his public career he yielded to temptations that served his personal interest. Yet in the end he lost the favor of both king and people.

Allowing for the author's leanings toward the royalist cause, the "History" is as fair, perhaps, as was possible for a contemporary. The great value of his work consists in its literary charm and penetrating portrayals of character. His descriptive power is unsurpassed, both of men and scenes. His style might be more compact, yet there is beauty in the slow-rolling sentences, which befit the time and gravity of incident. The work was not published until 1704–7.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

IT will not be unnecessary to add a short character of King Charles, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation underwent in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have.

He was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except that it was so disguised to him that he be believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence; and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities.

He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices in the ecclesiastical courts against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

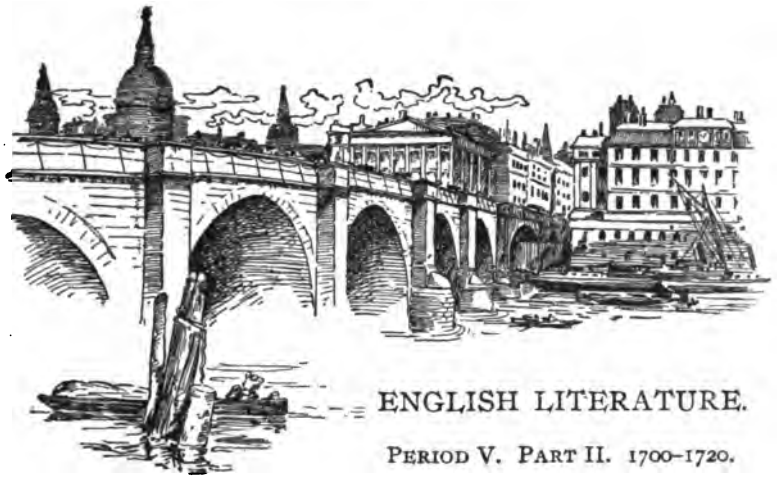
His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humors made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but in his riper years not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This

made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not harken to severe councils, how reasonably soever urged. . . .

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men; and afterwards the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their masters, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been.

To conclude: He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy, who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. PART II. 1700–1720.

THE LITERATURE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

QUEEN ANNE, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, gave her name to a literary period in English history, as Elizabeth had done in the sixteenth, and Victoria has done in the nineteenth. Yet Anne had little regard for literature or for authors. The great conflict of the previous century which had closed with the Revolution of 1688, gave way to the less important, yet hardly less bitter, struggle between Whigs and Tories, and between the Church and Dissent. Anne, though personally inclined to the Tories, long upheld the Whigs, to whom she owed her throne. Appeal was made to the people by both parties and in every possible way—by pamphlets, songs, ballads, satires and newspapers. London was the centre of this stirring strife, and there every writer was compelled to be an active participant. Men of the highest talent were thus politicians by necessity, and their works bear the stamp of their party. The great leaders enlisted for their respective sides the best poets and prose-writers, and rewarded them for their contributions of praise for their patrons or their fierce attacks on their enemies; personal satire flourished. The general result was the lowering of the ablest writers, who abused their gifts for paltry ends, and the starvation of the meaner scribblers, who have bequeathed the name of Grub Street, as indicative of their class.

Yet other effects can be seen which were of permanent

value in English literature. The fierce personal contest among the writers led to a close study of form and style. This study was assisted by the corresponding change which had taken place in France. The labors of Malherbe and Boileau and the French Academy were of indirect benefit to the English language. The prose of Swift and Steele and Addison owes much of its simplicity and clearness to the example of their French predecessors. Still another result, partly due to the French influence, can be observed. The varieties of city life and character came to be closely studied and depicted. Entertainment had formerly been sought by the representation of remote scenes and ideal life, whether of courts or shepherds or fairy land. Now attention was turned to the actual life of towns and to the variety of character developed under its influence. Something of this had been seen in the Elizabethan dramatists, still more in the dramatists of the Restoration, who followed the lead of Molière. Now the portrayal of characters, whether by way of satire and censure, or of genial and picturesque description, became prevalent in various forms of literature, but especially in the essay, whether prose or poetical.

Although essays, brief discussions of themes, more or less important, had already appeared in English literature, dignified by the names of Francis Bacon, Abraham Cowley and others, yet this form of writing was but an incidental part of their works. In the reign of Queen Anne arose a class who gave to the essay a prominence and importance which it has never since lost. Addison and Steele are generally regarded as deserving the most credit for this innovation, but practically it was a result of the rise of the newspaper into literary importance.

Newspapers began in England during the Parliamentary war, though there had been news-letters and pamphlets of foreign news before that exciting period. Among the earliest newspapers were official gazettes, while others were the results of private enterprise. The *London Gazette*, commenced in 1665, has appeared regularly twice a week since that time. Roger L'Estrange, otherwise noted in literary history, was appointed "surveyor of the press" after the Restoration.

Newspapers increased in number and importance under the reign of Queen Anne. Then first did they become vehicles of genuine literature. Daniel Defoe, in his *Weekly Review*, commenced in 1704, occasionally discussed questions of literature and manners. Following this example, Sir Richard Steele, in 1709, started *The Tatler*, treating only of social topics suited for general conversation. It appeared thrice a week, until January, 1711, and was speedily succeeded by *The Spectator*, which was conducted as a daily by Steele and Addison, until December, 1712, when it was extinguished by a stamp-tax. In his contributions Addison exhibited that easy polished style which was long a standard and model for writers of English. These papers did much to raise and refine the tone of conversation in English society.

The great prose writers of the reign of Queen Anne were Addison, Steele, Swift and Defoe. While Addison is best known as a genial essayist, he was highly regarded by his contemporaries as a poet and dramatist. Steele was a social humorist, and paved the way for Addison's finer genius. Dean Swift, though a prominent churchman, was a fierce and truculent politician and savage satirist. Defoe, immortalized by his "Robinson Crusoe," was a busy pamphleteer, who wrote many fictions which passed as facts.

The great poet of the age of Queen Anne, Alexander Pope, began writing verse at the age of twelve, and published his "Essay on Criticism" when he was twenty-three. In a few years he gained fame and profit by his translation of Homer, which still remains the most popular English version, in spite of many defects. Pope's sharpest satire is the "Dunciad," in which he takes his revenge on the poetasters who had seriously annoyed him. During this part of his career Pope was associated with Swift, Gay, Parnell, Prior, and others, who formed the Scriblerus Club. To the influence of Lord Bolingbroke is due Pope's "Essay on Man" and his "Moral Essays." In most of his poetry he used the heroic couplet which he polished to the utmost perfection. For a long time he remained as supreme in poetic style as Addison was in prose.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE literary partnership between Steele and Addison did much for each of these differently gifted men, and more for literature than either of them perceived. Steele was born in 1672, met Addison as a schoolmate in the Charterhouse, enlisted in the army, and was disinherited in consequence, sought pleasure as a man of the town, and then as a help in reforming himself wrote "The Christian Hero." When his comrades ridiculed him for it, he tried to retrieve his reputation as a gallant by composing comedies. These had fair success, though their moral tone was higher than had been customary on the stage. King William approved them, and in 1707 appointed the author to edit *The Gazette*. This journal was necessarily the dryest of periodicals, until it occurred to Steele to enliven it with items of political news and coffee-room gossip. In imitation of Defoe's *Review* he next issued a paper of his own, and thus the famous *Tatler* was born on April 12, 1709. His pseudonym, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., was borrowed from Swift, and the invaluable aid of Addison made the *Tatler* the mouthpiece of the leading wits, politicians, and social censors of the time. The credit of originating and establishing the new organ belongs solely to Steele, as Addison did not contribute until seventeen numbers had appeared, and wrote only in forty-two of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers that had appeared when Steele's political patrons went out of office, and he lost his appointment. Within two months appeared the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, projected by Addison. In this Steele wrote the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, but Addison took it up and transformed it from the commonplace into the exquisitely sympathetic and humorous study of

quaint character which still delights all readers. A stamp-tax extinguished the *Spectator*, but its place was filled by the *Guardian*, March, 1713, of which Steele wrote eighty-two and Addison fifty-three numbers, and with its short career ended the journalistic association of the two friends.

Steele was a sympathizer with the Revolution of 1688, and being as versatile as he was unbusinesslike he launched many periodicals, political and social, without regard to probabilities of success. It is interesting to note some of the titles he originated: *The Englishman*, *The Lover*, *The Reader*, *Town Talk*, *Chit Chat*, *The Tea Table*, *The Plebeian* and *The Theatre*. Paine's famous pamphlet during the American Revolution, "The Crisis," was anticipated by the one so named by Steele, which led to his expulsion as a member of Parliament because of its seditious character. After years of struggle with self-inflicted poverty, the death of Queen Anne led to a change in his fortunes; lucrative offices were given him, and he was knighted by King George in 1715. When he was fifty years of age he wrote the best and most successful of his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers." Still money troubles pursued imprudent and generous Steele, so that in 1724 he retired to Wales, where he died in 1729. "His temper," says Macaulay, "was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak." It is no less true that Steele was the first of our entertaining writers (as Thackeray points out) who really seemed to admire and respect principles.

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or

obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house, both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich; his servants look satisfied; all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great ability; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land,

and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his most intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business they are most of them fit for publication. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in. He has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins. He has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's, as you go in to the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man), he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than

valor; and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though, at the same time, I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew Freeport in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but of invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him. Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be

backward in affecting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, Time has made but a very little impression upon him, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces on his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, or that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered with such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten; another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or blow of the fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. . . .

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but

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seldom; but when he does, he adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and such business as preferments in his function would oblige him to. He is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers; as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world; as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

The Marriage of Sister Jenny.

(From "The Tatler.")

I am called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit and pleasing conversation: but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her that if she kept her honor, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's "Epistles." That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. . . . "Acilianus," for that was the gentleman's name, "is a man of extraordinary vigor and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively color, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality; which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no

means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King Arthur, in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age, though the complexion of the family was obscure till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III., the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with a hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish, nor indeed was there any in the neighborhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders and a Roman nose; what made the nose the less excusable was the remarkable smallness of his eyes. These several defects were mended by succeeding matches: the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half, but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose, which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of the reign of Henry VII., or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin, which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle-shanks and cramps in our bones; insomuch, that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milkmaid, of whom the then Garter King-at-Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, "that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humors. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skillful gardeners blot a color out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth on melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such different complexions and humors in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue, for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into ob-

servation what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction, therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays, for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see that to be well dressed, in good humor, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six, but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

INKLE AND YARICO.

(From "The Spectator.")

MR. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs in the good ship called the "Achilles," bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instill into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigor in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course

of the voyage, that the "Achilles," in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went on shore upon this occasion. From their first landing, they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamored of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its color to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-colored feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him, in the dusk of the evening, or by the favor of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated

to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and, in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THOUGH the early years of the eighteenth century were not entitled to be regarded as the Augustan age of literature, as claimed, they enjoy the honor of marking the transition from the licentious characteristics of the Restoration period to the purer taste, ethical and literary, which owes so much to the influence of Addison. His standing is not merely that of a poet, nor even of an essayist. In both capacities he has left an enviable record, yet there is a personal quality which towers above the graceful charm of his literary creations; an Addisonian influence, to sum it briefly, which distinctly raised the tone of public writing to the courtly level as to style, and to that of gentlemanliness in spirit. He owed his rise to his poetry, but his fame rests on his dignified yet easy prose.

Addison, born in 1672, came from a clerical stock, and spent his earliest efforts in penning Latin and English verse, beginning with an address of homage to Dryden. This he followed with "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," interesting only as showing how little even educated people then knew or cared about old English poetry. An opportune laudatory ode to the king won him a pension of £300 a year, on which he went traveling on the Continent. The "Poetical Letter from Italy" narrowly escaped being a great poem, and is the most pretentious of all he wrote. "The Campaign," his poem on the victory of Blenheim, has been justly called "a rhymed gazette," yet it won him a political office of emolument as a solace for the stoppage of the pension on the king's death. Addison was now launched on the sea of politics. He became Under-Secretary of State in 1706, entering Parliament in 1708, where he failed as a debater, though he held his seat for life. Next year he went to Ireland as secretary to

the lord-lieutenant, where he met Swift. He wrote but little until his friend Steele brought out *The Tatler*, in 1709, to which Addison contributed largely, and raised its character to the highest pitch of literary excellence. "Never, not even by Dryden, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace and facility." It was by these dainty essays that Addison won Dr. Johnson's hackneyed tribute, counseling, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." *The Tatler* fluctuated in quality and appearance, and *The Spectator* took its place; the pair of friends writing the papers, each in his characteristic vein, the most famous of their creations being "Sir Roger de Coverley," forever the typical "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time." Steele struck the outline, but to Addison the full-length portrait owes its exquisite fidelity and charm. This and the gallery of companion portraits, be it remembered, were produced before the novel had made its appearance.

In the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian* the contributions of Addison numbered nearly four hundred, not counting those written in collaboration with Steele. These form the body of his best work. In 1713 his tragedy of "Cato" was produced, its marked success being due to the Whigs, who hailed it as a timely argument for an extension of constitutional freedom. Its merits lie solely in the smooth diction and the loftiness of its moral reflections. Addison's critical articles on Milton are among his strongest essays. After Queen Anne's death, in 1714, Addison accepted another political appointment. His secretary was Tickell, a poet of some note, who published a translation of the "Iliad," disclaiming in his preface any rivalry with that of Pope. Addison had expressed his preference for Tickell's as the more faithful version, which enraged Pope into perpetrating the severe attack on Addison in the well-known lines on "Atticus." In 1716 Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick, but it proved an unhappy venture. A handsome pension was given him in 1718, but in the next year he died, aged forty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Despite the moral

weakness which ruined his latter years (over-indulgence being a fashionable vice of the day) Addison lived a pure life in a corrupt age, and his "noble numbers" could not have emanated from a heart untuned to noble aspirations. The favorite hymns, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," and "The Spacious Firmament on high," with the paraphrases of the Psalms, are of themselves no ordinary monument to an exalted poetical taste expressing itself on sublime themes.

A Country Sunday.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship the immortal gods.—*Pythagoras.*

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger [de Coverley], being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave

every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Sir Roger de Coverley in Love.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

—*Virgil.*

It may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this

evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year, I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me,

a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed, like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf, as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY VISITS THE WIDOW

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL,
MADISON AVE. & 70th ST.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turn-

ing to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind; and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature. ——But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said?—after she had done speaking to me she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet; and, as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men——"

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet, hanc loquitur;* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition. . . .

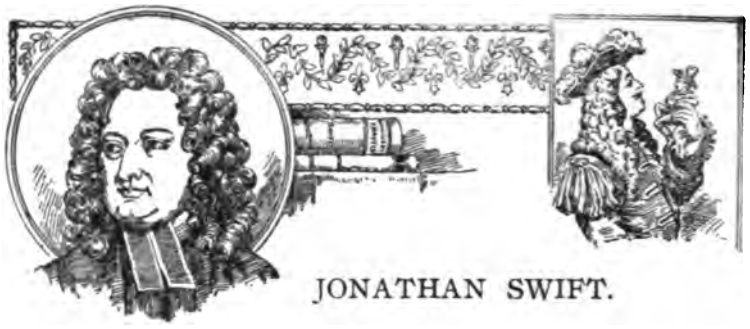
Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;

Let him eat, drink, ask questions or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

(From "The Campaign.")

BEHOLD, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

GREAT as he was intellectually and as a supreme master of argumentative and satirical writing, Swift became the sport of a perverse and tragic destiny. No lover in history or fiction can be classed with the grim tyrant of Stella and Vanessa. No writer can be named who produced so strange a medley of strong originalities. He gave the rein to his impetuous will and genius, upon every subject in every style of composition, except the sublime and beautiful, and left the stamp of unequaled power upon all.

What mystery hovers around the birth of Swift, in Dublin, in 1667, adds an element of romance without explaining anything. His youth was spent as an orphan under the roof of patrons, which deepened his innate cynicism. After leaving Dublin University he entered the household of Sir William Temple as literary secretary, and, off and on, remained in this service until Temple's death in 1699. During this period Swift not only acquired intimate knowledge of politics and leading politicians on the Whig side, but he read everything within reach and tells how he had "written and burned, and written again, more on all manner of subjects than perhaps any man in England." His first important work was, "The Battle of the Books," written in support of Temple's views on the merits of the ancient writers. This was published in 1697, and brought the young author's talents for satire into prominence. In 1704 he issued the "Tale of a Tub," which had been written several years earlier, a piquant allegory, satirizing the Roman Church and the dissenting bodies, but dealing more graciously with the Church of England, of which he was an ordained minister. It increased his fame, but hindered preferment. He occupied the vicarage of Laracor,

in Ireland, where he induced to accompany him a young lady, Esther Johnson, who like himself had been a dependant of Sir William Temple, and his companion during his stay in Moor Park. With her came Mrs. Dingley as chaperon. As early as 1694 Swift had exchanged letters with a young lady named Waring, who is better known as "Varina," his pet name for her. Later he flung her aside for "Vanessa," as he named Esther Vanhomrigh, whom he had allowed to become infatuated with him. He was still leading Esther Johnson, his "Stella," to believe he was about to marry her. When the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was given him in 1713, Swift allowed himself to trifle with the love of both these women. At last he consented to a private marriage with Stella, on condition that it should never be made known. Meanwhile he wrote his best verses, in the guise of faithful lover, to Miss Vanhomrigh, entitled "Cadenus and Vanessa," "Cadenus" being an anagram of the Latin "Decanus," Dean. Not until 1723 did she nerve herself to write, asking Stella if the alleged marriage was a fact. Stella acknowledged the fact. Then followed a visit from the enraged Dean, who without a word flung her letter to Stella on the table and then walked out. Vanessa, broken-hearted, died within a few weeks, leaving their correspondence for publication. Five years later died Stella, heart-starved by treatment which to her was refined cruelty, but which is susceptible of more charitable explanation if matters which are conjectures rather than evidence could be proved true.

STELLA.

Swift had turned Tory in spite against his party, which had neglected their best champion. He accepted the Deanery with the sense of wounded dignity, won at the price of life-long expatriation. He was frequently in England, most active

of politicians, and busy at political pamphleteering, mixing humor, sarcasm and invective with masterly reasoning. Exiled and fettered as he was, Swift settled down to his clerical duties, soured at heart and eager to strike his sham friends with whatever might hurt them most. He found a weapon to hand in the misrule of the Irish people, and when he wrote in 1720 his anonymous "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," urging the Irish never to buy English goods, the Government prosecuted the pamphlet for sedition, though its authorship was an open secret. When, in 1724, the Government made a contract with one Wood, to make copper coins for use in Ireland, on terms which yielded an unfair profit, half of which was to go to the king's mistress, Swift penned the "Drapier Letters," which at once made him the hero of the Irish people, who showered popular honors on the champion whose wit and vigorous English defeated that scandalous proposal.

Two years after this, in 1726, Swift printed "Gulliver's Travels." Few books have afforded more diversion to young and old, yet his purpose in making it was "to vex the world rather than divert it." His purpose was to satirize the Whigs and Tories, royalty, and the great statesmen of the time, and in the last part humanity itself. The greatness of the book has defeated its ends, as it has always been read for the story it tells, in which the most extravagant absurdities are narrated with the convincing air of truth. Wit, humor, and the spirit of fun endow it with the graces which ensure long life, and it deserves to be classed with the best works in its department of literature as a model of natural and easy style.

Among the most readable of his minor works are his satirical, but equally amusing, "Directions for Servants" and "Polite Conversation," in which will be found many expressions, some slangy, which pass for contemporary inventions. Scattered in Swift's writings may be found the originals of many ideas and phrases commonly credited to later writers who were wise enough to hunt in his preserves for their best things. Here can be found the "clothes philosophy" of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, "sweetness and light."

Swift's chief solace for a spoiled life was the interchange of thought and literary recreation with Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, Addison and others of their calibre. By 1742 his faculties gave way, and he sank gradually until his death in 1745, at the age of seventy-eight. His "Journal to Stella," published after his death, is of great autobiographical interest. In his own epitaph he claims for himself the credit of having been a fearless vindicator of popular rights. This is his due. If he gloried in scarifying parties and self-seekers, and took an impish delight in shocking the common sense of decency and shamefully disgraced his cloth, we may remember the imperious nature with which he was born, and the many humiliations his proud spirit had to endure from his intellectual inferiors. We owe to Dean Swift entertainment which none but he has been able to supply in its kind and many varieties, besides examples of the brightest original humor and the pithiest English to be found in books.

The Court of Lilliput.

(From "Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput.")

The Emperor is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is sufficient to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well-proportioned, all his movements graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be mistaken in my description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose. It was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with dia-

monds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. . . . .

The Emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all the nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted by none so much as that of the rope-dances, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet and twelve inches from the ground. This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace, which often happens, five or six of these candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling succeeds in the office.

Very often the chief Ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the court officers are much on a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the Ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for by contending to excel themselves and their fellows they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broken his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and the Empress and the First Minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed in any other country of the New or Old World. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick and the First Minister the other; sometimes the Minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear, girt twice about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

Verses on His Own Death.

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:

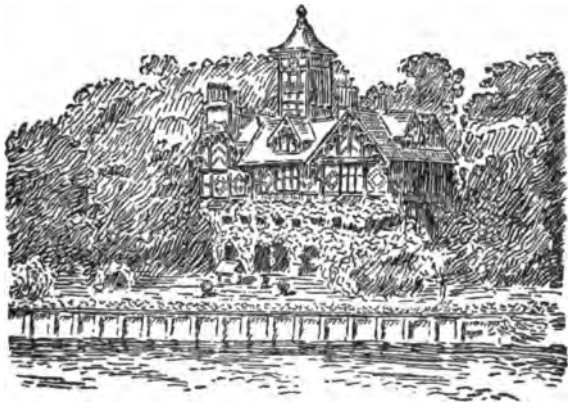
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news;
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains.
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry,—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise.
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lashed they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans they say, must bear the pall:
I wish I knew what king to call.)

Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?
No, madam; 'tis a shocking sight,
And he's engaged to-morrow night;
My lady Chub will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart!)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favorite of Apollo?
Departed,—*and his works must follow!*
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some county squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose;
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste,
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough."

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in the year 1688, stunted and frail of body, was schooled as a Catholic, became enamored of Dryden as a poet in his twelfth year, and took to poetry himself. His religion excluded him from the training of the universities, nevertheless he was well educated. As early as 1709 his "Pastorals" were printed, followed in 1711 by the "Essay on Criticism," the finest piece of argumentative poetry in our language. The "Rape of the Lock" appeared in 1712, a "heroi-comical" poem, a perfect example of the burlesque epic. His next poem was "Windsor Forest," correct in phrasing, but soulless. Pope was by this time recognized by the patrons of literature, and enjoyed the friendship of Addison and the foremost writers. At twenty-five he was encouraged by the subscription list to push on his translation of Homer. The first four volumes, containing the Iliad, appeared in 1715, and the work was completed, by the help of others, in 1720. This gained him fame and fortune. Among other new friendships he formed the lasting one with Dean Swift. If there was more of Pope than Homer in the translation, it is explained by his adoption of the artificial diction in vogue in his day. A collected edition of his poems was issued in 1717, in which were included his "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" and other love poems, in which the sentiment suffers from the stilted language, while yet breaking out occasionally into fine natural expression. Besides editing Shakespeare, he issued, in connection with Swift and Arbuthnot, three volumes of their miscellanies. He also proceeded

to avenge himself on his many severe critics by gibbeting them in the "Dunciad," a satire of the most pungent character, unsurpassed in its line. Political as well as literary grudges were paid off in its stinging epigrams. From 1733 to 1738 Pope amused himself by writing his poetical "Epistles," in the vein of Horace, to his friends, and there are few pieces of verse of their kind that outrival them in graceful fancy and versification. The "Essay on Man" appeared in 1734. It is Pope's contribution to the great controversy in which many able minds have sought to rationalize religion. More of its brilliant couplets have become part of our common speech than of any other poem of its size. For a man with Pope's opinions, prejudices and temperament it is a wonderful performance, commanding the admiration of those who dispute its philosophy, but feel the charm of its concise thought and pithy expression. He published a number of other minor works between this, his noblest, and his death in 1744. Many mental and bodily troubles precipitated the immediate cause of his death. As an artist in verse none of the poets have shown nicer judgment or greater powers, but many who lacked Pope's mastery of words and phrases have soared above his tethered reach into the pure heaven of poetry. Versified wisdom, rhymed epigrams, brilliant fancies, power of prolonged reasoning in measured phrases; these gifts and other literary faculties he had in lavish abundance.



POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

Eloïsa to Abelard.

Peter Abelard (1079–1142), the great French scholastic philosopher, fell in love with his pupil Eloïsa (French, Heloise). She bore him a son, and is said afterwards to have been married to him. But the report injured his reputation, and he persuaded her to retire to a convent, while he sought refuge in a hermitage. Here he wrote the story of his misfortunes, and Eloïsa, moved by it, addressed to him the passionate epistle which is paraphrased by Pope.

Thou knowest how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approached me under Friendship's name;
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listened while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept failed to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,

When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
  Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
  Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you:
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamored let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
  Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

BELINDA.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto II.)

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,

Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silvered Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
  This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.
  Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

The Dissevered Curl.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto III.)

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
  But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought. . . .
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
  The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again);
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever and forever!
  Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

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Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

DIVINE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

(From the "Essay on Man.")

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, content his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. . . .

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

ATTICUS (ADDISON).

PEACE to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

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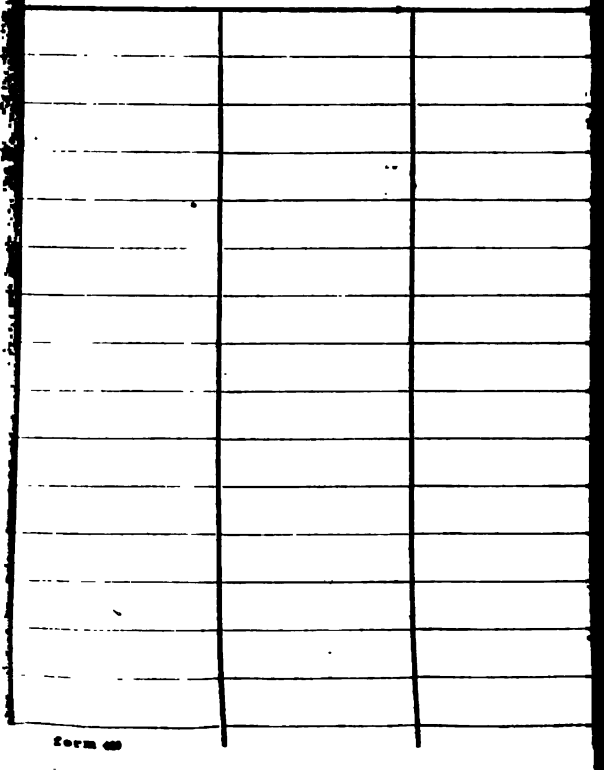

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